Class BV 430

Book .H6

CONFERENCE HYMNS,

ADAPTED TO

RELIGIOUS CONFERENCES,

AND

MEETINGS FOR PRAYER,

TO WHICH IS ADDED A SELECTION OF THE MOST FAVORITE MELODIES IN COMMON USE.

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PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH remarks by way of preface are generally viewed as a mere form, the compilers of this little work feel that a few remarks in explanation of their design are demanded by its appearance. It is their object to furnish the christian public with a convenient pocket volume, better adapted than any work with which they are acquainted for small and social meetings, such as religious conferences and meetings for prayer. In the selection of the hymns they have been more anxious to obtain such as in these meetings have been most in use and have been considered as favourites, than such as may have higher claims for poetic beauty or elegance of expression. Several pieces evidently defective in some respects have been inserted at the solicitation of christian friends. In the selection they have made of tunes, from a careful observation of the influence of the different kinds of music for many years, they have felt themselves compelled to insert that which is simple, which depends more for its effect on *melody* than *harmony*, and which is not as *heavy* as that

which is commonly used in our largest assemblies on the Sabbath. They are very unwilling to do anything to impede the progress of the study of the best and most accurate kind of music, but they have felt a deep conviction that what produces the most powerful and the best effect especially in the class of meetings for which this work is intended, is not that which by the best musicians is most highly esteemed. Several pieces have been inserted which were never before published, in all of which it has been their aim to have the basses such as are not wholly destitute of melody, and such as may be easily sung, rather than such as are more correct according to the strictest rules of musical science. If they can render the service of God less irksome and objectionable to the multitude, and more energetic, pleasant and attractive to such as love him and love the prosperity of his cause, by this little work; they will feel themselves abundantly recompensed. The compilers acknowledge their obligations to various friends who have assisted them in the preparation of this volume, especially to the Rev. Edward Lord, who rendered valuable assistance in the selection and arrangement of the music.

JOSIAH HOPKINS,
H. IVISON, JR.

Auburn, October, 1846.

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HYMNS.

SCRIPTURES.

1. Ps. 19. S. M. *Kentucky.*

The Light of the World.

1 Behold the morning sun
Begins his glorious way,
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven. Watts.

2. C. M. *Balerma.*

Glory of the Scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find:
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there. Steele.

3. 7's *German Air.*

1 Holy Bible, Book divine;
Precious treasure! thou art mine:
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am:

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love:
Mine art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit:

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless:
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death!

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel-sinner's doom:—
O thou precious Book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine.

4. C. M. *Coronation.*

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3. This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. Rippon's Col.

5. C.P.M. *Meribah.*

The Bible meets the wants of Man.

1 How precious, Lord, thy sacred word!
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls in deep distress!
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray,
Thy promise leads to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies;
But 't is thy gospel, Lord,
That makes the guilty conscience clean,
Converts the soul, subdues our sin,
And gives a free reward. Burden's Coll.

6. C. M. *Halsey.*

Riches of the Bible.

1 Laden with guilt and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;

Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 This is the Judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

7. C. M. *Bray.*

Perfection of Scripture.

1 Let all the Heathen writers join,
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could shew one sin forgiven;
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I 've seen an end of what we call
Perfection, here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no further go.

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry thought. Watts.

8. L. M. *Illinois.*

1 Let everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With deep despair—the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises—how firm they be!
How firm our hope, our comfort stands!
Watts.

GOD.

9. C. M. *Azmon.*

God is Love.

1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing—that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show—that God is love.

3 Behold his loving-kindness waits,
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love.

4 And oh that you, whose harden'd hearts
No fears of hell can move,
May hear the gospel's milder voice—
That tells you—God is love.

5 Oh may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts—in brighter worlds,
Shall shout—that God is love.

10. C. M. *Howard.*

God's Dominion.

1 Great God! how infinite art thou;
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie,
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God! there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturb'd affairs. Watts.

11. *Omnipresence.*

God is Everywhere.

1 God is in the torrent's fall—
In the summer breeze;
God is in the thunder's call,
In the whispering trees,
Where the lowly violet springs,
Where the faithful ivy clings,
Where the small bird sweetly sings—
There—forever there is God.

2 God is in the flashing eye—
In the speaking tongue,
God is in the mourner's cry—
In the marriage song,

With the saint at morning pray'r—
With the midnight murderer slaying,
With the cradled infant playing—
There—forever there is God.

3 God is in the army's path—
In the ocean's swell,
God is in the whirlwind's wrath—
In the tolling bell,
By the sinner's dying bed—
By the watcher's weary head,—
By the living and the dead—
There—forever there is God.

12. C. M. *Howard.*

God's Providence.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain. Cowper.

13. C. M. *Coronation.*

God the Christian's Support.

1 God, my supporter, and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven, without my God,
'T would be no joy to me;
And while the earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
Thou art my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Then to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy. Watts.

14. 8, 7, 4. *Guidance.*

God the Christian's Guide.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;

Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. Oliver.

15. C. M. *Howard.*

God a Sovereign.

1 Keep silence—all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 His providence unfolds his book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf—and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

4 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb. Watts.

16. C. M. *Ortonville.*

The Christian's Father.

1 My God, my Father—blissful name!—
Oh! may I call thee mine?
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy holy will denies,
I cheerfully resign:
Lord, thou art good, and just, and wise;
Oh! bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh! give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

17. L. M. *Rockingham.*

Greatness of God.

1 My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear:

And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim,
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine:
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

5 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise. Watts.

18. S. M. *Silver Street.*

The Praise of God our highest Joy.

1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 For life without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps. Watts.

19. C. M. *Chelmsford.*

God the Christian's Joy.

1 My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights,—

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers, I am his!

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way
To meet my dearest Lord. Watts.

THE PRAISE OF GOD.

20. 6s. & 4s. *Faith.*

The Trinity.

1 Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
Now make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd—
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!

Come, and thy people bless,
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To thee, great ONE in THREE,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

21. L. M. *Old Hundred.*

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create—and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay—and form'd us men;

And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people—we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We 'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
High, as the heaven, our voices raise;
And earth, with all her thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide—as the world—is thy command;
Vast—as eternity—thy love;
Firm—as a rock—thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Watts.

22. C. M. *Athens.*

A Faithful God.

1 Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing—
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing of the glory and the grace
Of our Redeemer, God.

3 Proclaim "salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men;"
His hand inscribed the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Recorded by eternal love,
Each promise clearly shines;
Nor can the powers of hell remove
Those everlasting lines.

5 His word of grace is sure and strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 O, might I hear his heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine,"
The gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine. Watts.

23. C. M. *Ortonville.*

Praise belongs to God.

1 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud, and more loud, the anthems raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day. Wardlaw.

24. 10s. & 11s. *St. Michaels.*

God's Dominion.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.
Pratt's Col.

CHRIST.

25. C. M. *Crucifixion.*

A Bleeding Saviour.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?

2 Thy body slain, dear Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine
The glorious Suff'rer stood.

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Saviour, died
For man, the rebel's, sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

26. C. M. *Coronation.*

Jesus is Lord of all.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him—Lord of all.

3 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call:
The God incarnate! Man Divine!
And crown him—Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all. Duncan.

27. C. M. *Athens.*

Condescension of Christ.

1 And will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace—and shall my heart
Unmoved and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue—
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barred?

4 'T is sin, alas! with tyrant power,
The lodging has possess'd;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heavenly Guest.

5 Ye dangerous inmates hence depart;
Dear Saviour! enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin. Steele.

28. S. M. *Lisbon.*

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

1 AWAKE and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power,
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
"Of Moses and the Lamb." Hammond.

29. S. M. *Silver Street.*

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

1 Come all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'T is Christ, the everlasting God,
And Christ, the man, we sing.

2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
That hellish monsters spilt.

3 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his sacred head;
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself was dead.

4 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore. Watts.

30. 7s. *German Air.*

Resurrection of Christ.

1 Angels roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Now ye saints, lift up your eyes;
See the Conqu'ror mount the skies;

Troops of angels on the road
Hail and sing the incarnate God.

3 Heav'n unfolds her portals wide:
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

4 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

5 Let Immanuel be adored;
Ransom, Mediator, Lord:
To creation's utmost bound
Let th' immortal praise resound. Gibbons.

31. L. M. *Loving Kindness.*

Loving Kindness of Christ.

1 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving kindness, Oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, Oh, how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving kindness, Oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving kindness, Oh, how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death. Medley.

32. L. M. *Rockingham.*

Christ Knocking at the Door.

1 Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long—is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
Oh matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need:
The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet departed, ne'er return:
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You 'll at his door rejected stand.

33. C. M. *Azmon.*

Christ's Commission.

1 Come, happy souls, approach your God,
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on mercy's errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here sinners you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise. Watts.

34. C. M. *Bray.*

The Lamb Worshipped.

1 Come let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name,
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Watts.

35. S. M. *Little Marlboro.*

Compassion of Christ.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept—that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there 's no weeping there.
Beddome.

36. C. M. *Hermit.*

Christ in the Garden.

1 Dark was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;

His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he prayed,—

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil.

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray. Haweis.

37. 7s. *Cross.*

Cross of Christ.

1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravish'd ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid—
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Yet again a child confess'd,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

Haweis.

38. 7s. *Owasco.*

Lovest thou me.

1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord!
'T is thy Saviour, hear his word!
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

4 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,—
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

5 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore:
O, for grace to love thee more!

39. L. M. *Rolland.*

Christ a Living Intercessor.

1 He lives! the great Redeemer lives,
What joy the bless'd assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd, with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes and terror dies.

4 In every dark. distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads and must prevail. Steele.

40. 8, 7. *Pleading.*

1 Hark, the Saviour now is pleading,
At the sinner's bolted heart,
Now in heav'n he 's interceding,
Kindly taking sinner's part.

Chorus. Sinner, can you slight the Saviour?
Can your heart resist his charms?
Once he died, from sin to save you,
Now he calls you to his arms.

2 Dying sinner, hear him pleading,
All the pains he bore for thee,
When his sacred body bleeding,
Hung upon the bloody tree.
Sinner, can you slight, &c.

3 Sinner, do n't refuse to hearken,
He would reason now with you,
"Though your sins are red as scarlet,
I will make them white as snow."
Sinner, can you slight, &c.

4 Listen while he thus invites you,
Hear, and be forever blest,

Then to realms of heav'nly brightness,
Be received to endless rest.
Sinner, can you slight, &c. A.

41. L. M. *Hiding Place.*

Sovereign Love.

1 HAIL, sov'reign love, that form'd the plan,
To save rebellious, ruin'd man,
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with weapons lifted high,
I madly ran the sinful race,
Regardless of a hiding-place.

3 Yet when God's justice rose in view,
To Sinai's burning mount I flew;
Keen were the pangs of my distress,
The mountain was no hiding-place.

4 But a celestial voice I heard,
A bleeding Saviour then appear'd,
Led by the Spirit of his grace,
I found in him a hiding-place.

5 On him the weight of vengeance fell,
That else had sunk a world to hell;
Then, O my soul, forever praise
Thy Saviour God, thy hiding-place.

Brewer.

42. 7s. *Stone.*

Sin the cause of Christ's Death.

1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood:
Sinful soul, what hast thou done!
Murder'd God's eternal Son.

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix'd him there;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a soldier's spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
For a sinful world he dies.

3 Will you let him die in vain?
Still to death pursue your Lord?
Open all his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
"No! with all my sins I'll part,
Saviour, take my broken heart. Har. Sac.

43. C. M. *Halsey.*

The name of Jesus.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 By him my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death. Newton.

44. C. P. M. *Ganges.*

Power of Christ's Love.

1 If God had bid his thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued—
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
And now I hate my sin.

2 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;

Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employ'd by thee.

3 My will conform'd to thine would move;
On thee my hope, desire, and love,
In fix'd attention join:
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,
Have Satan's servants been too long,
But now they shall be thine. Newton.

45. C. M. *Athens.*

Ashamed of Christ.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne—his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place. Watts.

46. 7s. *Cross.*

Christ our Refuge.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee?
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Wesley.

47. L. M. *Rockingham.*

Ashamed of Christ.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:

He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe; no good to crave;
No fear to quell—no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And Oh may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me. Gregg.

48. 7s. *Wilmot.*

Christ our only Hope.

1 Jesus, save my dying soul;
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joy of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

3 All my guilt to thee is known;
Thou art righteous, thou alone:
All my help is from thy cross;
All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord, in thee I now believe;
Wilt thou—wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die. Sp. Songs.

49. C. M. *Ortonville.*

The Chief among Ten Thousand.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned,
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine;
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine. Sa. Songs.

C. M. *Silver Spring.*

Cross of Christ.

1 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

4 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain—
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive:
"This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too. Newton.

51. L. M. *Tallis.*

Example of Christ.

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern: make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb. Watts.

52. 6s. & 4s. *Faith.*

Lamb of Calvary.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove:
O bear me safe above—
A ransom'd soul.

53. L. M. *Hebron.*

His name is Wonderful.

1 Nature with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God:

2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 't is fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join;
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchased pleasures mine.

4 Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

5 I would forever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

Watts.

•74 S. M. *Aylesbury.*

Christ our Sacrifice.

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love. Watts.

55. L. M. *Dresden.*

Errand of Christ.

1 Not to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse his grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

Watts.

56. 7s. *Newton.*

Redeeming Love.

1 Now begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud the Saviour's name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face—
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your gloomy fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
Now from bliss no longer rove;
Turn, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by sin opprest—
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing—but redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals join the hosts above—
Join to praise redeeming love. Newton.

57. L. C. M. *Sherburne.*

Excellence of Christ.

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine;
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4 Soon the delightful morn will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:

Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I 'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace. Medley.

58. C. M. *Athens.*

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music to our ravish'd ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean—
His blood avail'd for me. Wesley.

59. 11s & 8s. *Delight.*

Christ the beloved of Zion.

1 O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight
—On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen,
The Star that on Israel shone:

Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

3 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

4 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall [know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

60. 8, 7. *Greenville.*

Christ a Friend.

1 One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end!

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled, in him, to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of Sinners, was his name;

Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach, us Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

Newton.

61. H. M. *Lenox.*

Jesus seen of Angels.

1 O ye immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known;

On earth ye knew | His beauteous face
His wondrous grace; | In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the holy Child
In human flesh array'd,
Supremely meek and mild,
While in the manger laid;

And praise to God, | For such a birth,
And peace on earth, | Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd,

And joy'd to crown | When Satan fled
The Victor's head, | Before his frown.

4 Around the bloody tree,
Ye press'd with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire;
And, could your eyes | Had dropp'd it there
Have known a tear, | In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep;
Then roll'd the stone, | Your rising Lord
And all ador'd | With joy unknown.

6 When all array'd in light
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God.
And waved around | And struck your strings
Your golden wings, | Of sweetest sound,

Doddridge.

62. 7s. *Nurembergh.*

Christ is all our Hope.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the perfect cure,
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone!
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. Toplady.

63. C. M. *Howard.*

Behold the Lamb of God.

1 Sinners, "behold the Lamb of God,"
Who takes away our guilt;
Look to the precious, priceless blood,
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.

2 From heaven he came to seek and save,
Leaving his blest abode:
To ransom us, himself he gave;
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

3 Sinners, to Jesus then draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

4 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood;
Arise, return from grievous falls;
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

5 In every state, and time, and place,
Naught plead but Jesus' blood;
However wretched be your case,
"Behold the Lamb of God!" Hoskins.

64. L. M. *Lord.*

1 Soft be the gently-breathing notes
That sing the Saviour's dying love;
Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
And soft as tuneful lyres above:
Soft as the morning dews descend,
While warbling birds exulting soar,
So soft to our almighty Friend
Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

2 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid orb of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God;
Pure as the breath of vernal skies,
So pure let our contrition be;
And purely let our sorrows rise
To him who bled upon the tree.
Collyer.

65. C. M. *Balerma.*

Christ my All.

1 THE Saviour! Oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

3 Oh, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all. Steele.

66. C. M. *Ortonville.*

The blood of Christ a Fountain.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;

And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I 'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. Cowper.

67. L. M. *Hiding Place.*

Christ offered to Sinners.

1 To-Day, if ye will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Come now, dear youth for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Once more we ask you in his name—
For yet his love remains the same—
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

5 Leave all your sports and glittering toys,
Come share with us eternal joys;
Or must we leave you bound to hell—
Then, dear young friends, a long farewell.

68. L. M. *Wells.*

The Wonders of the Cross.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Watts.

HOLY SPIRIT.

69. L. M. *Tallis.*

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ—the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray;—

4 Lead us to God,—our final rest,—
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy forever there.

Browne.

70. S. M. *Little Marlboro.*

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Oh! melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

Rippon's Col.

71. S. M. *Watchman.*

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul.
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son and Thee. Hart.

72. 7s. *German Air.*

1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine,
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way:
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine. Stocker.

73. C. M. *Halsey.*

Invoking the Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. Watts.

74. C. M. *Howard.*

1 Let songs of praises fill the sky!
Behold the ascended Lord
Sends down his spirit from on high,
And thus fulfils his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within:
He raises sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The humble soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again.

4 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Oh come! with holy zeal and love
Each heart and tongue inspire!

Cotterill.

75. H. M. *Bethesda.*

Pleading the Promise.

1 O Thou that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou,
We, children of thy grace:
O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 O may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our languid hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love;
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grov'ling souls to rise.

Pratt's Coll.

76. L. M. *Windham.*

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 E'en now my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

Wesley.

77. S. M. *Olney.*

1 The Spirit in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims,
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come.

Episc. Coll.

GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

78. C. M. *Hermit.*

A Contrite Heart.

1 The Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 't is only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclined,
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache—
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be. Cowper.

79. 8s. *Auburn.*

Love to Christ.

1 My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I 'll proclaim;
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name:
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ—
To see them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeem'd, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell:
To shine with the angels in light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing;
To view with eternal delight—
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride, with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds;
And pass in a moment away:

The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

Francis.

80. C. M. *Howard.*

Salvation by Faith.

1 'T is faith that lays the sinner low,
And covers him with shame;
Renouncing all self-righteousness,
It trusts in Jesus' name.

2 Faith works with power, but will not plead
The best of works when done;
It knows no other ground of trust
But in the Lord alone.

3 It gives no title, but receives;
No blessing it procures;
Yet, where it truly lives and reigns,
All blessings it insures.

4 Its sole dependence and its stay
Is Jesus' righteousness;
'T is thus salvation is by faith,
And all of sovereign grace.

5 The more this principle prevails,
The more is grace adored;
No glory it assumes, but gives
All glory to the Lord.

Beddome.

81. H. M. *Lenox.*

Trusting in Christ for Justification.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 The bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary,
Now pour effectual prayers,
And strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die."

3 The Father hears him pray,
The dear Annointed One;—
He cannot turn away
The pleading of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With filial trust I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father," cry.

C. Wesley.

82. C. M. *Azmon.*

Regeneration by the Spirit.

1 Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath. Watts.

83. 7s. *Martyn.*

The Sanctifier.

1 Holy Ghost with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
Long has sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this sadden'd heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone. Reed.

84. 8s. & 7s. *Love Divine.*

The Spirit the Source of all Blessings.

1 Holy Source of consolation,
Light and life thy grace imparts;
Visit us in thy compassion;
Guide our minds, and fill our hearts.

2 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Thou canst bring us from above;
Lord, we ask that heavenly treasure,
Wisdom, Holiness and Love.

3 Dwell within us, blessed Spirit;
Where thou art no ill can come;
Bless us now, through Jesus' merit;
Reign in every heart and home.

4 Saviour, lead us to adore thee,
While thou dost prolong our days;
Then with angel hosts before thee,
May we worship, love and praise.

Noel's Col.

85. 8s. *Auburn.*

Faith.

1 The moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives—
Redemption in full through his blood.
'T is faith that still leads us along,
And lives under pressure and load,
That makes us in weakness more strong,
And draws the soul upward to God.

2 It treads on the world and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair;
And Oh! let us wonder to tell,
It wrestles and conquers by pray'r;
Permits a vile worm of the dust,
With God to commune as a friend;
To hope his forgiveness as just,
And look for his love to the end.

3 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"
That stand between God and the soul;—
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded consciences whole;
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

Hart.

THE RUINED CONDITION OF MAN.

86. C. M. *Troy.*

1 Ah, what can I, a sinner, do,
With all my guilt oppress'd?
I feel the hardness of my heart,
And conscience knows no rest.

2 Great God, thy good and perfect law
Does all my life condemn;
The secret evils of my soul
Fill me with grief and shame.

3 How many precious Sabbaths gone,
I never can recall;
And Oh, what cause have I to mourn,
Who misimproved them all!

4 How long, how often have I heard
Of Jesus, and of heaven;
Yet scarcely listen'd to his word,
Or pray'd to be forgiven!

5 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to thee,
And grant renewing grace;
For thou this flinty heart canst break,
And thine shall be the praise. Hyde.

87. C. M. *China.*

1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load !
The heart unchanged can never rise,
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'T is thine, almighty Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'T is thine the passions to recal,
And upwards bid them rise ;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes ;

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live :
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.

5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine !
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine. Steele.

88. C. M. *Silver Spring.*

1 How short and hasty is our life !
How vast our soul's affairs !
Yet senselessly vain mortals strive—
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God, from on high invites us home;
But we march heedless on;
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
Who slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
Who break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high;
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh. Watts.

89. S. M. *Little Marlboro.*

1 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

3 Jesus! the hinderance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

4 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy saving power display;
Into its darkest corner shine,
And take the veil away. Wesley.

ALARMING.

90. C. P. M. *Ganges.*

The Sinner must be born again.

1 Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go:
One solemn truth increased my pain,
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink to endless wo.

2 How did the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load!
All human aid I saw was vain;
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 I heard the saints with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
To bring salvation near:
Yet would the dreadful truth remain;
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink in black despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour pass'd that way,
My bondage to remove:
The sinner once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love. Owen.

91. 11s. *Delay Not.*

Delay Not.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner draw near!
The waters of life are now flowing for thee,
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is open'd, how can'st thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood.

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day,
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power, then, O sinner! shall lend thee its aid! Sp. Songs.

92. L. M. *Windham.*

The Broad Road.

1 Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew. Watts.

93. L. M. *Rolland.*

To Day.

1 Hasten, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 Oh, hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

94. S. M. *Aylesbury.*

Prepare for the Judgment.

1 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heaven, before the Judge
Astonish'd shrink away!

2 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

Doddridge.

95. L. M. *Windham.*

The Dreadful End.

1 Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

2 But O, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their plagues.

4 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God. Watts.

96. L. C. M. *Ganges.*

The Sinner's Condition.

1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 Oh God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late:
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!

Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love! Wesley.

97. S. M. *Little Marlboro.*

Harvest Past.

1 I saw beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepared to scan with strict account,
My blessings wasted here.

2 His wrath like flaming fire,
Burn'd to the lowest hell—
And in that hopeless world of wo
He bade my spirit dwell.

3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 't is called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death,
Command your souls away.

4 Soon will the harvest close—
The summer soon be o'er—
And soon your injured, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more.

Dwight.

98. C. M. *Detroit.*

The Judgment Hastens.

1 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
O sinners, come away;
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise, without delay.

2 Oh! do n't refuse to give him room,
Lest Mercy should withdraw:
He 'll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his law.

3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
If destitute of grace;
When you your injured Judge shall see,
And stand before his face?

4 Oh! could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye!

5 The dead, awake, must all appear,
And you among them stand,
Before the great, impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.

6 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a listening ear;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapp'd in keen despair.

Cowper.

99. 6s. 7s. *Judgment.*

Judgment Seat.

1 O, THERE will be mourning
Before the judgment seat!
When this world is burning
Beneath Jehovah's feet!
Friends and kindred there will part,
Will part to meet no more!
Wrath will sink the rebel's heart,
While saints on high adore!

2 O, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat!
When the trumpet's warning
The sinner's ear shall greet!
Friends and kindred, &c.

3 O, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat!
When from dust returning,
The lost their doom shall meet.
Friends and kindred, &c.

4 O, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat;
Justice ever frowning,
Shall seal the sinner's fate.
Friends and kindred there will part,
Will part to meet no more!
Wrath will sink the rebel's heart,
While saints on high adore! Sp. Songs.

100. 8, 7, 4. *Greenville.*

Prepare for the Judgment.

1 See the Eternal Judge descending!
View him seated on his throne!
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom—
Trumpets call thee!
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain,
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again:
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again:

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
"With the marks of dying love;
"Oh, that I had sought his favor,
"When I felt his Spirit move—
"Golden moments,
"When I felt his Spirit move."

4 Now, despisers, look and wonder!
Hope and sinners here must part:
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost forever!
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

101. C. M. *Howard.*

Quench not the Spirit.

1 QUENCH not the Spirit of the Lord,
The Holy One from heaven;
The Comforter, beloved, adored;
To man in mercy given.

2 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord;
"He will not always strive:"
O tremble at that awful word;
Sinner! awake and live.

3 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord,
It is thy only hope;
O let his aid be now implored,
Let prayer by lifted up.

4 Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
Heirs of redeeming grace;
With grateful hearts his love record
Whose presence fills the place.

Ch. Psalmist.

102. S. M. *Golden Hill.*

Life and Death Eternal.

1 O where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;

'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone. Montgomery.

103. C. M. *Howard.*

Repent.

1 Repent, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 O humbly in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess:
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

3 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar:

For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

4 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

Doddridge.

104. L. M. *Wells.*

The Strivings of the Spirit.

1 Say, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call,
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Hyde.

105. 7's. *Stone.*

Prepare to meet thy God.

1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared,
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepared—
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax;
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide?
You, who glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapp'd in flame.

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
Soon we must resign our breath;
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the Gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

Newton.

106. L. M. *Wells.*

Warning.

1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown;
Why in such dreadful haste to die,
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly!

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams,
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains;
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold! Watts.

107. 7s. *Stone.*

Awake thou that Sleepest.

1 SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake—and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep—arise from death—
See the bright and living path:

Watchful tread that path—be wise,
Leave thy folly—seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly—cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure, without delay,
Evil is thy mortal day.

4 Oh! then, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake! and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light. Epis. Col.

108. C. P. M. *Meribah.*

The Warning Voice.

1 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
And while salvation lingers near,
The heavenly call obey,
Flee from destruction's downward path,
Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath
That rises o'er thy way.

2 Soon night comes on with thick'ning shade,
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
The winds their fury pour,
The light'nings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise,
What terrors fill that hour!

3 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear;
Thy footsteps now retrace:

Renounce thy sins and be forgiven,
Believe, become an heir of heaven,
And sing redeeming grace.

4 Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
The storm is hush'd, the morning breaks,
The heavens are all serene;
Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,
Joy echoes on the distant hills,
New wonders fill the scene.

109. C. M. *Silver Street.*

Prepare for Death.

1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—
Repent! thy end is nigh!
Death, at the farthest, can 't be far;
Oh, think before thou die!

2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save:
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave!
How stands that dread account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence:
His time, there's none can tell:
He 'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven—or to hell!

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day the Gospel calls—to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you:
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue. Hart.

110. 8, 7. Peculiar. *Monmouth.*

1 The trumpet sounds! the day is come!
In glory Christ revealing;
To men the day of final doom—
Their state forever sealing.
He comes! The Son of man is here,
Borne on a cloud, see him appear
Array'd in robes of judgment!

2 He speaks!—the listening skies are still,—
All eyes on Jesus centre,
While awe and dread the bosom fill:—
"*Come ye, your kingdom enter!*"
He says to those who mercy sought:
And then,—to all who prized it not,—
"*Depart from me ye cursed!*"

3 O Lord, with what resistless might
Thy doom of justice sounded!
The sinners who refused thy right,
Sink down to Hell, confounded;
Where meets them deep unmingled wo,—
Ah! who can ever save them now?
All hope is gone forever!

4 But lo! The saints ascend on high,
Clothed with the light of heaven;
Their Saviour leads them through the sky—
What burst of joy is given!
For now they see, with raptured eyes,
That faith and love receive the prize,
Through grace rich, free, abounding.

From the German.

111. 12 & 9. *Harvest.*

Harvest Past.

1 When the harvest is past, and the summer is gone;
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er;
When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more; [blow,
When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall
The gospel no message declare; [of woe!
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings
How suffer the night of despair!

2 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace
To dwell in the mansions above;
When their harmony wakes in the fullness of
Their song to the Saviour they love; [bliss,
Say, O Sinner that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure
Or bear the impenitent's doom! Sp. Songs.

INVITING.

112. 6s. & 4s. *Cheldonsin.*

Encouragement to Submission.

1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day;
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow,
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love,
Which from above—
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

Sp. Songs.

113. L. M. *Dresden.*

Christ's Invitation.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
"Ye heavy-laden sinners, come:
"I 'll give you rest from all your toils,
"And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest that learn of me:
"I'm of a meek and lowly mind:
"But passion rages like the sea,
"And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
"My yoke, and bear it with delight;
"My yoke is easy to his neck,
"My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

Watts.

114. C. M. *Chelmsford.*

The Important Resolution.

1 Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve:
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I 'll go to Jesus, though my sin
"Hath like a mountain rose;
"I know his courts, I 'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I 'll lie before his throne,
"And there my guilt confess;
"I 'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
"Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
"Whose sceptre pardon gives;
"Perhaps he may command my touch,
"And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
"Perhaps will hear my prayer;
"But if I perish, I will pray,
"And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
"I am resolved to try;
"For if I stay away, I know
"I must for ever die." Jones.

115. 8, 7, 4. *Fount.*

Come to Christ.

1 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you—
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"*It is finished:*"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

4 Lo! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good. Hart.

116. C. M. *Howard.*

Yet there is Room.

1 Come, sinner, to the gospel feast;
O, come without delay;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

2 There 's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

3 There 's room within the church, redeem'd
With blood of Christ divine;

Room in the white-robed throng, convened,
For that dear soul of thine.

4 There 's room in heaven among the choir
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There 's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more:
O, come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.

Huntingdon's Col.

117. S. M. *Silver Street.*

Salvation by Grace.

1 GRACE! 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear?
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise. Doddridge.

118. 8, 7, 4. *Greenville.*

Mercy's Voice.

1 Hear, O sinner! mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Trust in Jesus—
'T is the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away!
Haste to Jesus—
You must perish, if you stay. Reed.

119. C. M. *Halsey.*

Encouragement for the Penitent.

1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more. Steele.

120. C. M. *Coronation.*

Invitation to All.

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice!
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away. Watts.

121. L. M. *Wells.*

Life a Day of Grace.

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue:
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there. Watts.

122. 7s. *Martyn.*

Expostulation.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die!
God your Maker asks you why;
God who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live:
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why;
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live;
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why;
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love;

Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God and die? Wesley.

123. 8, 7, 4. *Greenville.*

Sinners entreated to Hear.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love:

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner, "Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor,
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grovelling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,

While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford:
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord?

6 O, ye angels hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay;
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey. Allen.

124. 11s. *New Bath.*

Expostulation.

1 O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh:
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 If sin is your burden, why will you delay?
'T is you he bids welcome, he bids you to-day:
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you are,—
Shall Jesus in vain such a banquet prepare?

3 In riches or pleasures what can you obtain,
To soothe your afflictions or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or give you a promise of glory on high?

4 Come now while he's willing your souls to receive,
And give you free pardon, if you will believe,
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

5 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And, led by the Spirit, we never shall part,
Oh how can we leave you, why will you not come,
And drink of salvation while yet there is room?

125. S. M. *Kentucky.*

The Accepted Time.

1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay!

3 Now is the accepted time,
The Gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above. Dobell.

126. L. M. *Dresden.*

Return.

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return
And wipe away the falling tear;
'T is God who says, "no longer mourn,"
'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

Collyer.

127. C. M. *Bray.*

The Gospel adapted to Man.

1 Oh what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Come then with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, eternal love abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And living joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose
And drink with thankful hearts. Medley.

128. *Balerma.*

The Gospel suited to our case.

1 Salvation, what a glorious plan,
How suited to our needs;
The grace that raises fallen man,
Our highest praise exceeds.

2 'T was wisdom form'd the vast design,
To ransom us when lost;
And love's unfathomable mine,
Provided all the cost.

3 Truth, wisdom, justice, power and love,
Are equally display'd;
Now Jesus reigns enthroned above,
Our Advocate and Head.

4 Now sin appears deserving death,
Most hateful and abhor'd;
And yet the sinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

Alexander's Coll.

129. H. M. *Brownville.*

Yet there is Room.

1 Ye dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and wo,
The Gospel's voice attend,
Its message is to you:
Ye perishing, and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay;
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinners, come!
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wandering souls draw near;
Christ calls you from above—
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will, now come;
In mercy's arms there still is room.

Boden.

130. 6, 4. *To-Day.*

The Sinner called.

1 To-Day the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
O, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power:
O, grieve him not away;
'T is mercy's hour. Sp. Songs.

131. L. M. *Windham.*

Life the only accepted Time.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given;
But soon, ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how bless'd the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!

Come, sinners, haste, Oh haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

Dwight.

132. C. M. *Azmon.*

Word of God a Voice of Mercy.

1 There is a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

2 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
Oh! help my unbelief.

3 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all! Watts.

133. C. M. *Troy.*

Yet there is Room.

1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room;

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconciled,
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home. Steele.

CONVICTION.

134. C. M. *Chelmsford.*

Conviction by the Law.

1 Lord, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came,
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 (My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.)

5 I 'm like a helpless captive, sold
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with every breath,
For some kind power to save;
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave. Watts.

135. C. M. *Halsey.*

A Penitent Spirit.

1 O God of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice. Watts.

136. C. M. *Halsey.*

A Contrite Spirit.

1 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye,

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine. Steele.

137. S. M. *Boylston.*

Conviction of Sin.

1 O Lord, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean!
How can I dare to venture nigh
With such a load of sin!

2 Is this polluted heart
A dwelling fit for thee?
Swarming, alas! in every part,
What evils do I see!

3 If I attempt to pray,
And raise my soul on high,
My thoughts are hurried fast away,
For sin is ever nigh.

4 If in thy word I look,
Such darkness fills my mind,
I only read a sealed book,
But no relief can find.

5 Thy gospel oft I hear
But hear it still in vain:
Without desire, or love, or fear,
Harden'd I still remain.

6 And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed
For such a wretch as I. Newton.

THE CONVERT.

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138. 8, 7. *Bartimeus.*

Bartimeus.

1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd;
"Others by thy word are saved,
"Now to me afford thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
"Come, and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give:

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
"Let my eyes behold the day;"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
"What a Saviour I have found!

6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
"And would be advised by me!
"Surely they would hasten to him,
"He would cause them all to see."

Newton.

139. L. M. *Hebron.*

The Happy Choice.

1 O Happy day, that fixed my choice,
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him, who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3. 'T is done :—the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine :
He drew me—and I follow'd on—
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast ?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear :
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Doddridge.

140. C. M. *Athens.*

1 When God reveal'd his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 Great is the work !—my neighbors cried,
And own'd thy power divine ;
Great is the work !—my heart replied,
And be the glory thine.

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home. Watts.

141. 5, 6, 9. Salem.

1 How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Oh, what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 'T was a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

3 Then, all the day long,
Was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in his name;
Oh, that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

142. L. M. *Tallis.*

Example of Paul.

1 "WHAT, Lord, wouldst thou have me to do?"
The humbled Saul to Jesus said,
And, of the Spirit born anew,
His Saviour's pleasure he obey'd.

2 When first he loved, to him was shown
What he must bear for Jesus' name;
It fired his zeal the Lord to own,
And for his sake to suffer shame.

3 He ever lived, with purpose high—
To live for Christ while life was given:
Content to live,—more pleased to die,
That he might live with Christ in heaven.

4 And may such love *our* hearts constrain,
That for *his* glory we may live
Who died for all,—and rose again
His saints an endless life to give.

143. C. M. *Azmon.*

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

4 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love. Watts.

144. C. M. *Chelmsford.*

1 Witness, ye men and angels, now
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow
A vow we dare not break:

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

THE REVIVAL.

145. H. M. *Lenox.*

The Jubilee.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come, &c.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of Jubilee is come, &c.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year of Jubilee is come, &c.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come, &c. Toplady.

146. 8s. & 7s. *Fount.*

The Mercies of God Realized.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 By thy hand, sustain'd, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I 've come;
Safely, Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O, take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

Robinson.

147. C. M. *Ortonville.*

Zion called upon to Rejoice.

1 Let Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in his eyes:
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there:
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the soul condemn'd to death,
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And praise, and trust the Lord. Watts.

148. 8, 7. *Love Divine.*

The Love of God shed abroad.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, Oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast:
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured by Thee;
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;

Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.
Whitfield.

149. 8s. 7s. & 4. *Greenville.*

1 See, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has open'd there a fountain
That supplies the plains below:
They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
All enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose:
Every object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around;
Those who eat are saved from mourning
Pleasure comes, and hopes abound:
Fair their portion—
Endless life with glory crown'd. Kelley.

150. 7s. *German Air.*

The Little Cloud.

1 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as the human hand!
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

2 Lo, the promise of a shower,
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the blessings of his love.

3 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its wid'ning way.

4 Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.

151. L. M. *Rockingham.*

1 While I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say—
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

2 "Though for a time I hid my face,
Rely upon my love and power:
Still wrestle at the throne of grace
And wait for a reviving hour.

3 "Take down thy long neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears and heard thy prayer,
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord, I obey,—my hopes revive;
Come join with me, ye saints, and sing;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

Newton.

152. C. P. M. *Meribath.*

Revival.

1 The Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes;
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

2 This makes the dry and barren ground,
In springs of water to abound,
And fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;

Come, taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me;
Who come to Christ may live.

4 Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our trouble and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

THE CHRISTIAN.

153. C.M. *Howard.*

Faithfulness Expected of Christians.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure, I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 The saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye. Watts.

154. 7s. *Nuremburgh.*

1 Blessed are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood:
They are ransom'd from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have.
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are wash'd away:
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They produce the fruits of grace;
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefiled.
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

4 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory in them is begun.
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

155. L. M. *Wells.*

Inconstancy Lamented.

1 Dear Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When shall this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace?

2 Here I repent, and sin again,
Sometimes revive, sometimes am slain;
Slain with the same malignant dart,
Which, oh! too often wounds my heart.

3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee—
The fulness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love?

Dorrington.

156. 8s. *Auburn.*

In Darkness.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
Have lost all their sweetness to me.

His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

2 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
And thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul cheering presence restore,
Or bid me soar upward on high,
Where winter and storms are no more.

Newton.

157. 8s. *Jepthah.*

Faith Fainting.

1 Encompass'd with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine;
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load:
All-plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold on thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:

O 'erwhelm'd and cast out from thy sight,
The tempter suggests in that hour,
" The Lord has forsaken thee quite:
Thy God will be gracious no more."

3 Shine, Lord, and my terrors shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I.
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r;
O gladden my desolate heart,
Let this be the day of thy pow'r.

Toplady.

158. L. M. *Illinois.*

Prayer answered by Crosses.

1 I ask'd the Lord. that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'T was he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust has answer'd prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favor'd hour
At once he 'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried,
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
"'T is in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith:

6 "These inward trials I employ
"From self and pride to set thee free,
"And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
"That thou mayest seek thy all in me."

Newton.

159. 8, 7. *Love Divine.*

Pleading for Mercy.

1 Jesus, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation,—
See, I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief—
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,—
Send, O send me quick relief!

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?

4 *Saved*—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love. **Turner.**

160. L. M. *Illinois.*

Prospects of the Christian.

1 Lord, I am thine—but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword—the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'T is all the happiness they know;
'T is all they seek—they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life 's a dream—an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;—
When shall I wake, and find me there?

5 O glorious hour!—O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

161. S. M. *Olney.*

Watchfulness.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thy armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown. Heath.

162. C. M. *Howard.*

The true Christian's Desire.

1 Oh, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God!
Then should my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;

In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I 'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

163. 7s. *Nuremburgh.*

Prayer in Darkness.

1 Once I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd, no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has pu my joys to flight;
Sin has turn'd my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free.
Let me live alone to thee. Newton.

164. C. M. *Halsey.*

Remember Me.

1 "Remember me," my Saviour God,
Whilst here on earth I stay;
Give strength to bear affliction's rod,
And faith to watch and pray.

2 "Remember me," when fortune smiles,
And scenes are bright and fair,
Lest I should fall, through Satan's wiles,
Beneath his baneful snare.

3 "Remember me;" thy voice I 'll greet
In all thy dealings here;
O, let thy Spirit guide my feet,
And I shall never fear.

4 "Remember me;" stand near my side,
Where'er my lot may be;
And when by Jordan's swelling tide,
O Lord, "remember me."

165. C. M. *Halsey.*

The true Christian's Desire.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God;
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast,

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Cowper.

166. L. M. *Windham.*

Penitent pleading for Pardon.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Watts.

167. C. M. *Athens.*

Former Joys Remembered.

1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 My prayers are now an empty noise;
For Jesus hides his face:
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

6 Rise, Lord, now help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail—
Let me that mercy share. Newton.

168. 7s. *German Air.*

Self-Examination.

1 'T is a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

3 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do:
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it so with you?

4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

5 Could I joy his saints to meet;
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd;
Find at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

6 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon the work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

7 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray:
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day. Newton.

169. H. M. *Bethesda.*

Safety of the Christian.

1 Upward I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares:
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

2 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:

Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I 'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high,
Thou call me home. Watts.

170. C. M. *Ortonville.*

A good Hope.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast. Watts.

171. C. M. *Ortonville.*

Christian Action.

1 Once, slaves of sin, We toil'd to win
Our share of endless wo:
Redeem'd with blood To live for God,
Have we no work to do?

2 Forbid it Lord, Thy grace afford,
That we may do thy will:
And while we strive For thee to live,
Be thine the glory still.

3 And when, by grace, We take our place
With the redeem'd in heav'n;
Untiring praise To *Him* we 'll raise
By whom the grace is giv'n.

172. C. M. *Howard.*

Obligations to Jesus.

1 Vain were my struggles, vain my tears,
My sins—a weary load;
My bleeding Saviour still'd my fears,
And show'd a smiling God.

2 And would I spurn *his* easy yoke
Who bore avenging wrath,—

For me the chains of Satan broke,
And saved my soul from death?

3 No, never, Lord!—in earth's despite,
By grace I'll serve thee still;
Thy glory ever keep in sight,
And aim to do thy will.

173. C M. *Silver Spring.*

Sin Lamented.

1 With tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will
And give my conscience rest?

4 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me. Stennett.

WORSHIP.

174. L. M. *Wells.*

Pleasure in Religious Worship.

1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;—
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee!

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love. Watts.

175. S. M. *Green Street.*

Delight in Worship.

1 How sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine!

2 These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure, celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.

3 O, blest assurance this;
Bright morn of heavenly day;
Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
That cheers the pilgrim's way.

4 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow,
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.

5 But, O, the bliss sublime,
When joy shall be complete,
In that unclouded, glorious clime
Where all thy servants meet!

6 Then shall the ransom'd throng
The Saviour's love record,
And shout in everlasting song,
"Salvation to the Lord!"

Urwick's Coll.

176. C. M. *Balerma.*

Worship the employment of Life.

1 Whilst thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee. Williams.

177. C. M. *Halsey.*

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

178. S. M. *Boylston.*

Importunity.

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
"Why should we longer wait?"
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.

4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

5 Then let us earnest cry;
And never faint in prayer:
He sees, he hears, and from on high,
Will make our cause his care. Newton.

179. C. M. *Howard.*

Prayer.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unutter'd or express'd,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say,—"Behold he prays."

Montgomery.

180. C. M. *Azmon.*

Religion all Important.

1 Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know!

2 More needful this, than glittering wealth
Or aught the world bestows;
Nor reputation, food or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'T will fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

Fawcett.

181. H. M. *Bethesda.*

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode, My heart aspires,
With warm desires, To see my God,

2 O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; And happy they
That love the way To Zion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, When God our King
Shall thither bring Our willing feet!

4 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door, Than shine in courts.

Watts.

182. C. M. *Ortonville.*

1 What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?—
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vow
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine—forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

183. S. M. *Golden Hill.*

Christian Fellowship.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one—
Our comfort, and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we are call'd to part,
It gives us mutual pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
From sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. Fawcett.

184. L. M. *Lord.*

Christian Friendship.

1 Brethren, beloved for Jesus' sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which he alone can give!

2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love!

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praise,
We only wish to speak of him,
And tell the wonders of his grace.

4 We 'll talk of all he did and said,
His suff'rings and his dying love,
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And how he triumphs now above.

5 Thus as the moments pass away,
We 'll love, and wonder, and adore;
Then hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

185. C. M. *China.*

Seeking the presence of Christ.

1 Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart—
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

3 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear. Steele.

186. S. M. *Boylston.*

Invitation to the House of God.

1 Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;

Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

E. Taylor.

187. S. P. M. *Dalston.*

The Sweetness of Christian Fellowship.

1 How pleasant 't is to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

Watts.

188. C. M. *Azmon.*

Christian Union.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word!—

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:—

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love. Swain.

189. L. M. *Hebron.*

Pleasures of Social Worship.

1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour on thy people smile,
According to thy faithful word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
O Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 "Chief of ten thousands," now appear,
That we by faith may view thy face:
Oh speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place!

Kelly.

190. C. M. *Halsey.*

Social Worship.

1 O Lord, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art!
Send down a coal of heavenly fire
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

Newton.

191. C. M. *Howard.*

The Presence of God Delightful.

1 My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 To sit one day beneath thine eye
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

3 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

4 Could I command the spacious land
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I 'd give them both away. Watts.

192. 7s. *German Air.*

Seeking Christ - Blessing.

1 Lord, we come before ee now,
At thy feet we humbly b v;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend;

Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each beart. Hammond.

SELF CONSECRATION.

[It is found to be useful to have some simple and varied forms of Self-Consecration, especially in times of Revival. The following have been inserted for this purpose:]

193. S. M. *Little Marlboro.*

Submission.

1 I YIELD, 't were worse than vain,
The contest to prolong,
'T is right a holy God should reign,
His foes are ever wrong.

2 For mercy, Lord, I plead,
And hoping for thy grace,
I flee for refuge in my need,
To Christ, my hiding-place

194. 8, 7, 4. *Greenville.*

The Surrender.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine,
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine. Vill. Hymns.

195. 11s. *New Bath.*

Consecration.

As guilty and helpless, deserving to die,
O Jesus, forever on thee I rely,
In light or in darkness, whatever may come,
Thy mercy assisting, "Thy will shall be done."

196. C. M. *Silver Spring.*

Yielding to God.

A guilty, helpless sinner, Lord,
Into thine arms I fall,
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all.

197. L. M. *Hebron.*

1 It is not wrath alone I dread,
My former joys my loathing move,
From sin itself I would be freed,
And serve a holy God in love.

2 But Who can such salvation give?
To thee, insulted God I fly,
For Jesus' sake my soul relieve,
Upon thy mercy I rely.

3 And for his sake, thy Spirit send,
A free salvation to impart,
The foe of God to make a friend,
To form anew my guilty heart.

4 Oh nerve my will while, with my hand,
My name among thy friends I trace,
And yield my powers to thy command,
A trophy of thy sovereign grace.

198. C. M. *Halsey.*

GUILTY, condemned, I now depend,
Alone, O Lord, on thee;
For light and grace through all my days,
And to eternity.

199. L. M. *Wells.*

1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine,
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Lord let me live and die to thee—
Be thine through all eternity. Pres. Davies.

200. C. M. *Howard.*

Self Dedication.

1 Accept the heart I now resign!
From sin thy servant free!
My pow'rs, dear Saviour, all are thine,—
O give thyself to me!

2 Be thou my leader, strength, and joy,
That I may do thy will!
Be works of faith my glad employ,
And thine the glory still!

3 Thus life on earth shall blissful prove,
Each day to God be giv'n;
And death will be thy call of love,
To take me home to heav'n.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

201. L. M. *Dresden.*

1 Jesus, we bow before thy throne,
We lift our eyes to seek thy face:
To bleeding hearts thy love make known,
On contrite souls bestow thy grace.

2 See, spread beneath thy gracious eye,
A world o'erwhelm'd in guilt and tears;
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
And no kind voice dispels their fears.

3 Lord, arm thy truth with pow'r divine,
Its conquests spread from shore to shore;
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
And earth and skies shall be no more.

4 O rise, ye ransom'd captives, rise,
Peal the loud anthem here below;
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
And heaven with new-born rapture glow.

S. Lyrics.

202. 7, 6. *Missionary.*

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:

In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Heber.

203. L. M. *Windham.*

1 Look down, O Lord with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

3 But by thy Spirit's quickening breath,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

Doddridge.

204. 7s. *Nuremburgh.*

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
"Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!"
Watchman! does its beauteous ray,
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
"Trav'ler! yes: it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel!"

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
"Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends."
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth!
"Trav'ler! ages are its own;
See it bursts o'er all the earth!"

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
"Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn."
Watchman! let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
"Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!" Bowring.

205. 8, 7, 4. *Greenville.*

1 Who, but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach—but till thou favor,
Heathens will be still the same:
Mighty Spirit!
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days:
Come and bless bewildered nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise:
Promised Spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors
Must be vain without thine aid:
But thou wilt not disappoint us—
All is true that thou hast said:
Faithful Spirit!
O'er the world thine influence shed!

Village Hymns.

206. L. M. *Rolland.*

1 Sovereign of worlds! display thy power,
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
Oh bid the morning-star arise,
Oh point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and heathen plains,
Far let the gospel's sound be known;
Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice:
Speak and the desert shall rejoice:
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
Bid every nation hail the light. Pratt's Col.

207. 8, 7, 4. *Zion.*

1 Yes! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand:
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in ev'ry land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season;
Let us hail the dawning ray:
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day:
At his presence
Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 While the foe becomes more daring;
While he enters like a flood;
God, the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Ev'ry language
Soon shall teach the love of God.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the Gospel be victorious
Through the world in every land;
And the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command. Kelly.

208. 8s. & 7s. *Bartimeus.*

1 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

2 While the heralds of salvation,
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine—victorious love. Francis.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

209. L. M. *Hebron.*

Hour of Worship.

1 Blest hour when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour! for where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.
Raffles.

210. 7s. *Nuremburgh.*

Sabbath Morning.

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day,—
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.

3 When we meet thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:]
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

Newton.

211. C. M. *Ortonville.*

1 Blest morning, whose first dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The great Redeemer lay—
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold the Lord in vain:
Behold the mighty conqueror rise,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim,
The triumph of the day. Watts.

112. L. M. *Lord,*

The Worship of the Sabbath.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name—give thanks—and sing
—To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest—
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works—and bless his word:
Thy works of grace—how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels—how divine!

4 Then shall I share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 There I shall see—and hear—and know
All I desired, or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy. Watts.

213. C. M. *Azmon.*

1 The Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest;
And joyful, in harmonious lays,
Employ this day of rest.

2 Lord, may we still remember thee,
And more in knowledge grow;
Oh may we more of glory see,
While waiting here below.

3 On this blest day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who our souls hath bought,
With blood, and grief, and pain—
'T was great, to speak the world from nought—
'T was greater to redeem. Pratt's Col.

214. H. M. *Bethesda.*

Sabbath Morning.

1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return—
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace:
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

Hayward.

215. S. M. *Silver Street.*

The Lord's Day.

1 WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss. Watts.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

216. C. M. *Silver Spring.*

1 How condescending, and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

3 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record:
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

Watts.

217. C. H. *Howard.*

1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3 Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room?
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come!"

4 'T was the same love that spread the feast
That gently drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace. Watts.

218. L. M. *Windham.*

1 'T was on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes—

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body broke, for sin:
Receive and eat the living food;"—
Then took the cup and blest the wine:—
"'T is the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table and record,
The love of your departed Lord."

3 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb. Watts.

219. S. M. *Watchman.*

1 Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor—matchless grace
Of our descending God!

3 Let all our powers be join'd
His glorious name to raise:
Let joy and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise. Watts.

NEW YEAR.

220. C. M. *China*

1 And now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my wasted life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul—with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes?—how sure?—how fair?
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold, another year begins!
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road.
Nor doubt a happy end.

Montgomery.

221. 5s. & 11s. *Come let us, &c.*

1 Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;

2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

3 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millenial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

Har. Sac.

222. 7s. & 6s. *Geneva.*

Flight of Time.

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms:
All that 's mortal soon will be
Enclos'd in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love. Sp. Songs.

223. 7s. *Newton.*

1 While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

Newton.

YOUTH.

224. S. M. *Kentucky.*

1 A CHARGE to keep I have;
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die. Wesley.

225. S. M. *Aylesbury.*

Youth admonished.

1 CAN gay companions give,
Release from fear of death?
Or can their friendship bid you live,
When God recalls your breath?

2 Can joys of earth avail,
Its honors or its gain,
When all the foes of God shall wail,
In endless, hopeless pain?

3 Then seek religion now,
Its ways are ways of peace,
It smooths from care the dying brow;
Its end is perfect bliss.

226. C. M. *Balerma.*

1 Mercy, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes!

2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek their Saviour's face.

4 Almighty God! thine influence shed
To aid this blest design;
The honor of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

227. C. M. *Chelmsford.*

1 YOUTH, when devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r, though offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 'T is easier far if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
For sinners who grow old in sin
Are harden'd by their crimes.

3 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our hearts we now resign:
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

228. 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Greenville.*

1 CHILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'T is the Lord of life and glory:
Shall he plead with you in vain?
O, receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight:
Jesus loves the pure and holy;
They alone are his delight;
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite.

3 All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing;
On his precious name believe:
He is waiting;
Will you not his grace receive?

Union Minstrel.

229. C. M. *Athens.*

1 Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain:
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'T is here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find. Doddridge.

MORNING HYMNS.

230. L. M. *Rockingham.*

1 AWAKE, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Glory to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite. Kenn.

231. C. M. *Coronation.*

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes:
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame:
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 How many wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night. Watts.

232. 7s. *German Air.*

1 Thou that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

2 Thou didst hear my evening cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh;
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed.
Grateful to my weary head.

3 Thou hast kept me through the night;
'T was thy hand restored the light:
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.

4 Still my feet are prone to stray;
Oh! preserve me through the day:
Dangers every where abound;
Sins and snares beset me round.

5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display:
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

EVENING HYMNS.

233. C. M. *Detroit.*

1 Dread Sov'reign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found !

4 What have I done for Him who died
To save my wretched soul ?
How are my follies multiplied
Fast as my minutes roll !

5 Lord with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast. Watts.

234. S. M. *Little Marlboro.*

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possess'd.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

235. 8s. *Auburn.*

1 INSPIRER and Hearer of pray'r,
Before whom a sinner may bend;
My all to thy covenant care,
I sleeping or waking commend.

2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

3 From evil secure, and its dread,
I rest, if my Saviour be nigh;
And songs his kind presence indeed,
Shall in the night season supply.

4 He smiles, and my comforts abound;
His grace as the dew shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

Toplady.

236. C. M. *China.*

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'T is sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep. Watts.

237. 7s. *Martyn.*

1 Now from labor and from care
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with thee:
O, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and wo,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below
But my Saviour's melting voice:
Lord, forgive; thy grace restore;
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the Gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quick'ning power;
Grateful notes to thee I raise,
O, accept my song of praise. Sp. Songs.

238. L. M. *Hebron.*

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart,
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Watts.

BAPTISM.

239. C. M. *Balerma.*

Baptism of Adults.

1 Baptised into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

2 There, by his Father's side he sits,
Enthroned divinely fair,
Yet owns himself our Brother still,
And our Forerunner there.

3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above, our choicest treasure lies,—
And be our hearts above.

4 But earth and sin will draw us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong, attractive power
To fix our souls on high. Doddridge.

240. C. M. *Howard.*

Baptism of Children.

1 Behold what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!—
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace!

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not, whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare
Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms;
Thine may they ever be. Doddridge.

241. C. M. *Troy.*

Baptism of Children.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
"For 't was to bless such souls as these
"The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
With humble trust that we are thine,
Thine let our offspring be. Doddridge.

242. S. M. *Boylston.*

Baptism of Children.

1 THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these—
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be. Epis. Col.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

243. S. M. *Little Marlboro.*

Hope of the Resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And frequent from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love—
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5 Accept, O Lord, the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues. Watts.

244. C. M. *Howard.*

At the Funeral of any Friend.

1 Naked, as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are only favors borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'T is God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives—and blessed be his name—
He takes but what he gave.

Peace, all our angry passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we 'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead. Watts.

245. L. M. *Dresden.*

1 UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds—no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept—God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave and blest the bed.
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord. Watts.

246. C. M. *China.*

Burial of a Christian.

1 Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
To heaven's desired abode?
Why should we wish the hours more slow,
Which keep us from our God?

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'T was there the Saviour's body lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord his saints shall fly
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints! ascend the skies. Watts.

247. C. M. *Silver Spring.*

Funeral of a Youth.

1 When blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh may this truth, impress'd
With awful power, "I too, must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

4 Oh, let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave. Steele.

248. 8s. & 7s. *Dermusian.*

1 Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deep'ning shade
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round th' immortal spirit's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never—never die!

4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come;
There, no fear of wo intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

5 Now ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the graves of those ye love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

Collyer.

DEATH AND HEAVEN.

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249. C. M. *Azmon.*

1 Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead!
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
They 're freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They 're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward. Watts.

250. 11s. *Delay Not.*

Death Welcome.

1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin;
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns?—

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

Epis. Col.

251. C. M. *Athens.*

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy seas,
I onward press to you.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. C. Wesley.

252. 8. 6. *Lanesboro.*

Heaven our Rest.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given :
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given :
There joys divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. Tappan.

253. P. M.

1 This world explore, from shore to shore,
Each day, from dawn to even;
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns are mean and poor,
There 's nothing rich but heaven.

2 Fine gold will change and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth are given;
All changing time our forms invade,
The seasons roll, light sinks in shade,
There 's nothing lasts but heaven.

3 Empires decay and nations die,
Bright hopes to winds are given,
The vernal flowers in ruins lie;
Death conquers all below the sky,
There's nothing lives but heaven.

4 Creation's mighty fabric, all,
Shall be to atoms riven;
The skies consumed, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthy ball,
There is nothing firm but heaven.

5 A pilgrim stranger here I roam,
From place to place I 'm driven.
My friends are gone, and I 'm in gloom;
This earth is all a lonely tomb,
I have no home but heaven.

6 The clouds disperse, the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven,
Triumphant grace has quell'd my fears;
Roll on thou sun, fly swift my years;
I'm on my way to heaven.

7 Should wars, turmoil, and passions boil,
Like Etna's burning levin;
Should sin and wrath the nations sweep,
As tempest o'er the howling deep,
I'll not be long from heaven.

Dr. Nelson.

DOXOLOGIES.

---

1. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory, given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

3. C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

4. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

5. H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise;

With all our powers, | Thy name we sing,
Eternal King, | While faith adores.

6. 7s.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7. C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their birth,
By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

8. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Great Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

9. 8s & 7s.

PRAISE the God of our salvation :—
  Praise the Father's boundless love ;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation ;
  Praise the Spirit from above,—
Author of the new creation,—
  Him by whom our spirits live ;
Undivided adoration
  To the one Jehovah give.

10. 6s & 4s.

To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
  Hence evermore ;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
  Love and adore.

11. 7s & 6s.

To thee be praise forever,
  Thou glorious King of kings ;
Thy wondrous love and favor
  Each ransom'd spirit sings :
We 'll celebrate thy glory,
  With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
  Of thy redeeming love.

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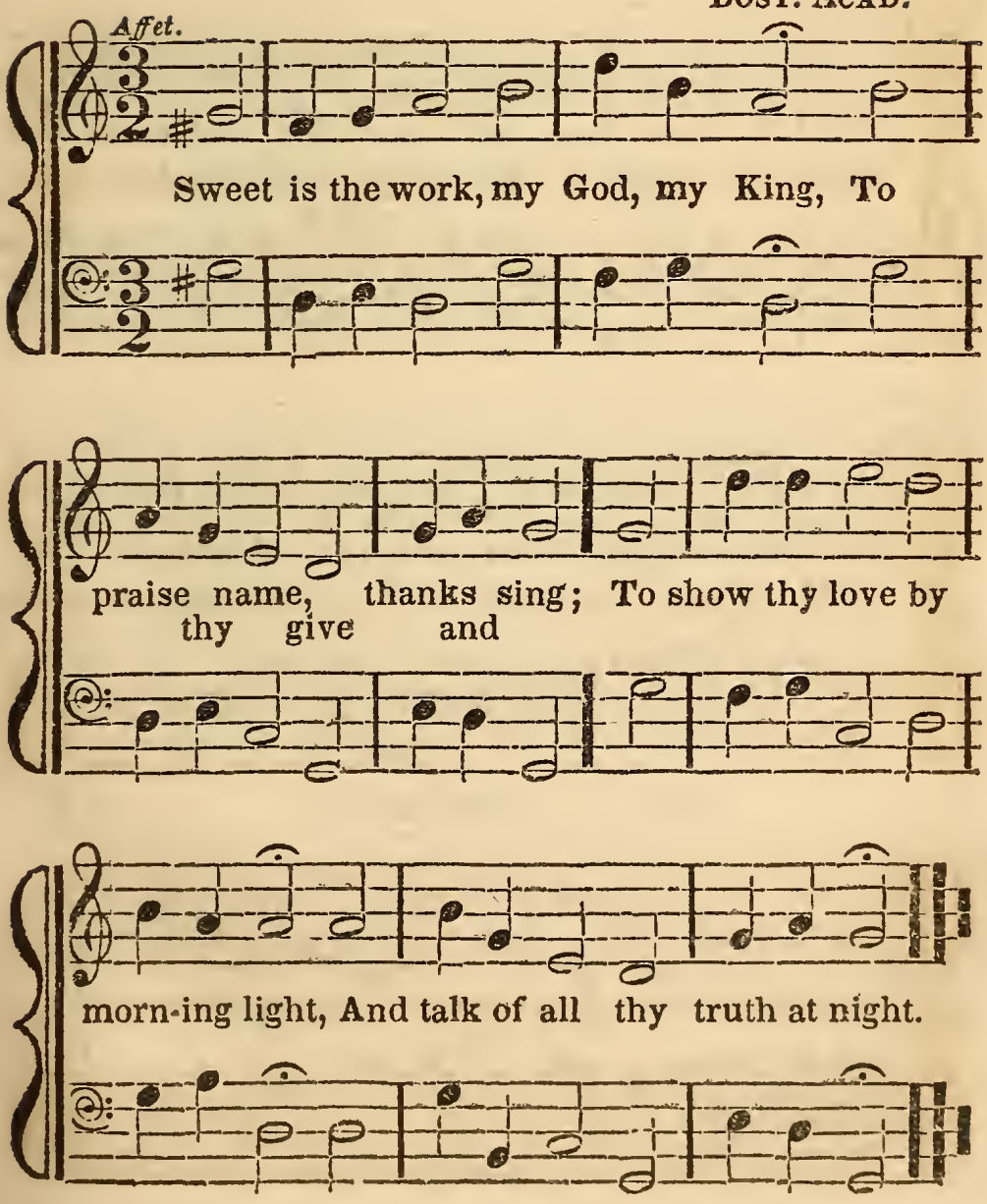
MUSIC.

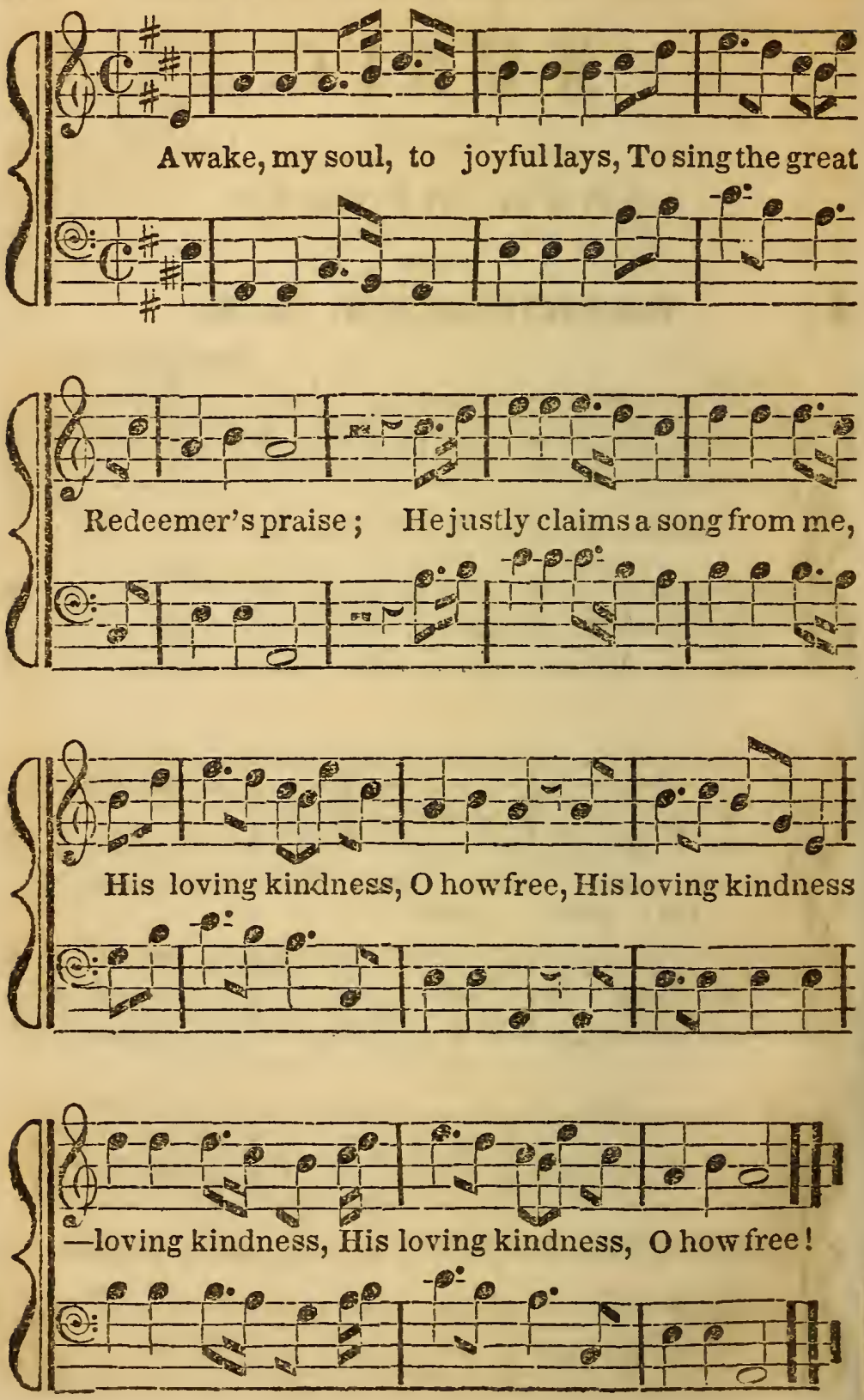
LONG METRES.

1. ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

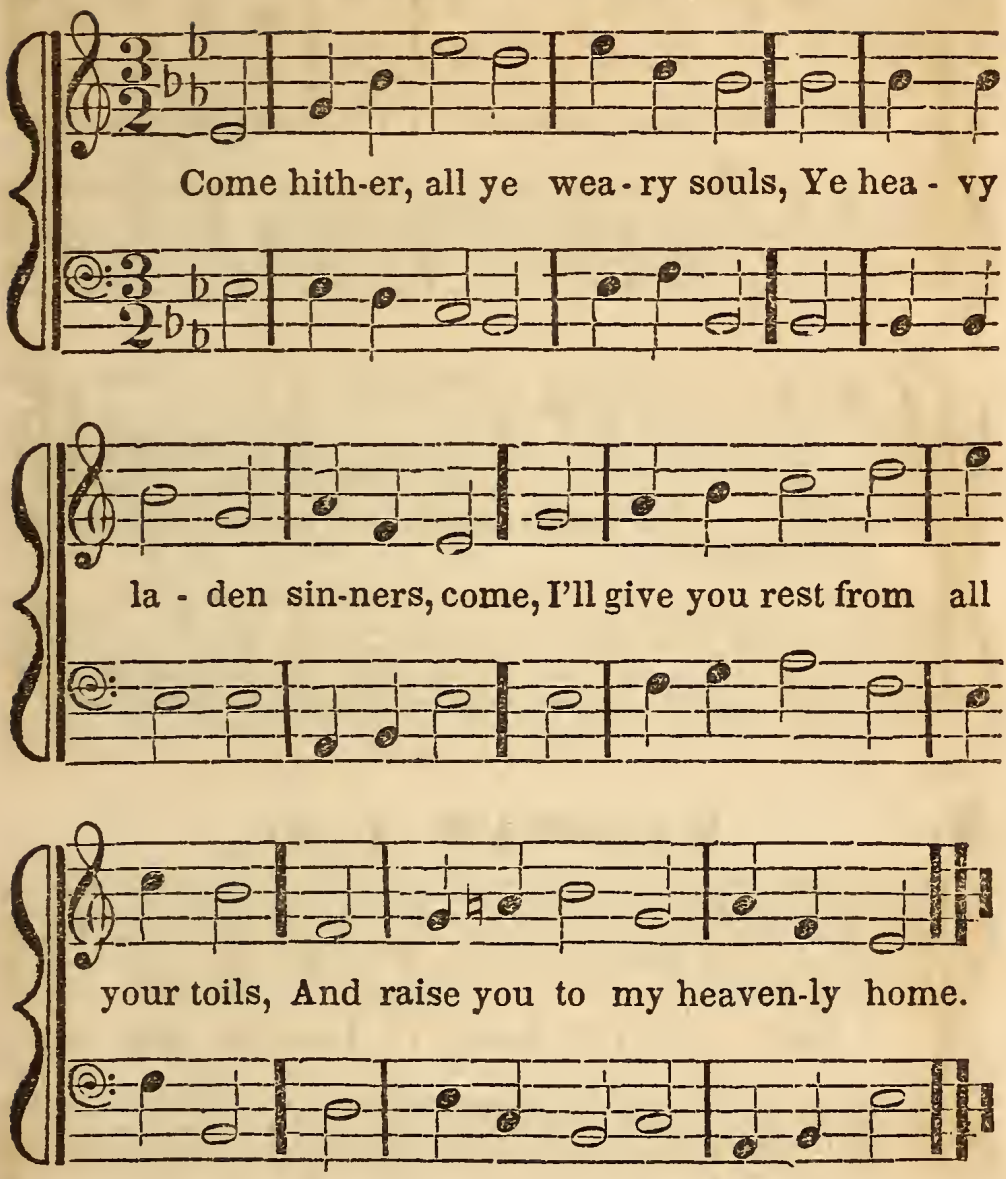
BOST. ACAD.



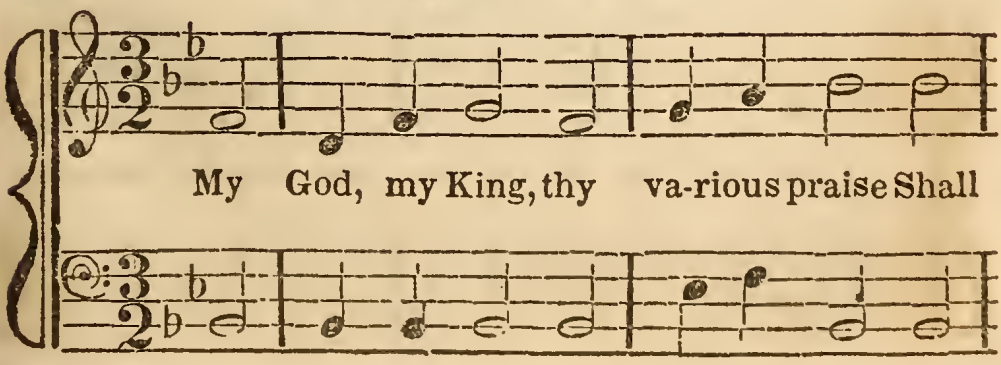
2. LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

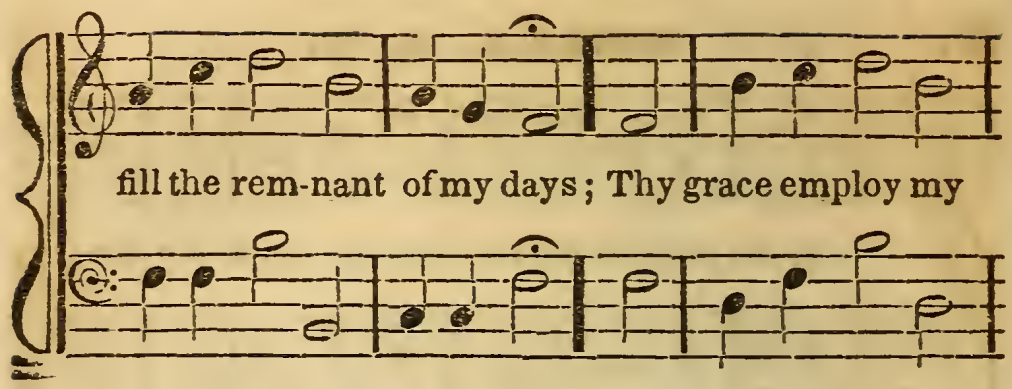


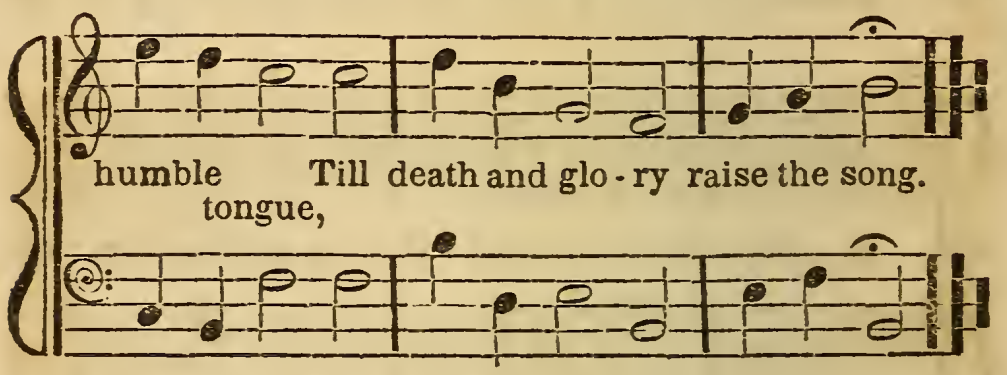
3. WELLS. L. M.



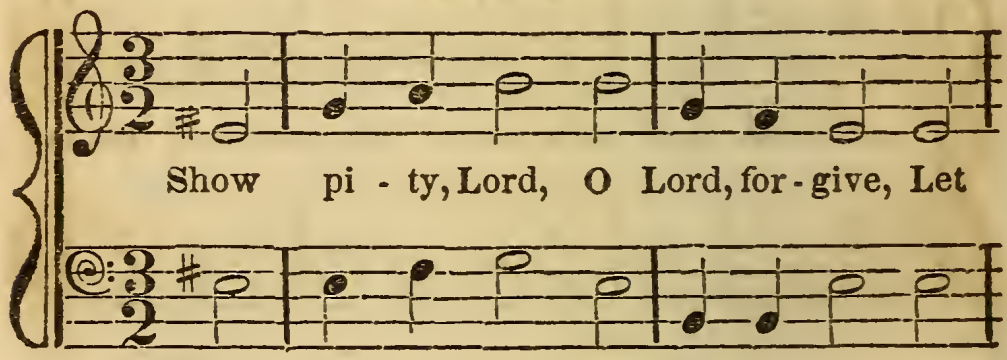
4. HEBRON. L. M.

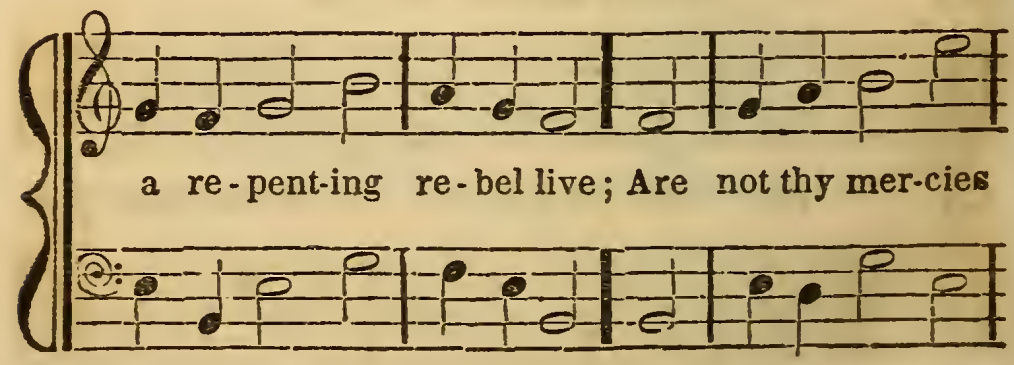


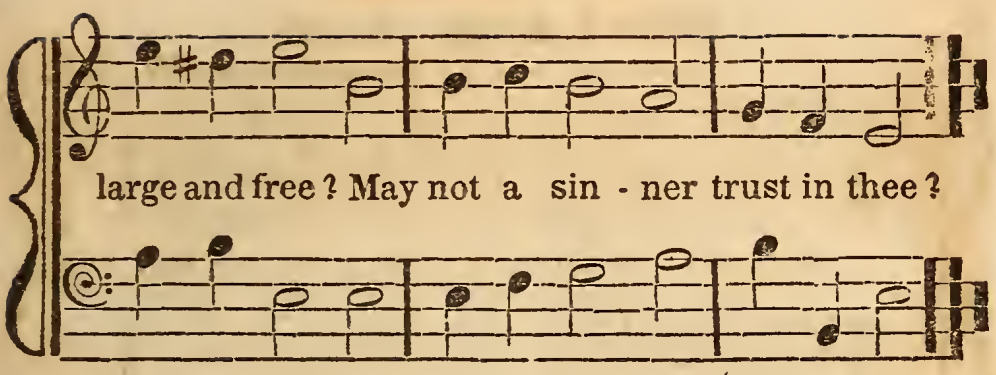

fill the rem-nant of my days; Thy grace employ my


humble tongue, Till death and glo-ry raise the song.

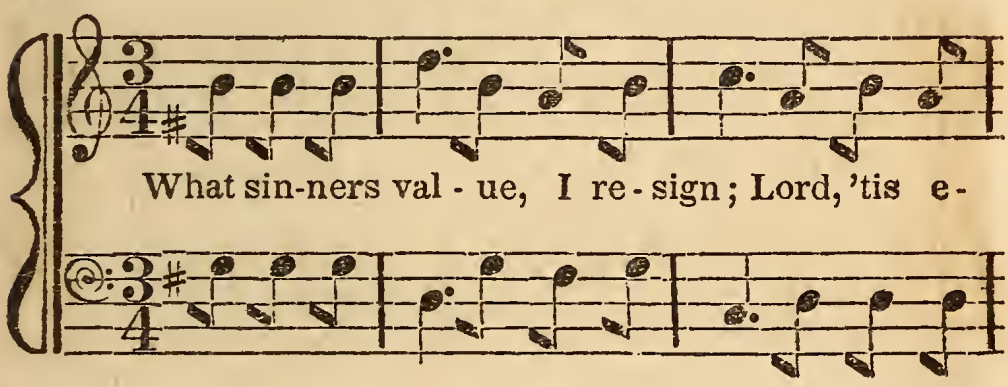
5. WINDHAM. L. M.

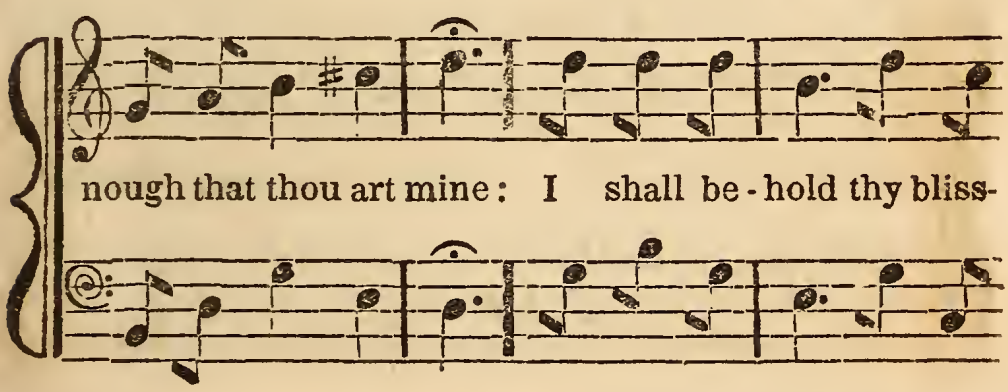

Show pi - ty, Lord, O Lord, for-give, Let

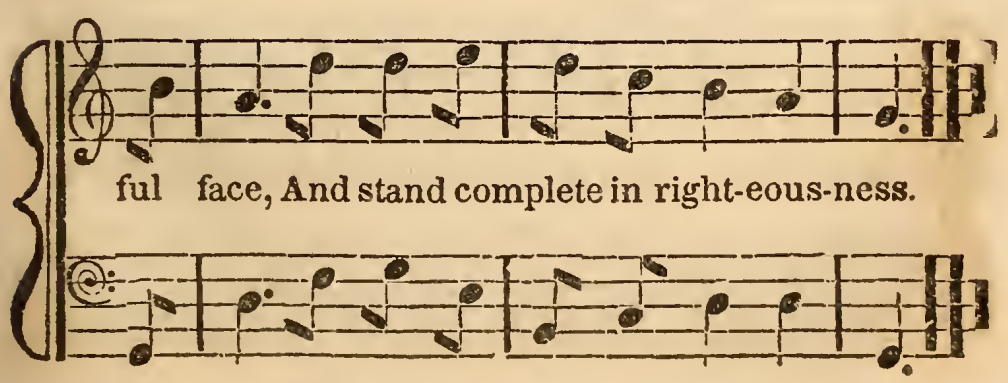

a re-pent-ing re-bel live; Are not thy mer-cies


large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?

6. LORD. L.M.

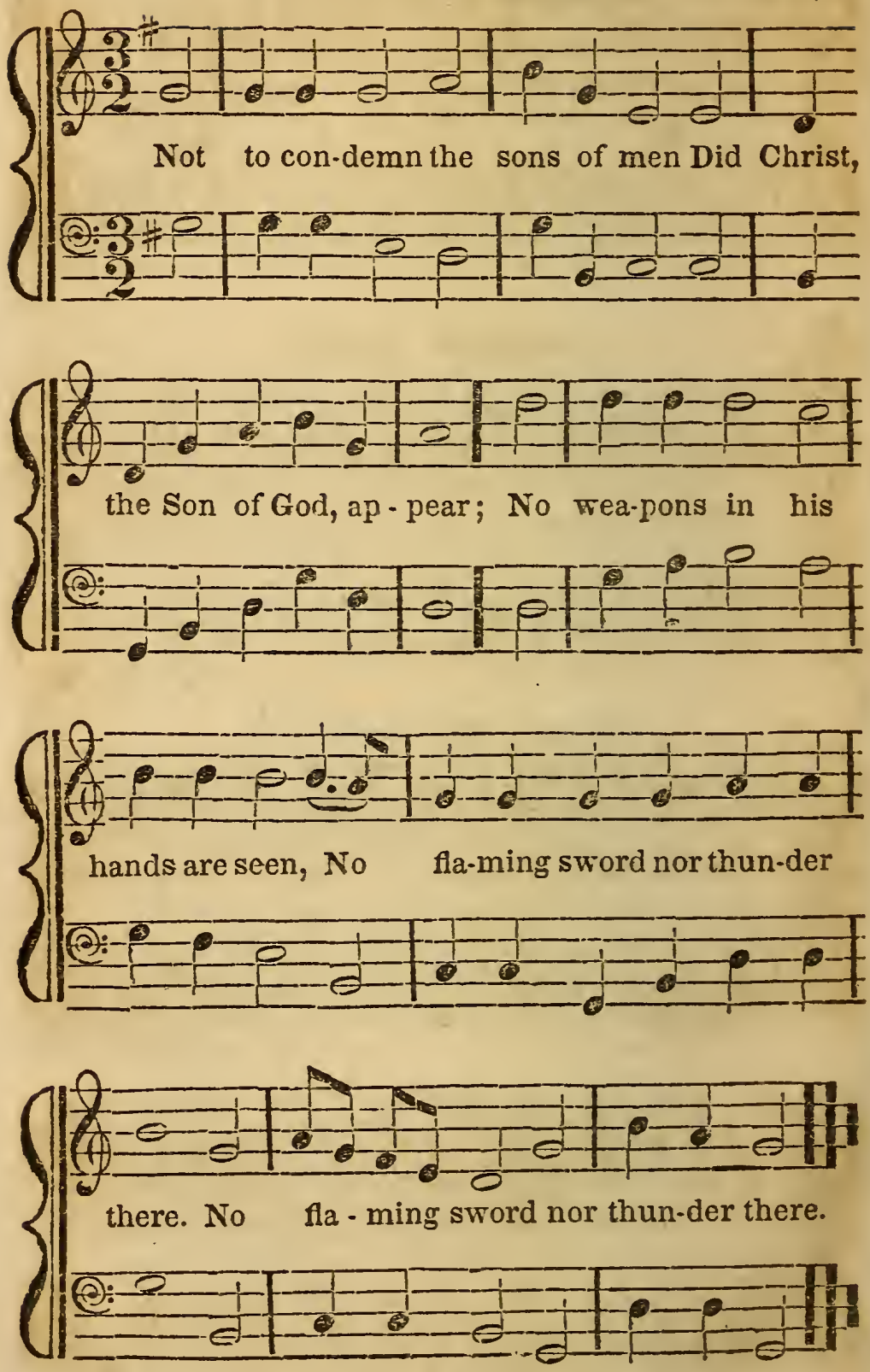

What sin-ners val - ue, I re - sign; Lord, 'tis e-


nough that thou art mine: I shall be - hold thy bliss-


ful face, And stand complete in right-eous-ness.

7. ROLLAND. L. M.

PSALMODIST. W. B. B.



8. TALLIS HYMN. L. M.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus

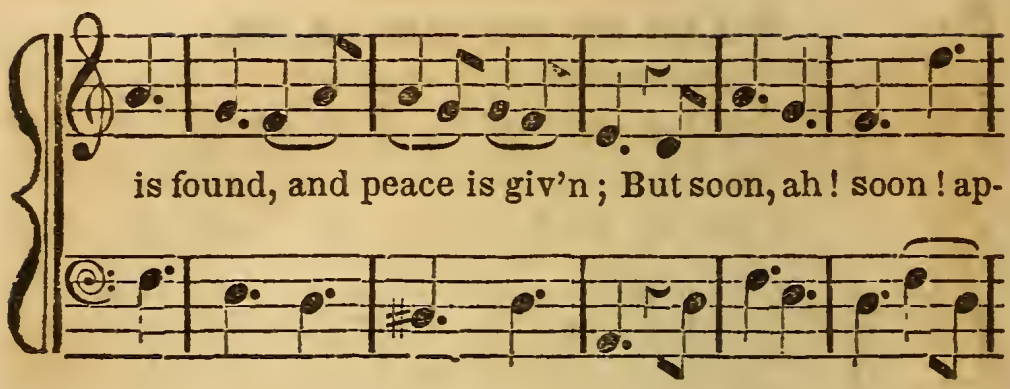
far his pow'r prolongs my days; And ev' - ry eve-ning

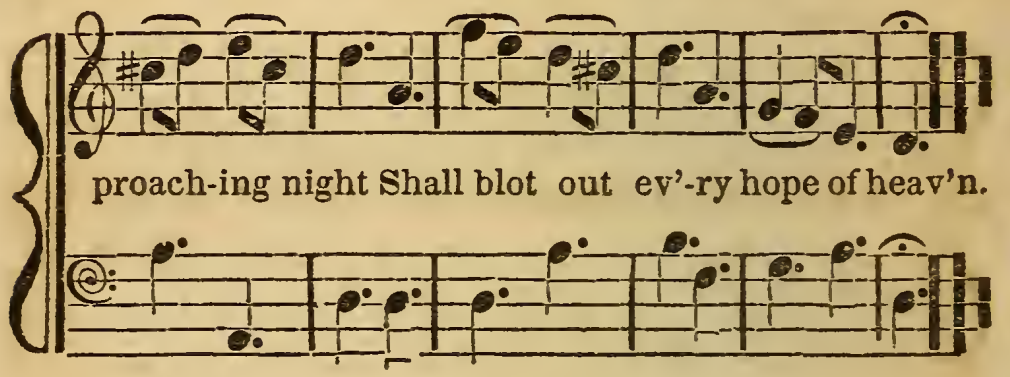
shall make Some memo - rial of his grace.
known fresh

9. WHILE LIFE PROLONGS. L. M.

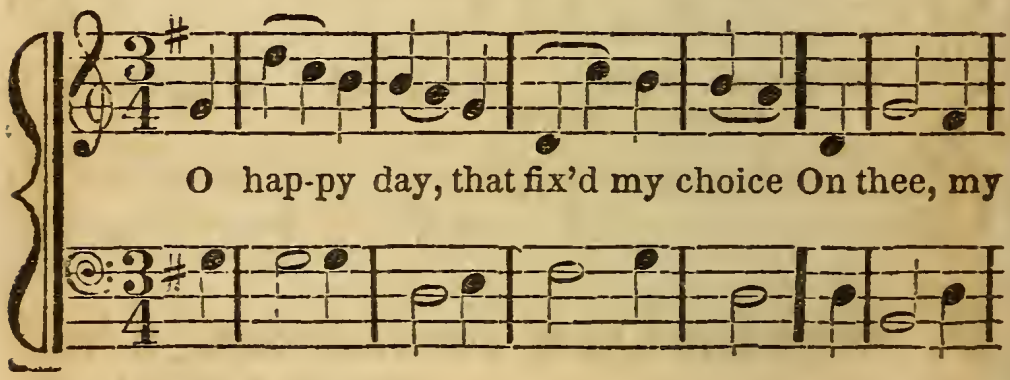
SPIRITUAL SONGS. H.

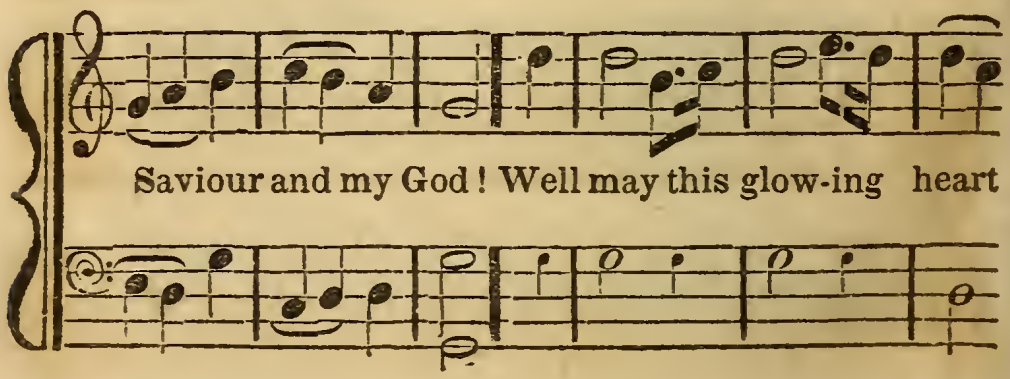
While life pro-longs its pre - cious light, Mer-cy

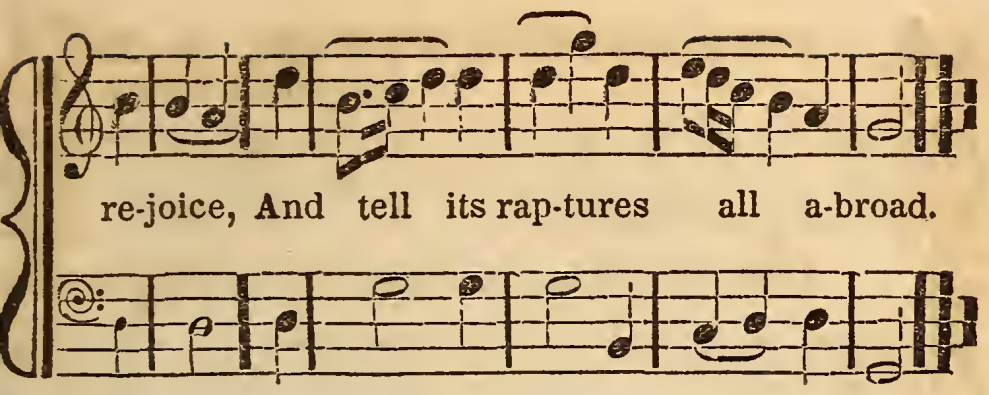




10. EFFINGHAM. L.M.

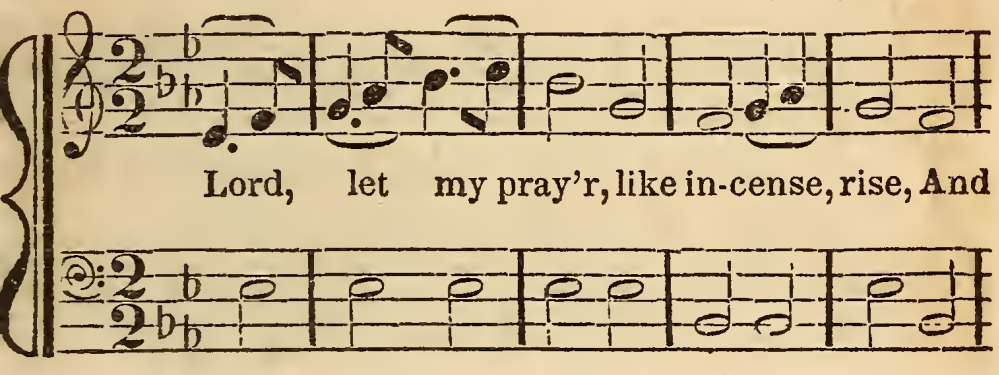


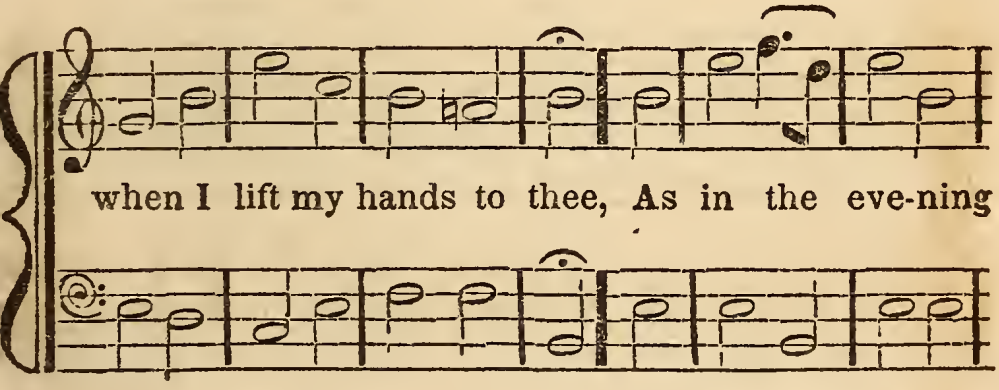


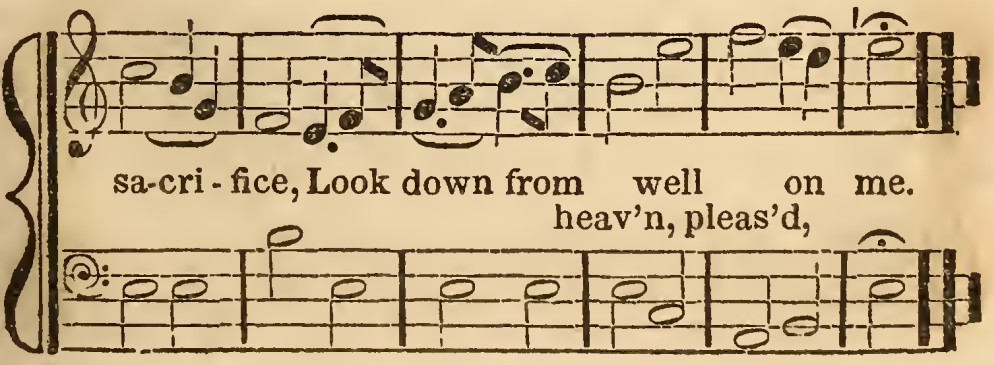


11. ILLINOIS. L.M.

MANHATTEN.

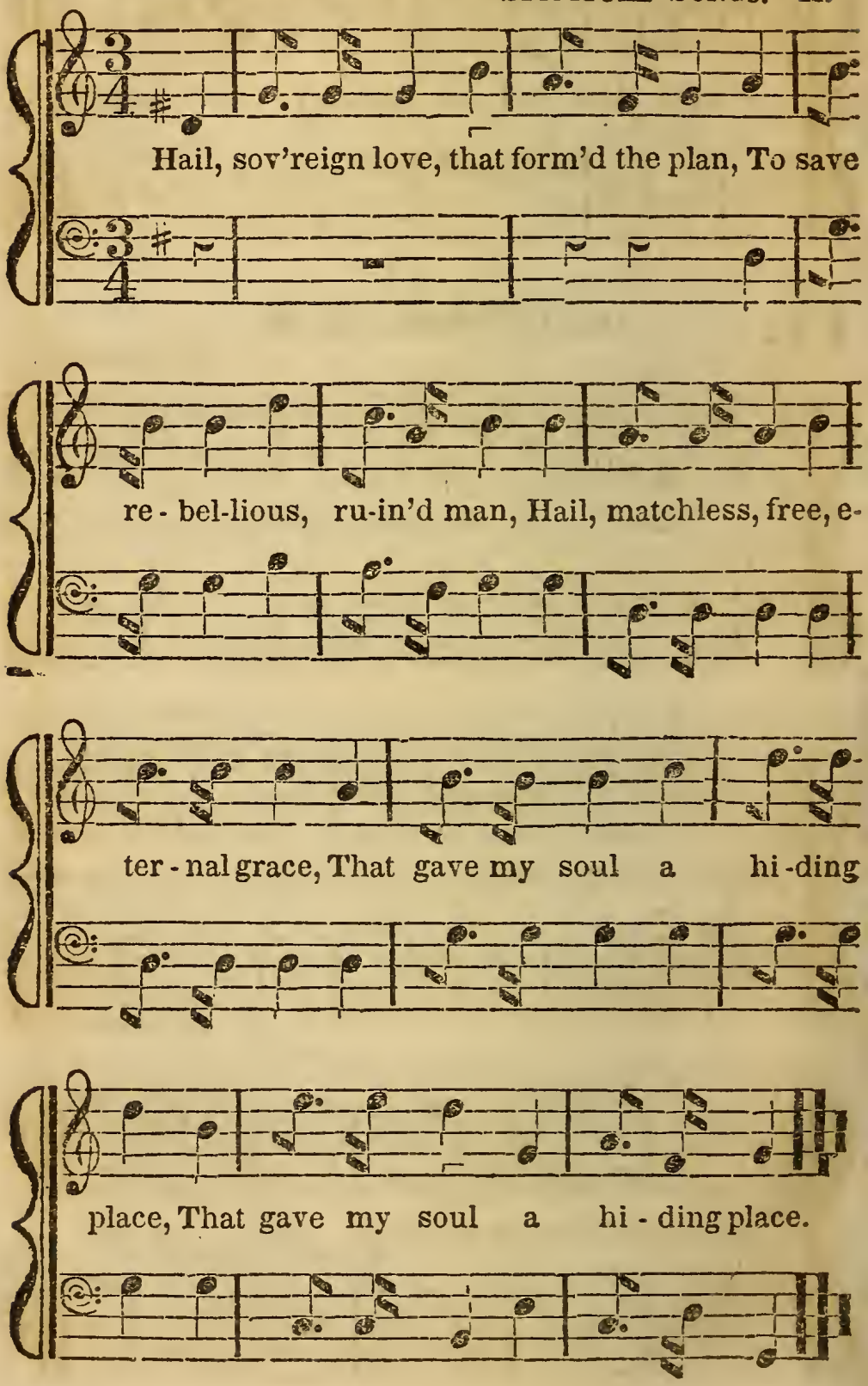




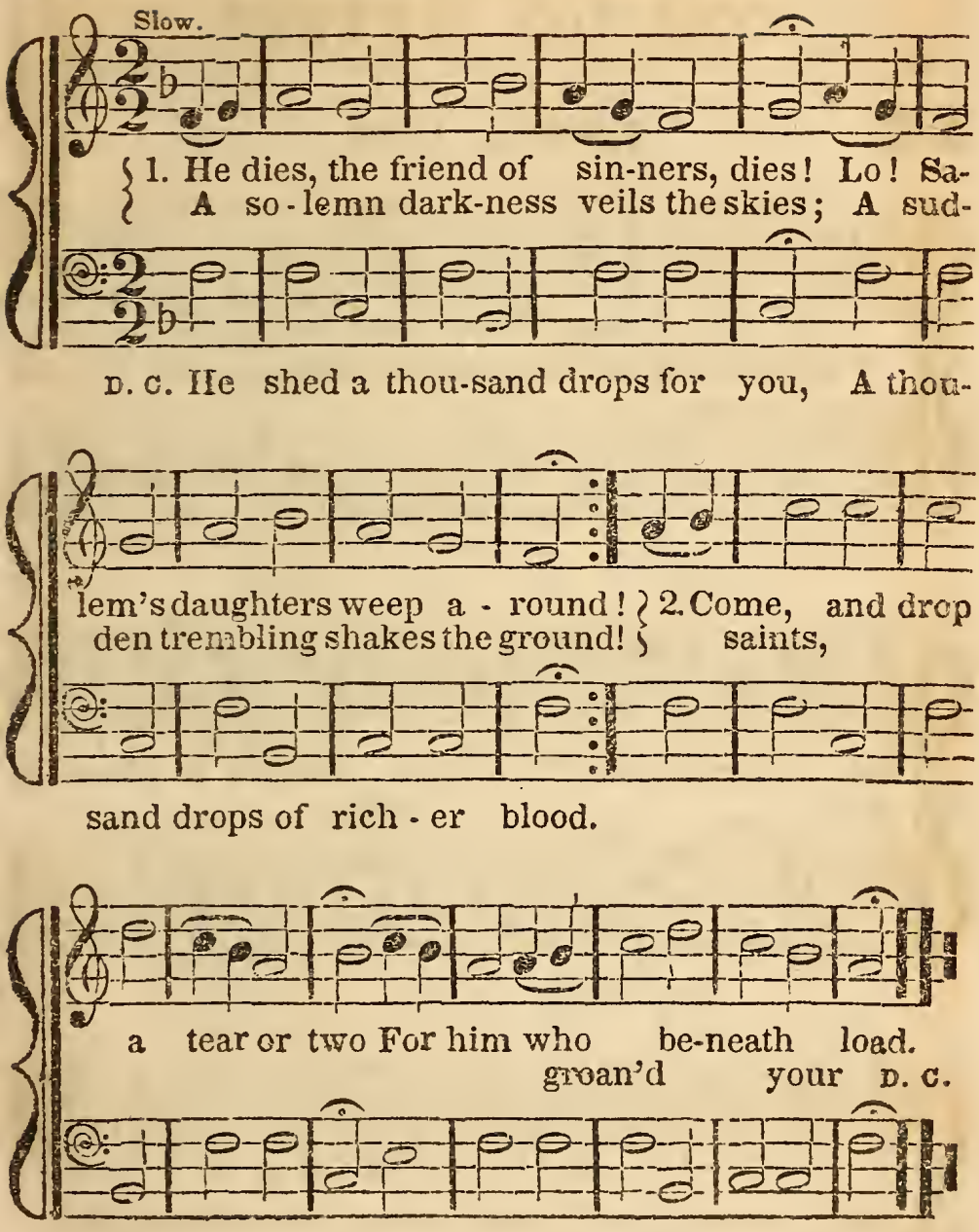


12. THE HIDING PLACE. L. M.

SPIRITUAL SONGS. H.

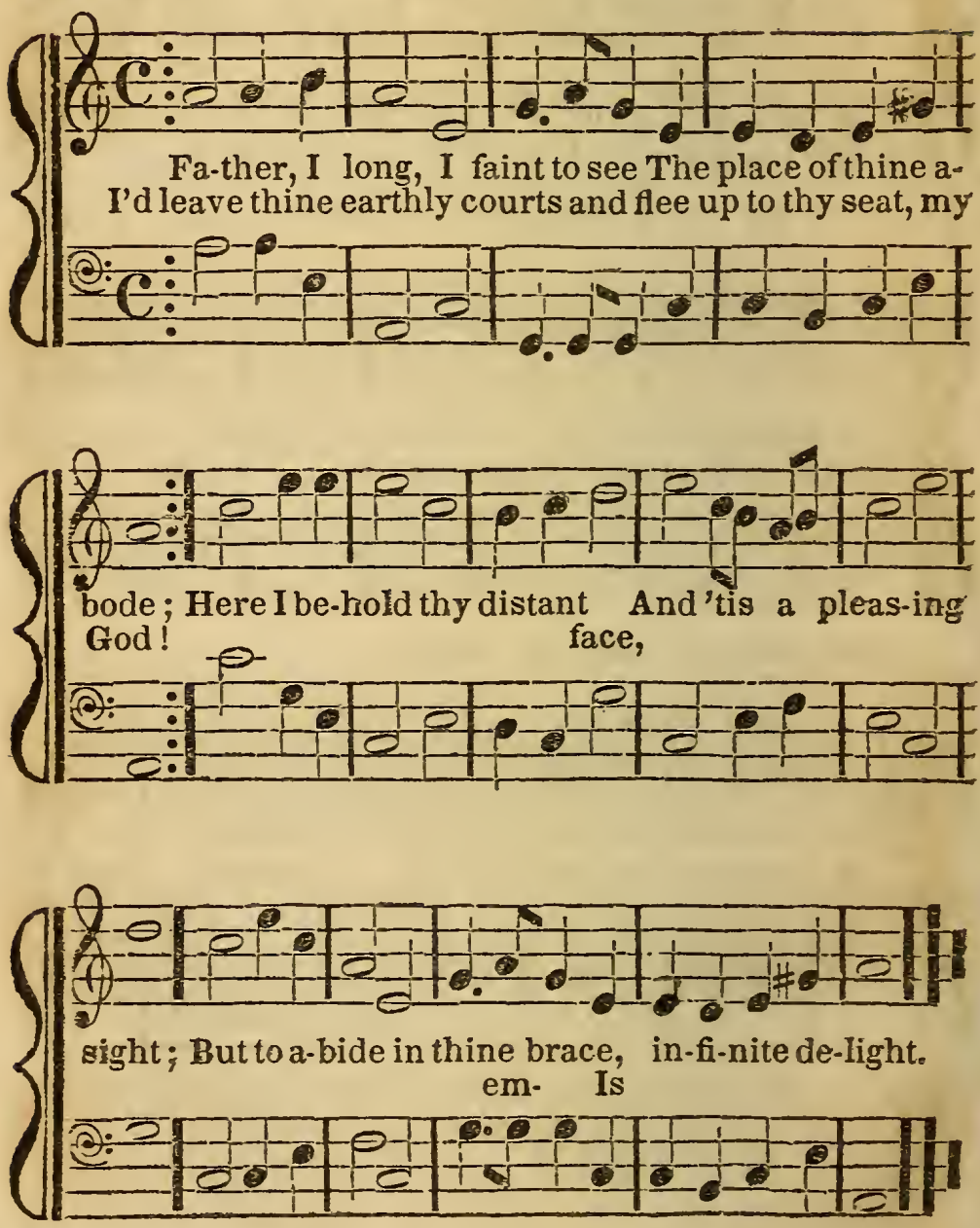


13. DRESDEN. L. M.

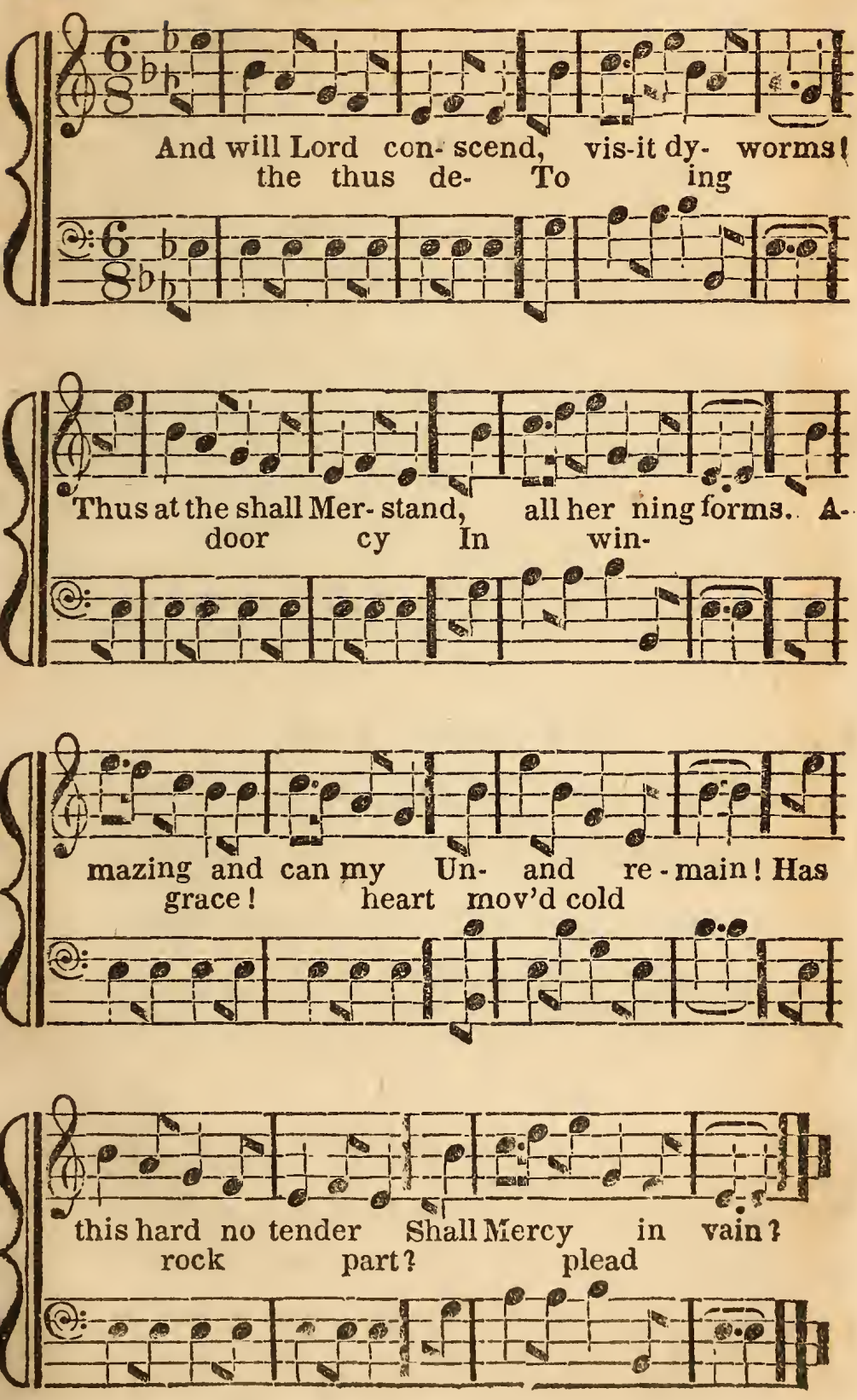


COMMON METRES.

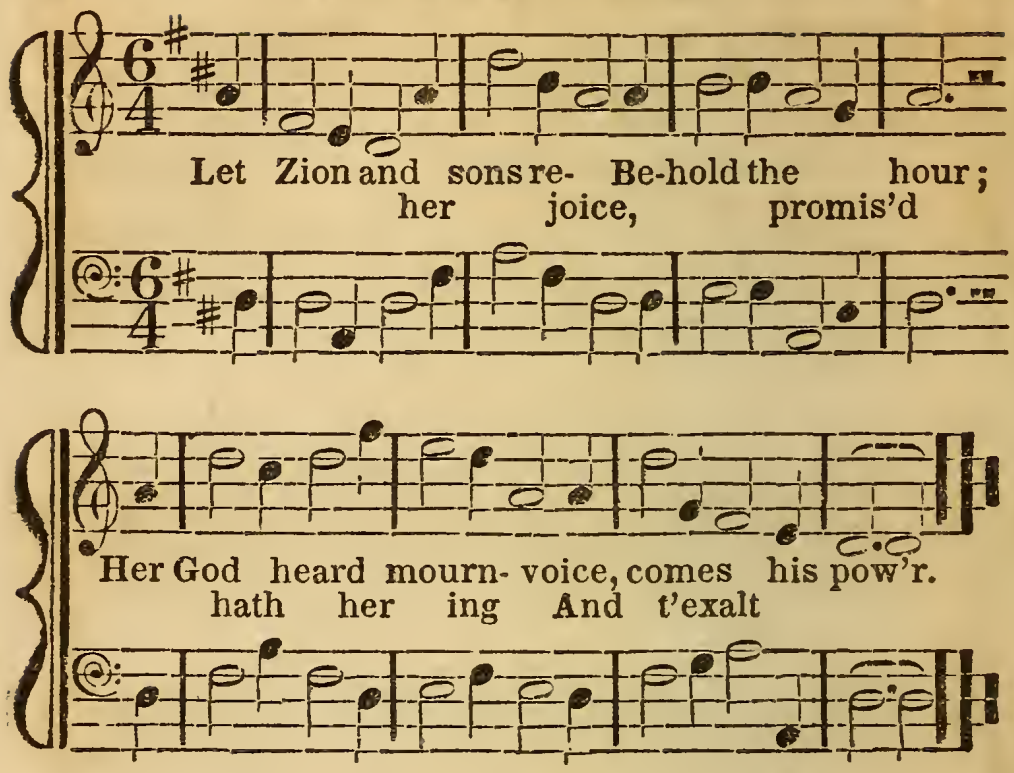
14. LOVE. C. M.



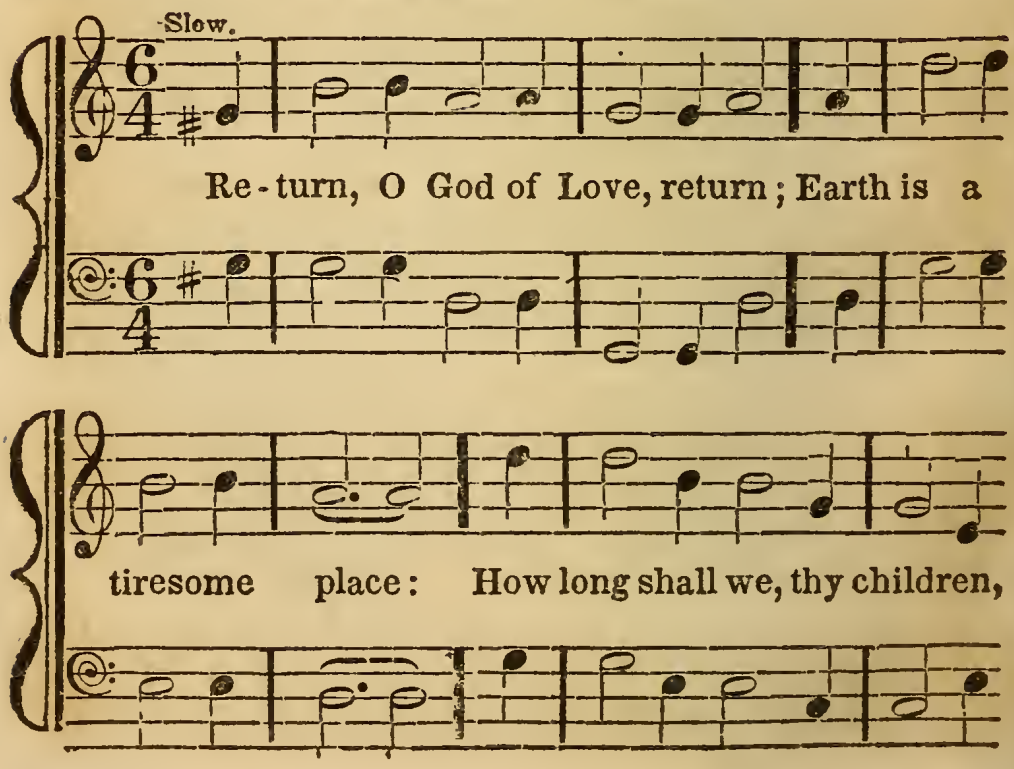
15. ATHENS. C. M.

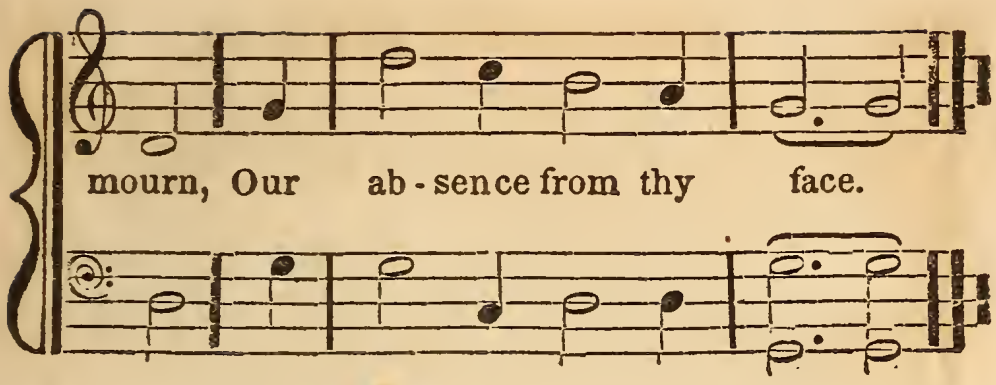

And will Lord con- scend, vis-it dy- worms!
the thus de- To ing
Thus at the shall Mer- stand, all her ning forms. A-
door cy In win-
mazing and can my Un- and re - main! Has
grace! heart mov'd cold
this hard no tender Shall Mercy in vain?
rock part? plead

16. DETROIT. C.M.

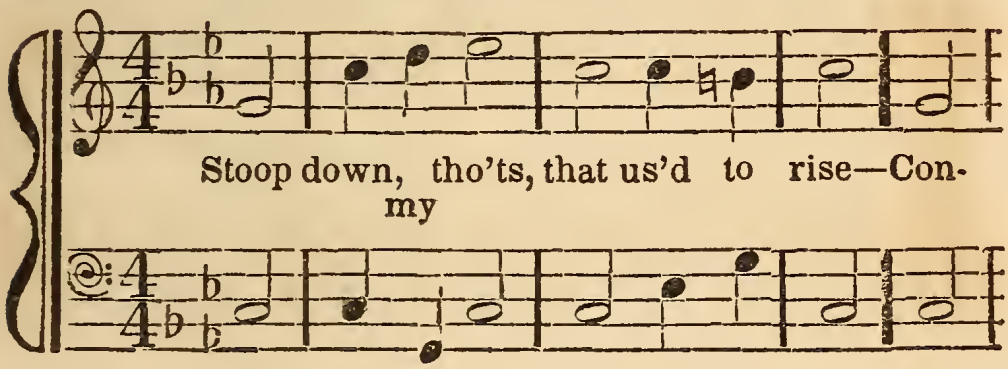


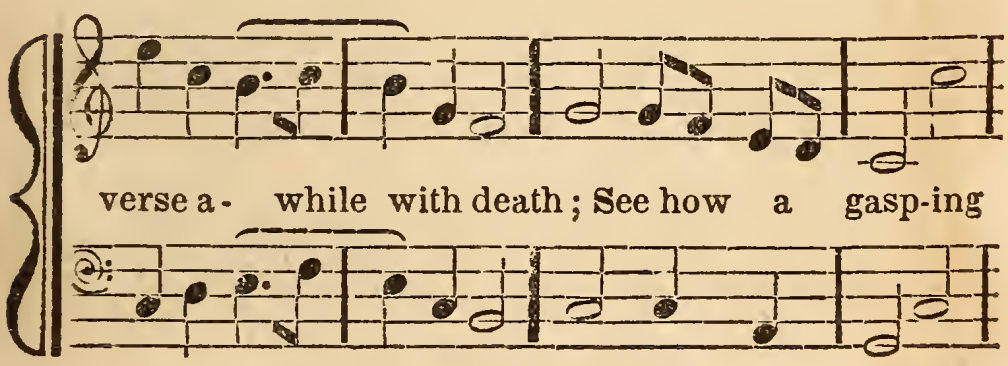
17. HALSEY. C.M.

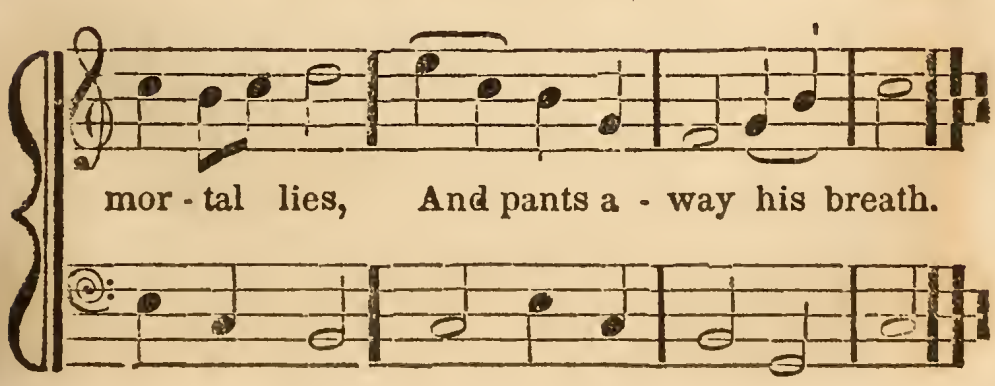




18. SILVER SPRING. C. M.







19. CRUCIFIXION. C.M.

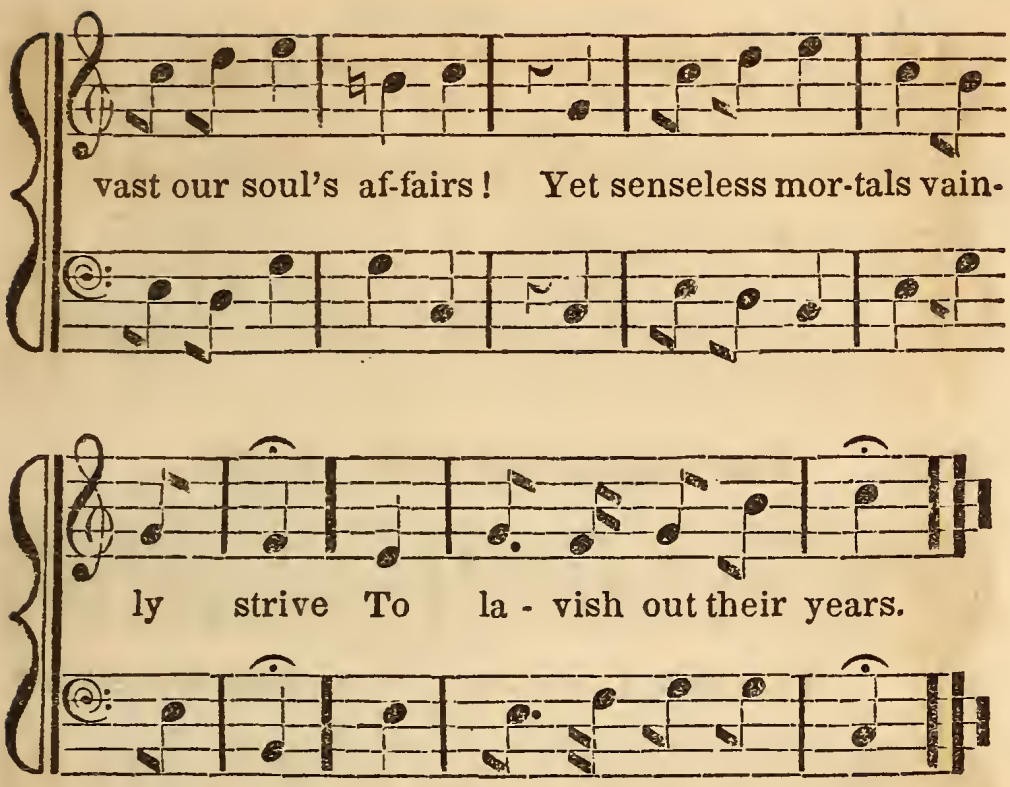
A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did

my Sovereign die? Did he de-vote that Sa-

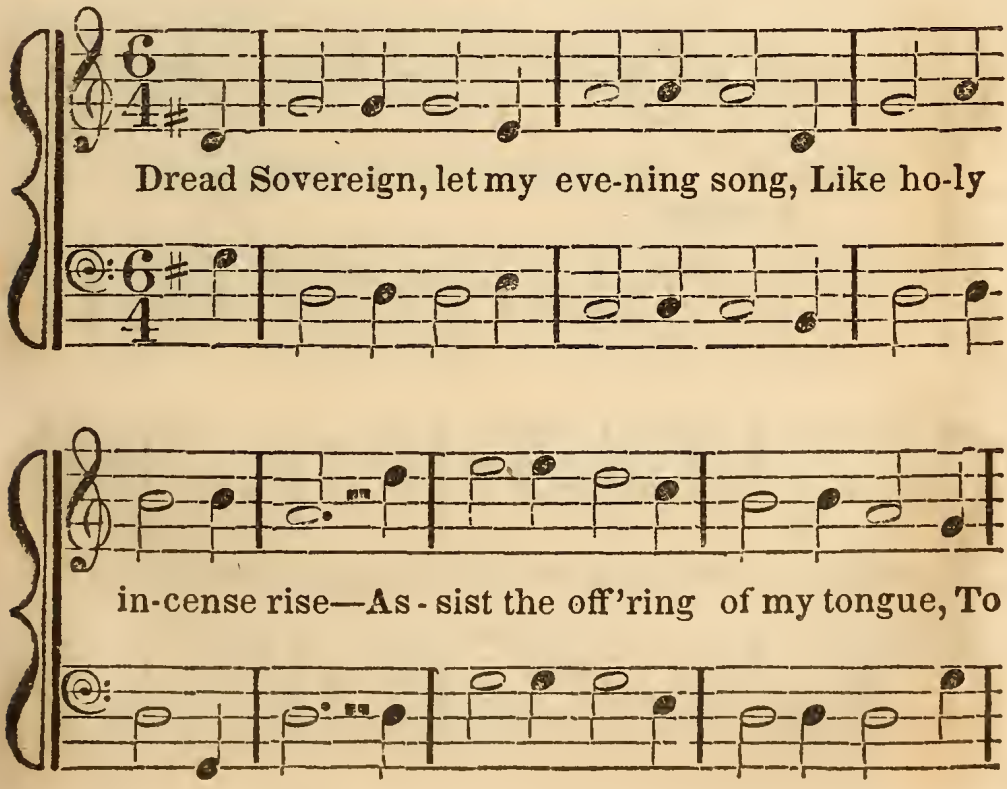
cred head for such a worm as I?

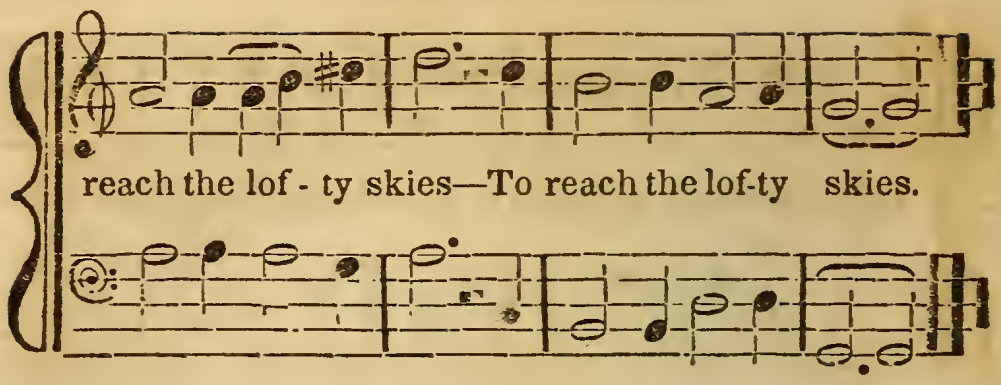
20. HERMIT. C.M.

How short and has - ty is our life! How

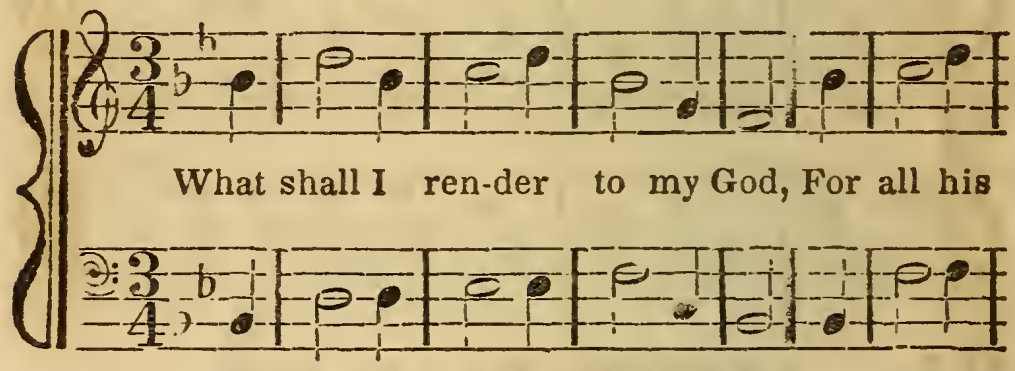


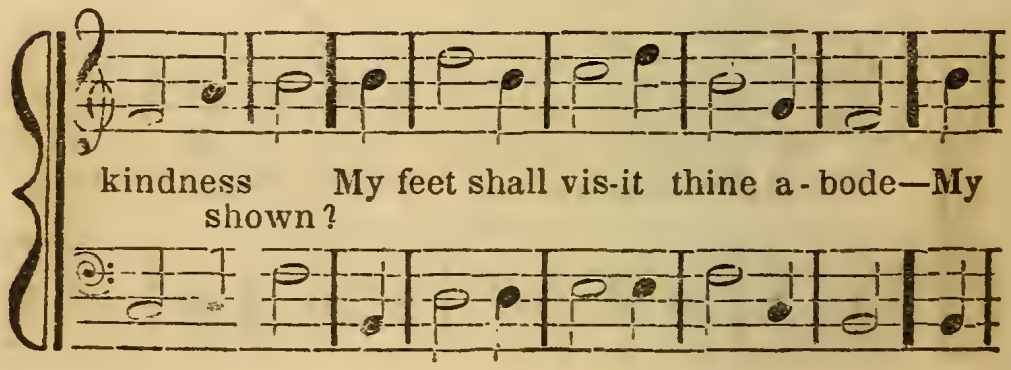
21. EVENING HYMN. C.M.

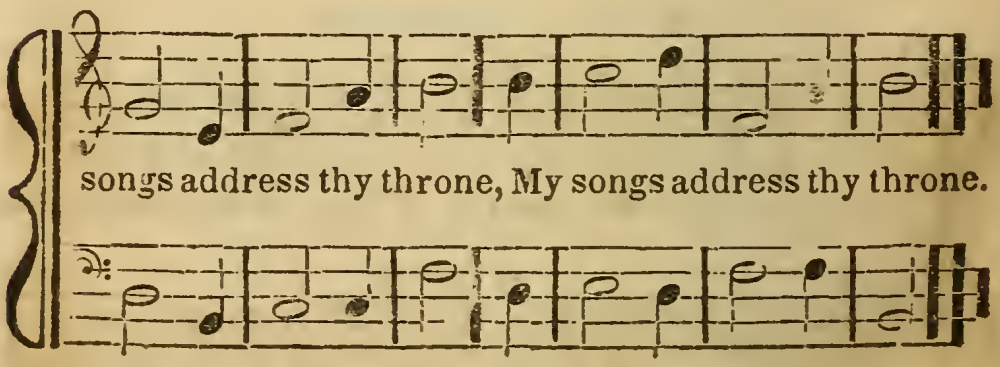




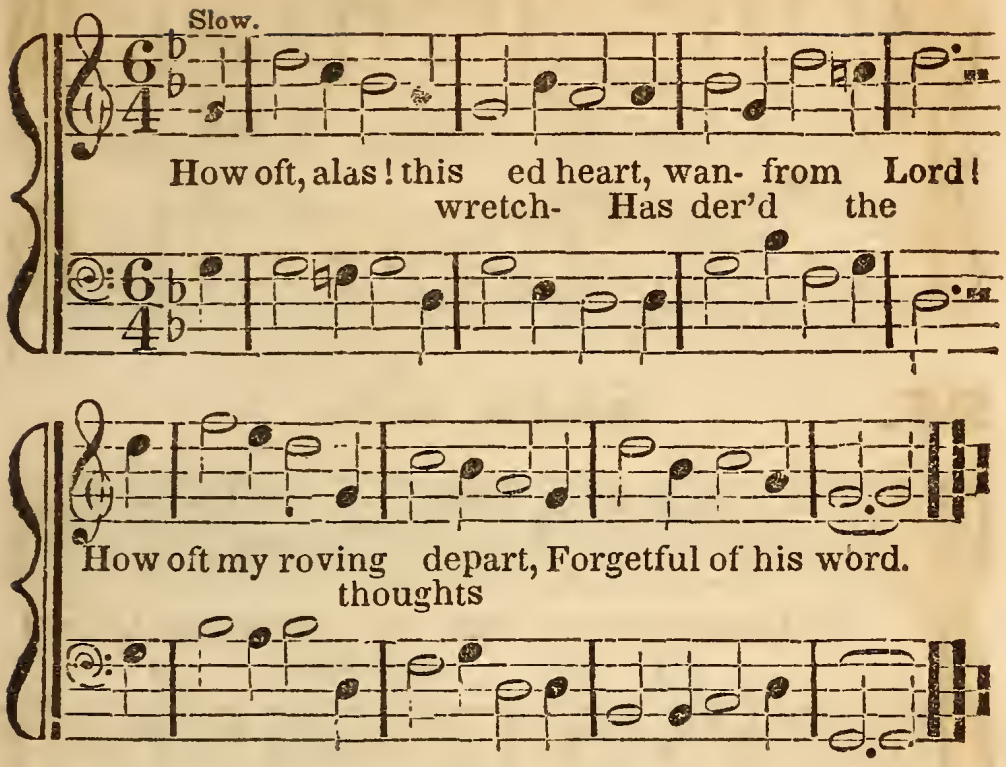
22. CONSECRATION. C.M.



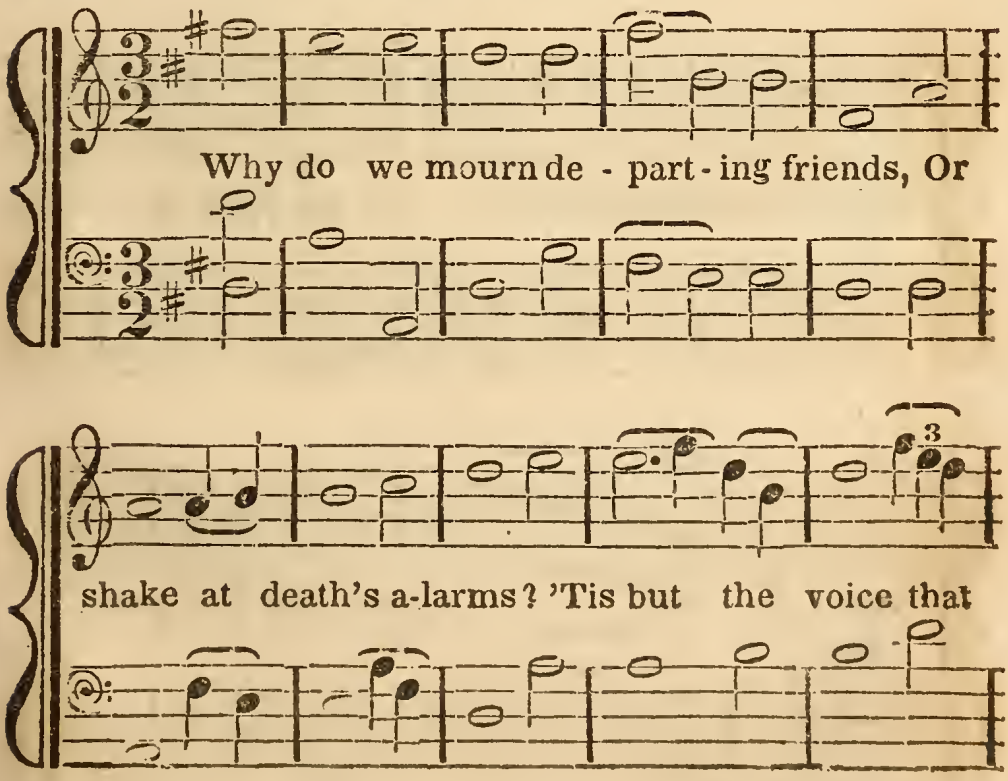


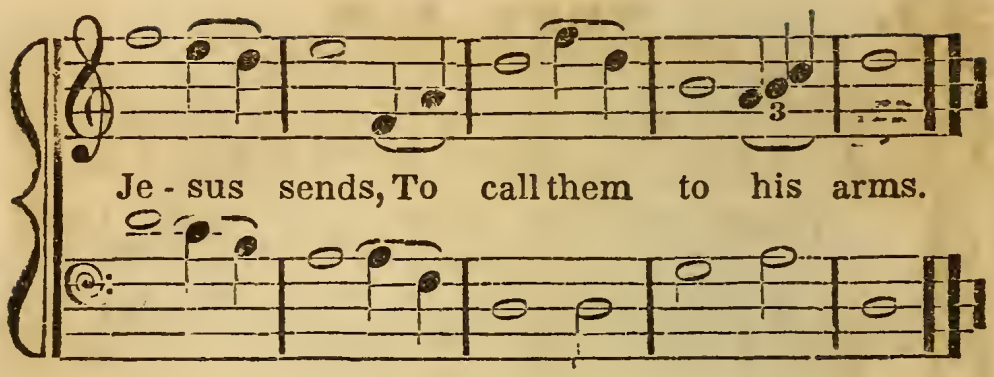


23. TROY. C.M.

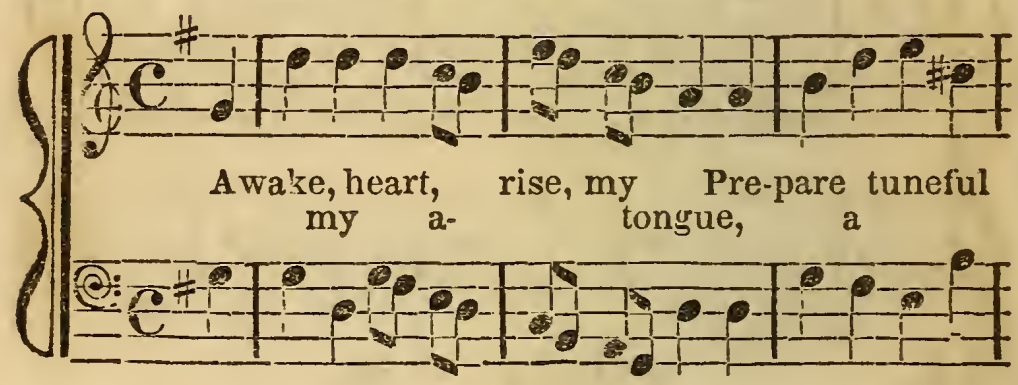


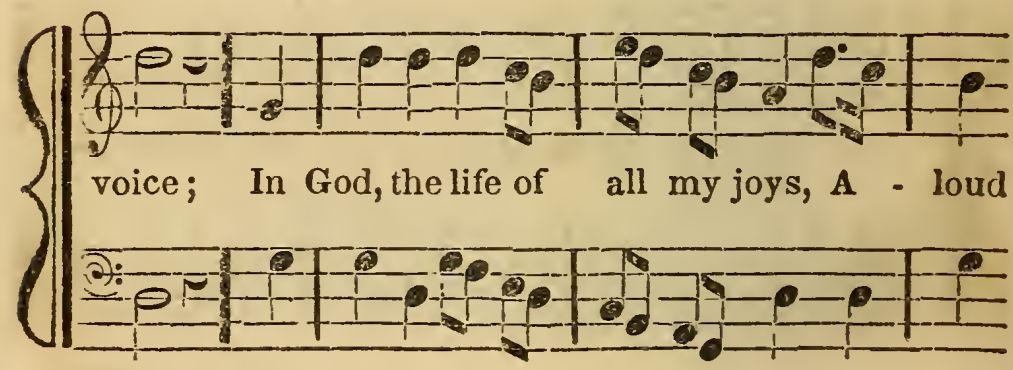
24. CHINA. C.M.

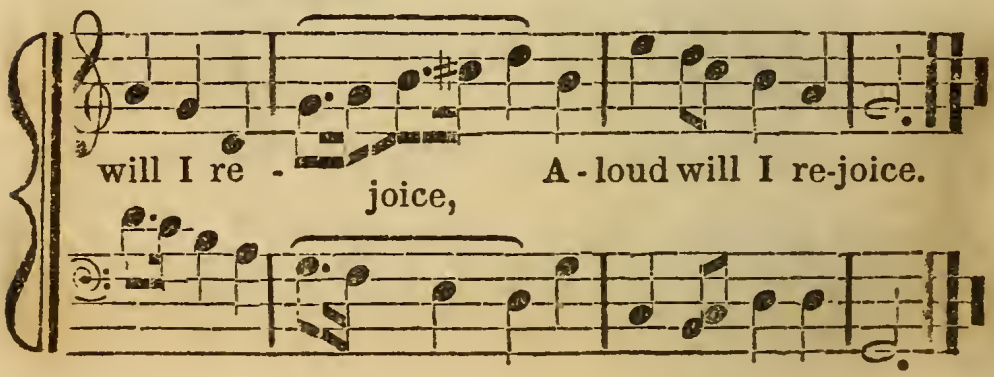



Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.

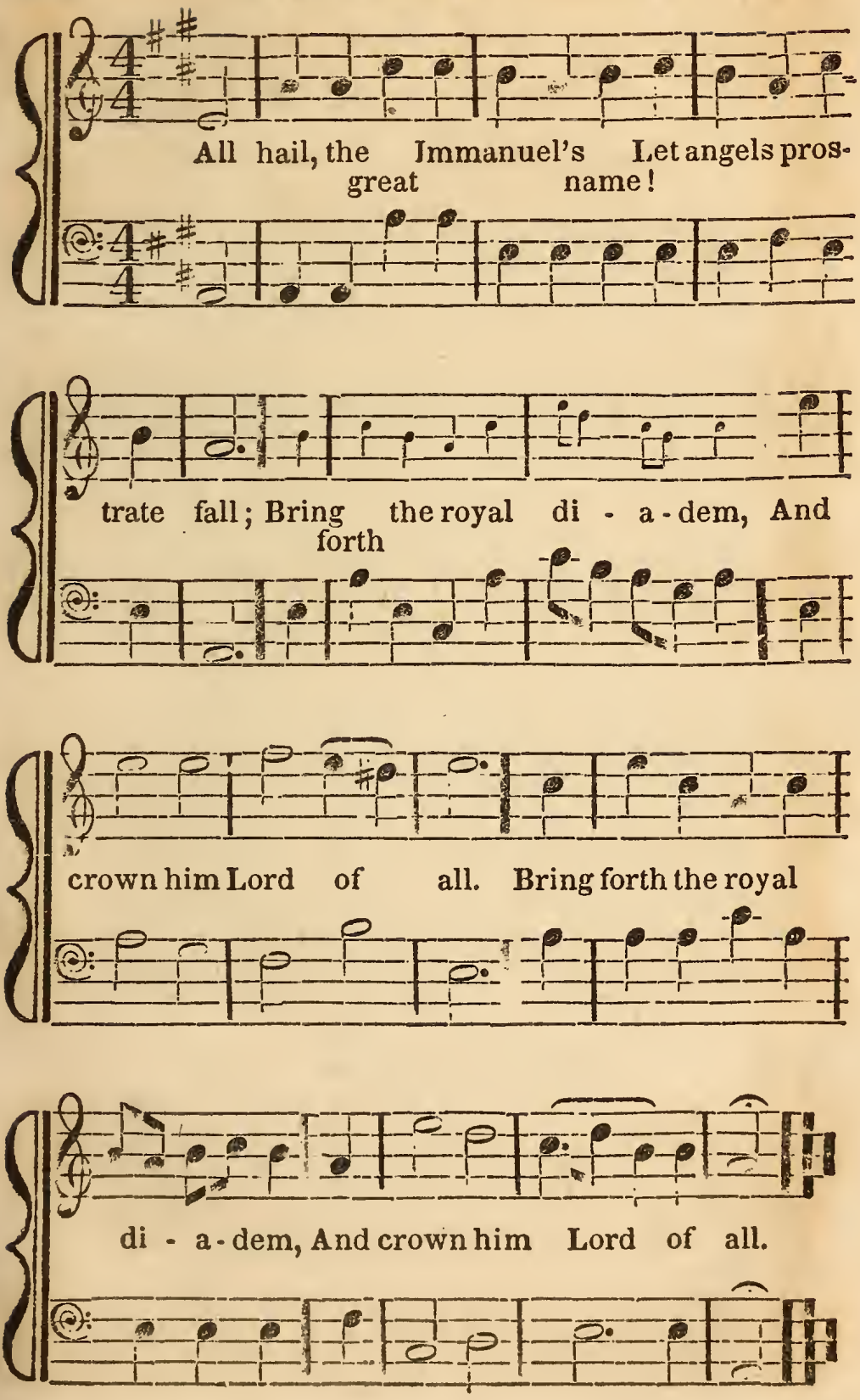
25. BRAY. C. M.


Awake, heart, rise, my Pre-pare tuneful
my a- tongue, a


voice; In God, the life of all my joys, A - loud


will I re - joice, A - loud will I re-joice.

26. CORONATION. C.M.



27. HOWARD. C.M.

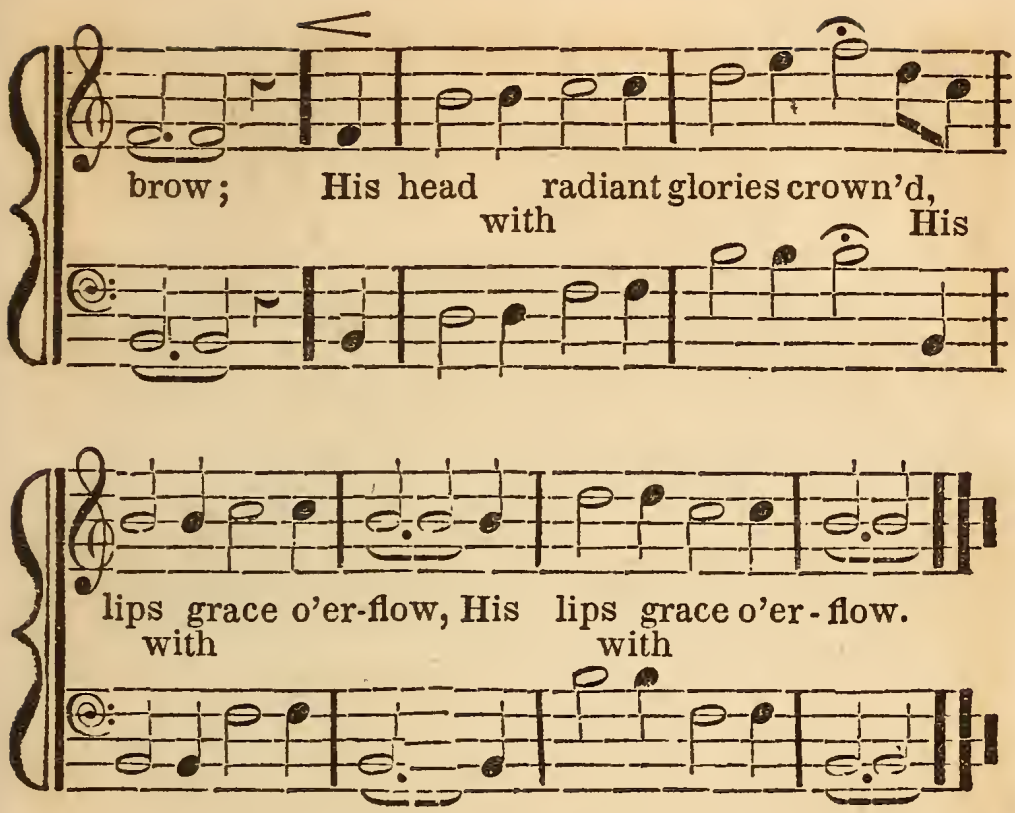
Lord, hear the voice of my com - plaint; Ac-

cept my se - cret pray'r; To thee a - lone, my

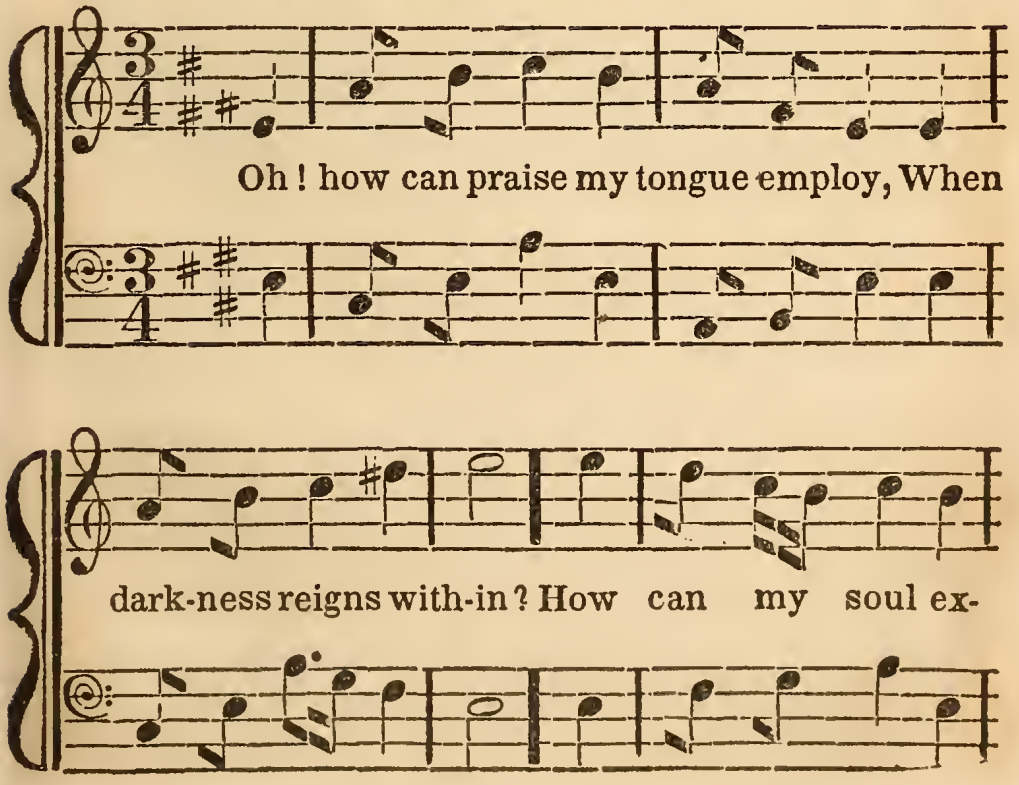
King, my God, Will I for help re - pair.

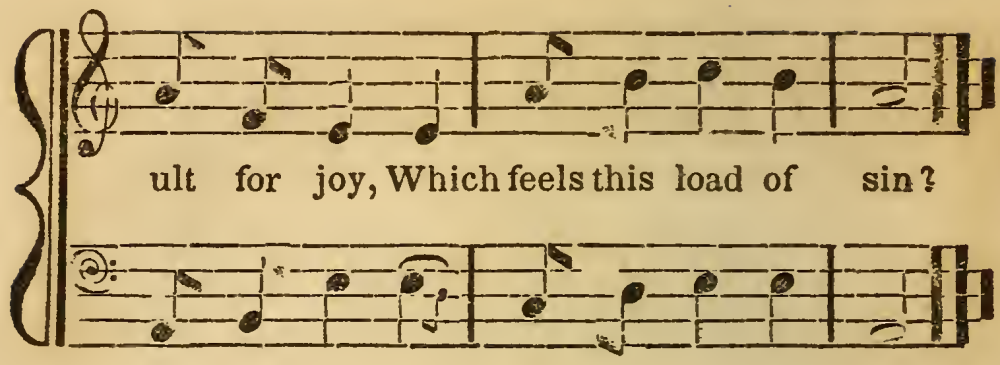
28. ORTONVILLE. C.M.

Ma - jestic sweetness sits thron'd on the Sa-
en- Up- viour's

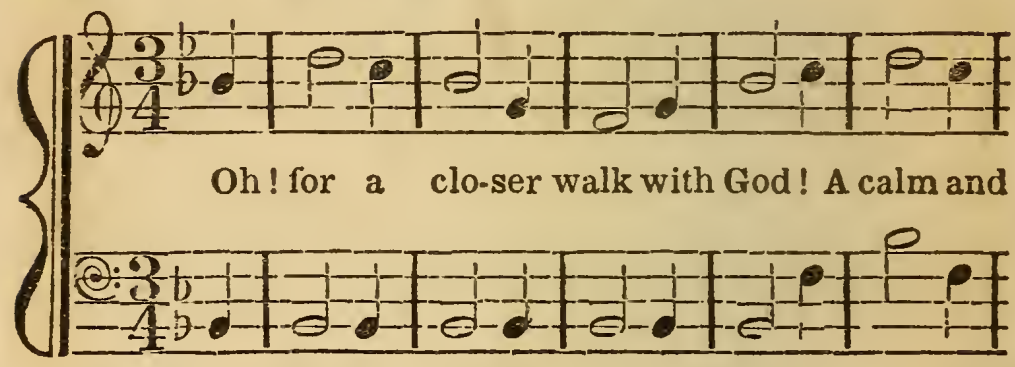


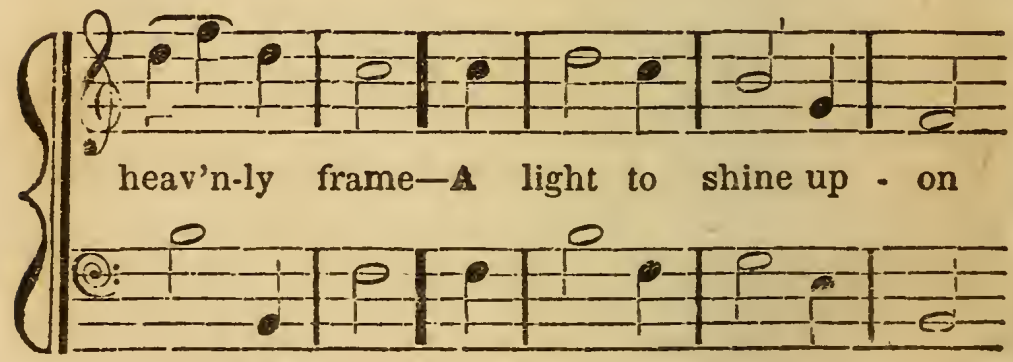
29. CHELMSFORD. C.M.

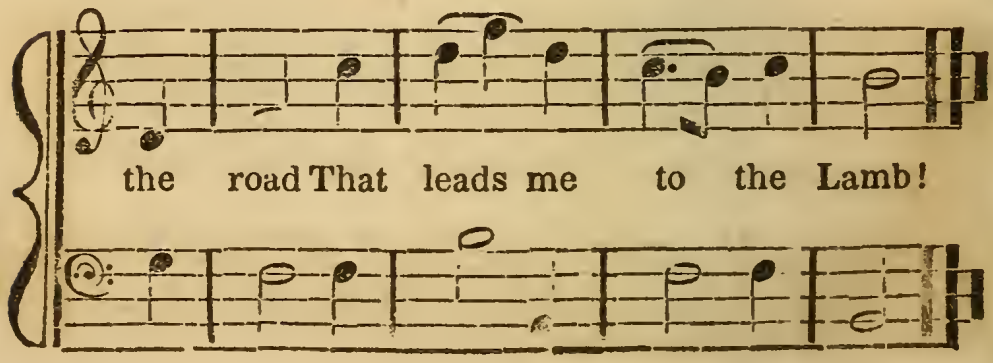




30. BALERMA. C.M.

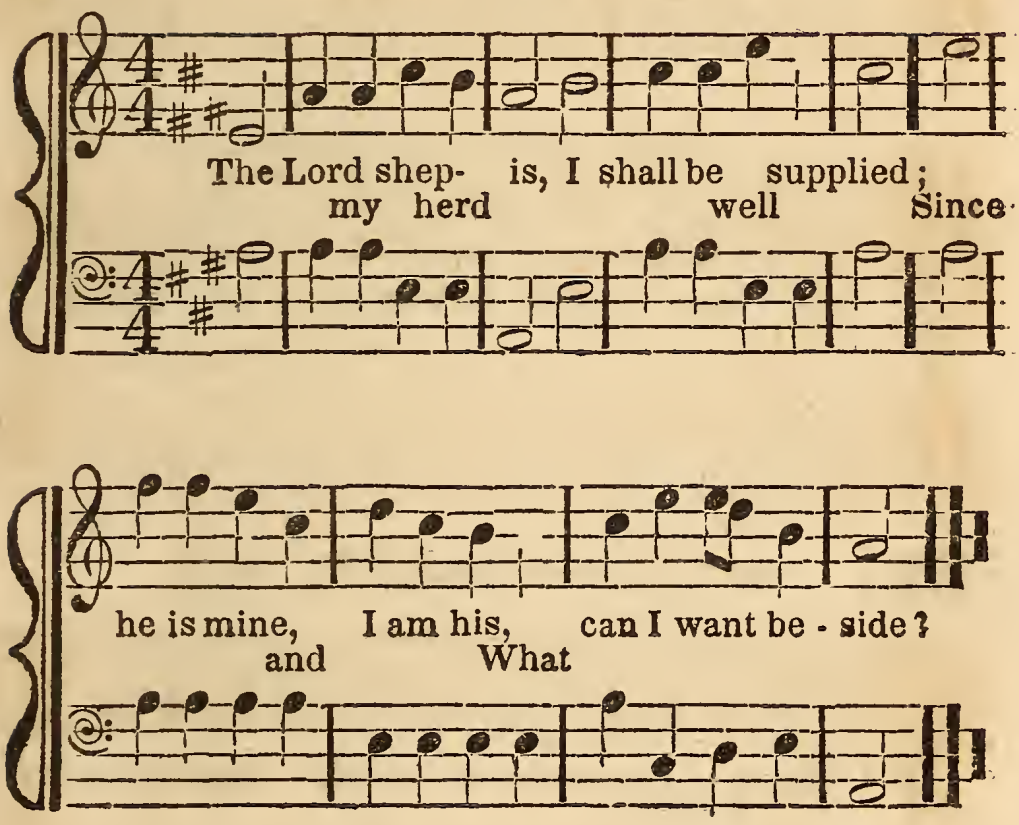




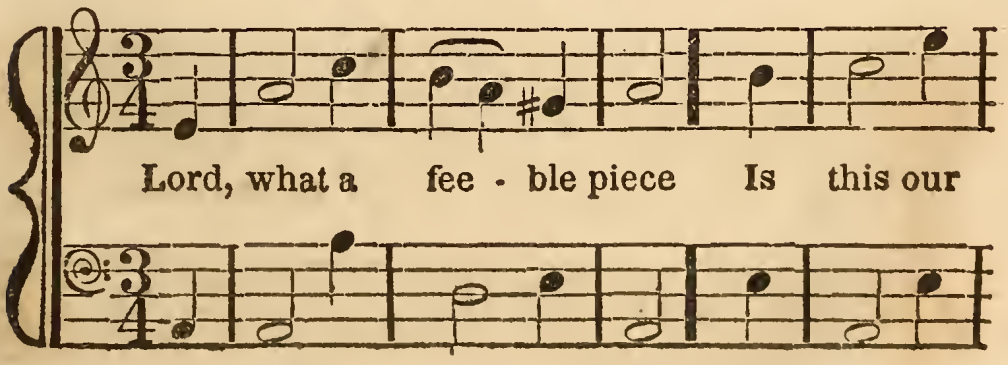


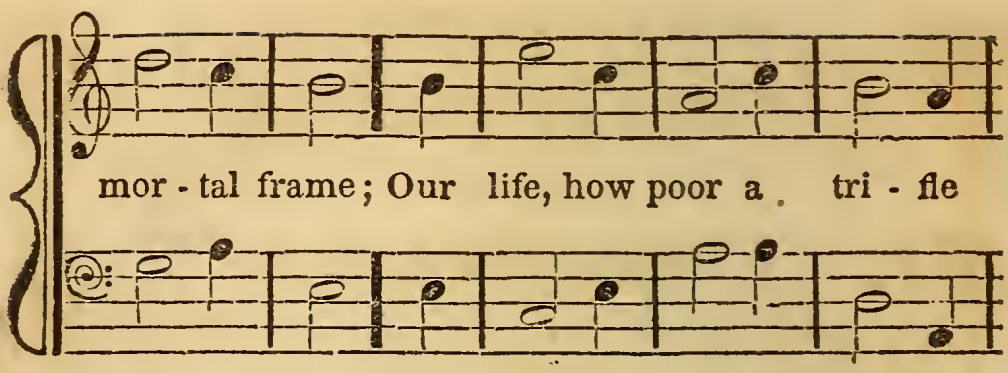
SHORT METRES.

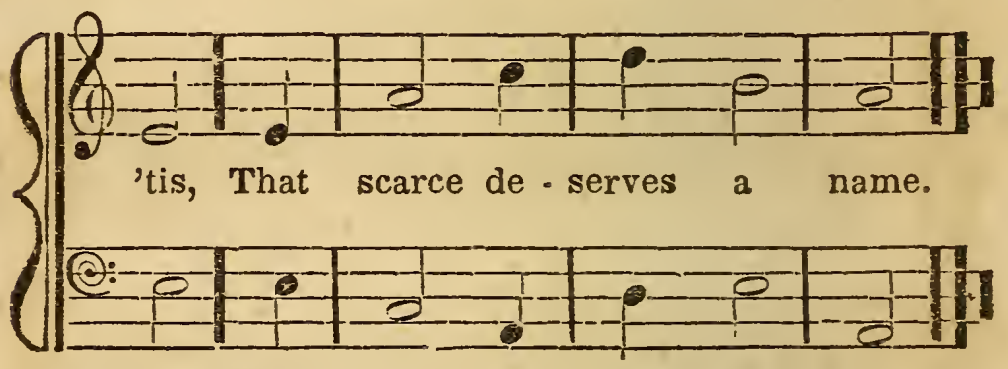
31. BERMUDA. S. M.



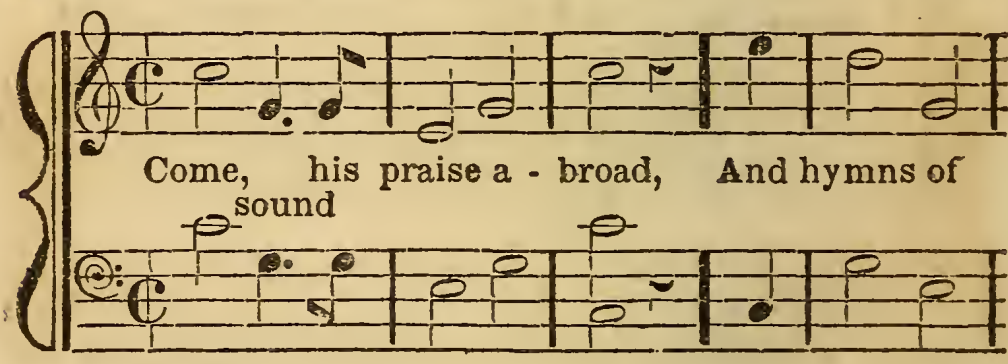
32. LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

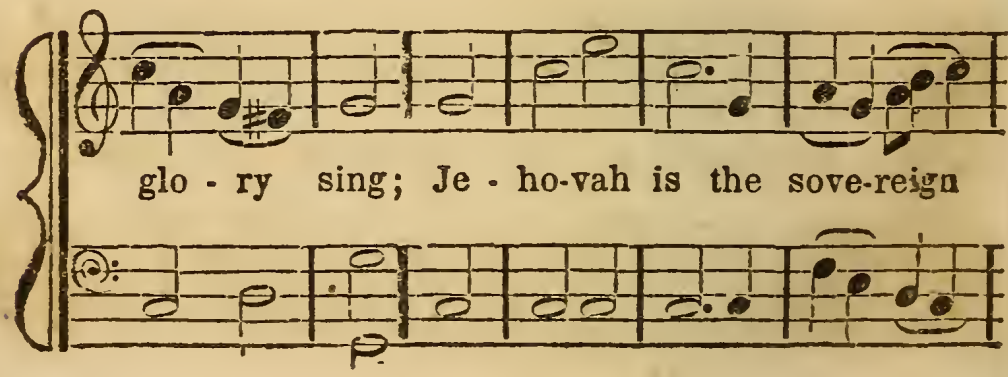


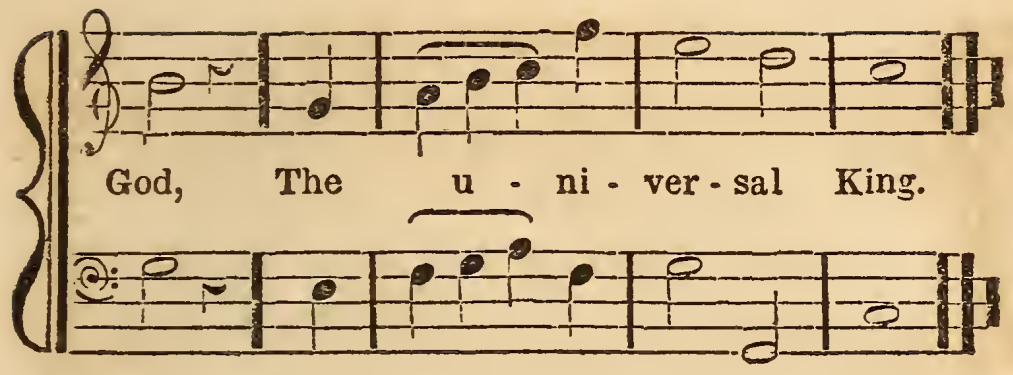




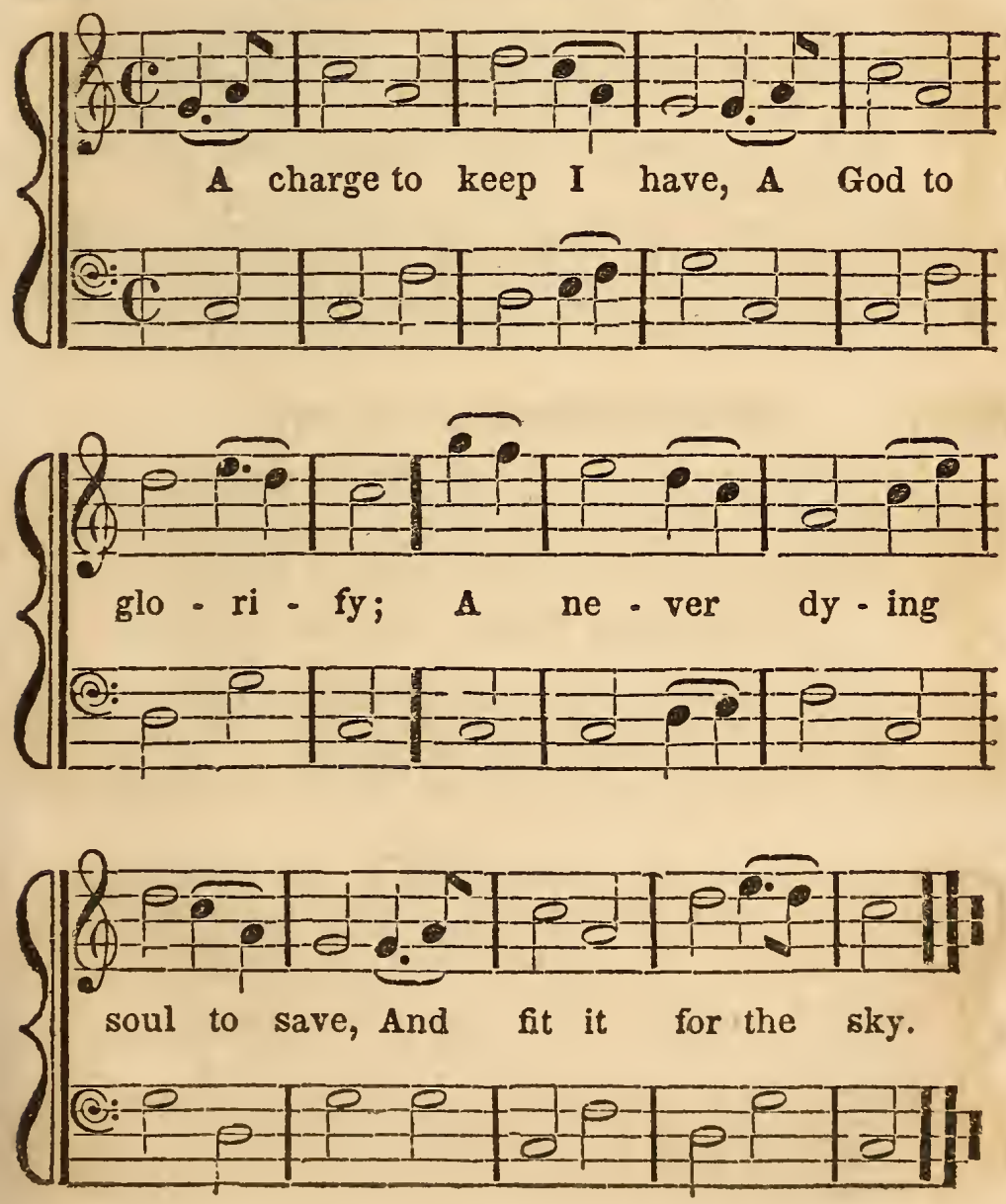
33. SILVER STREET. S. M.



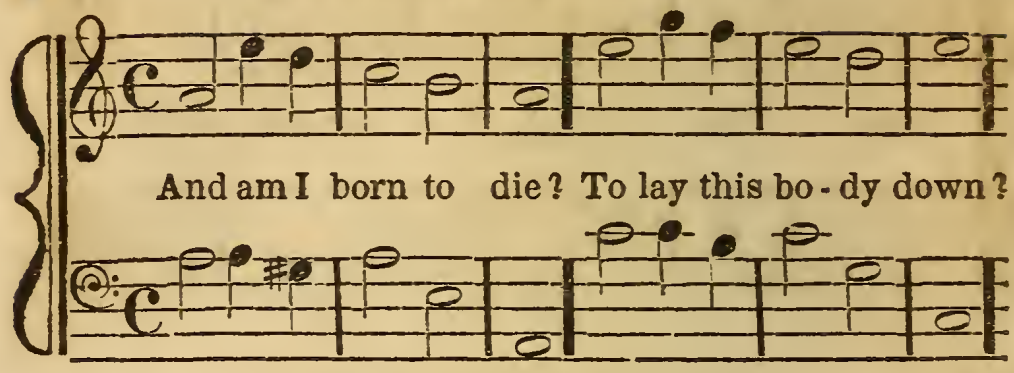


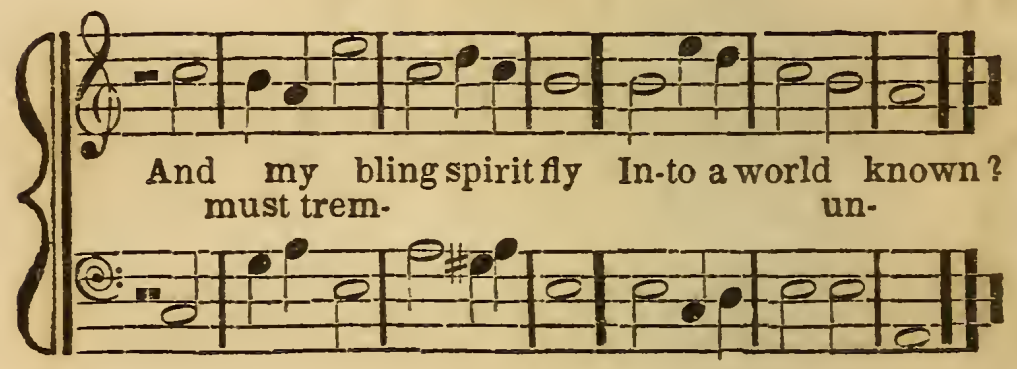


34. KENTUCKY. S. M.

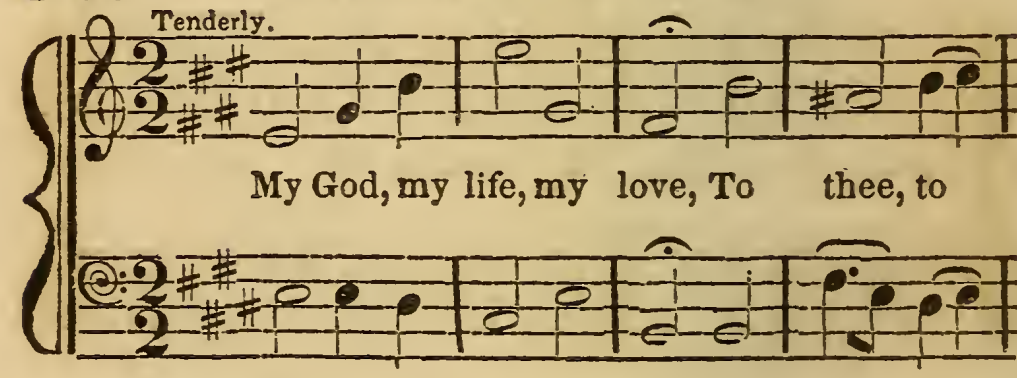


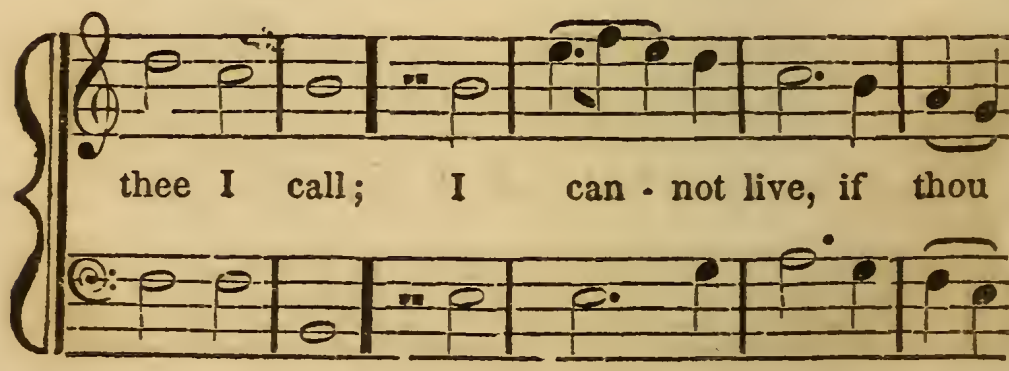
35. AYLESBURY. S. M.

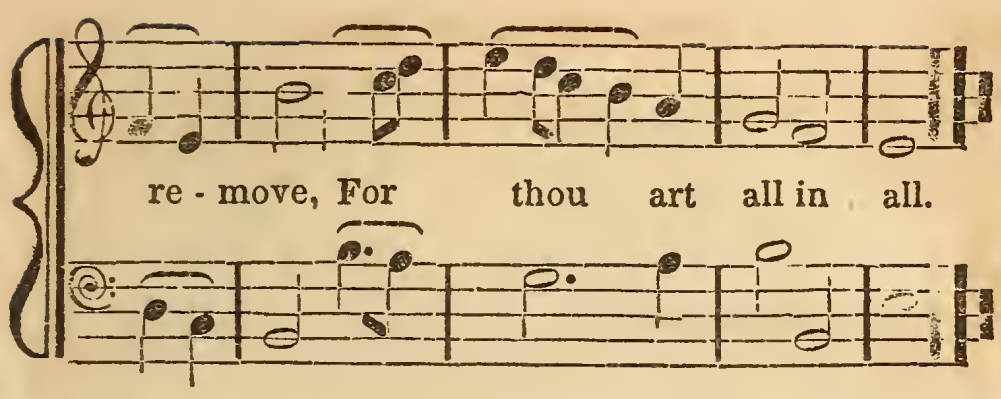




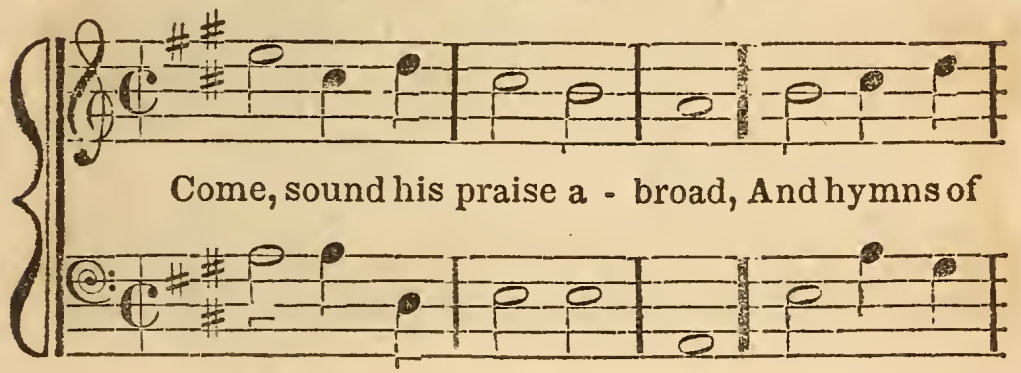
36. WATCHMAN. S. M.

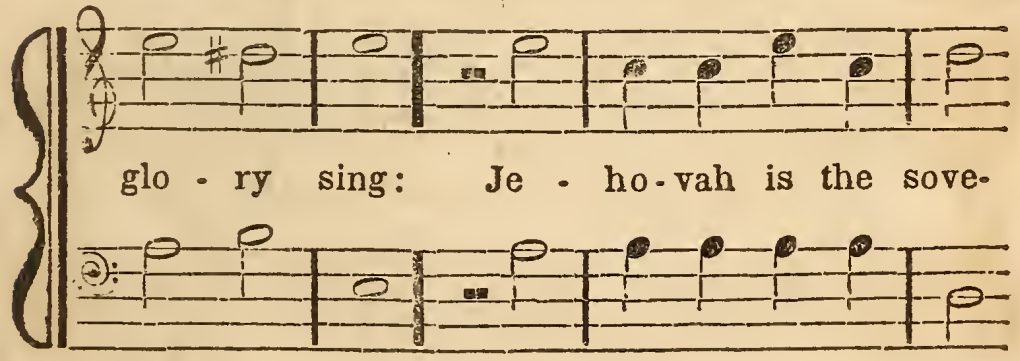


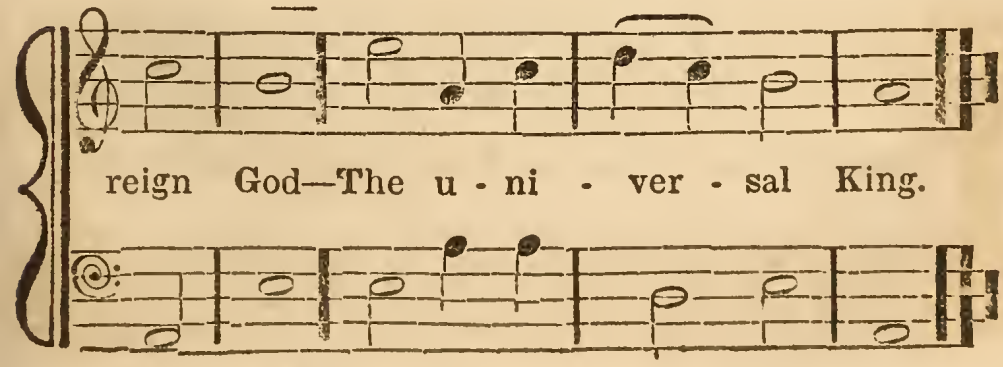




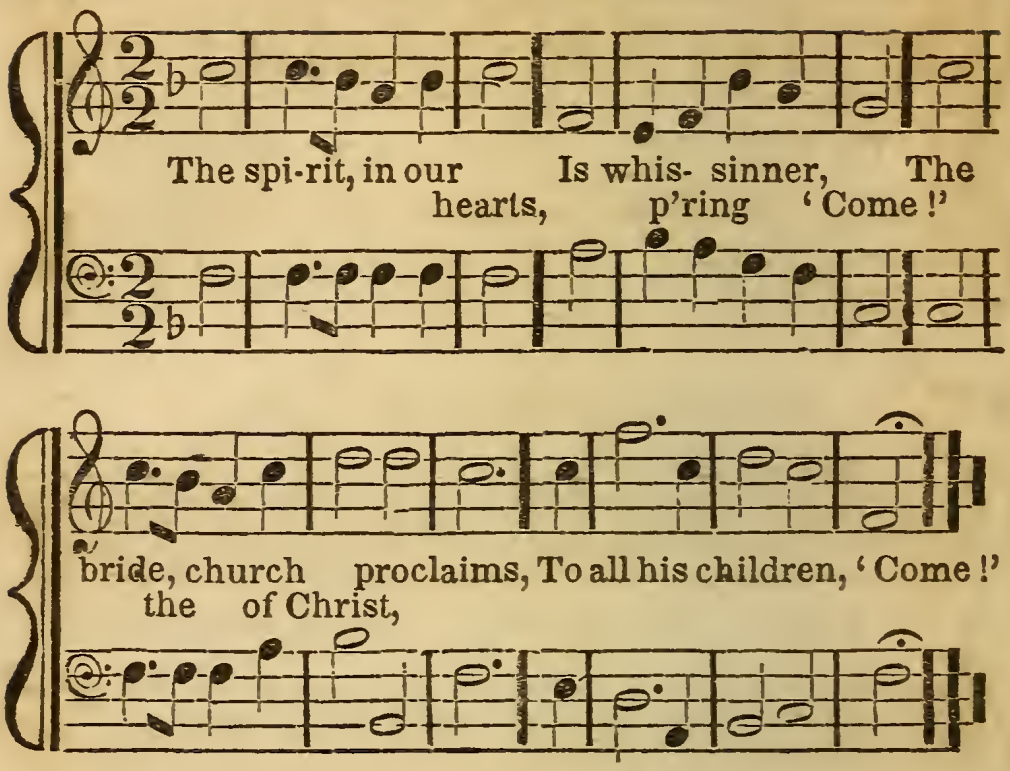
37. GREEN STREET. S. M.



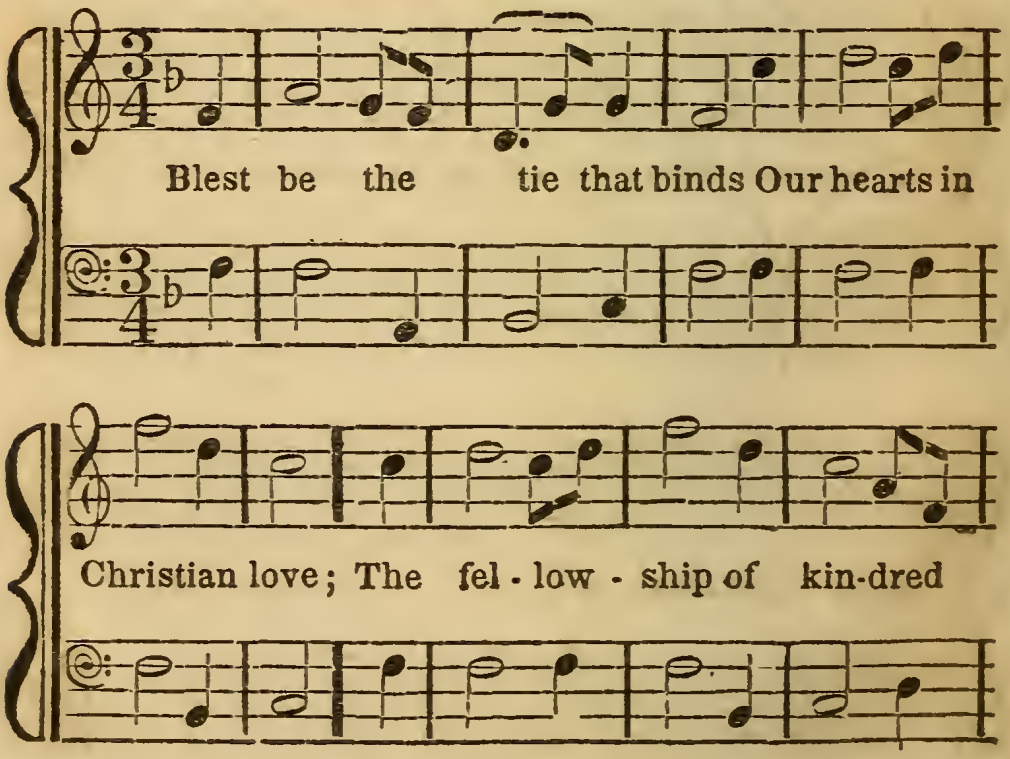


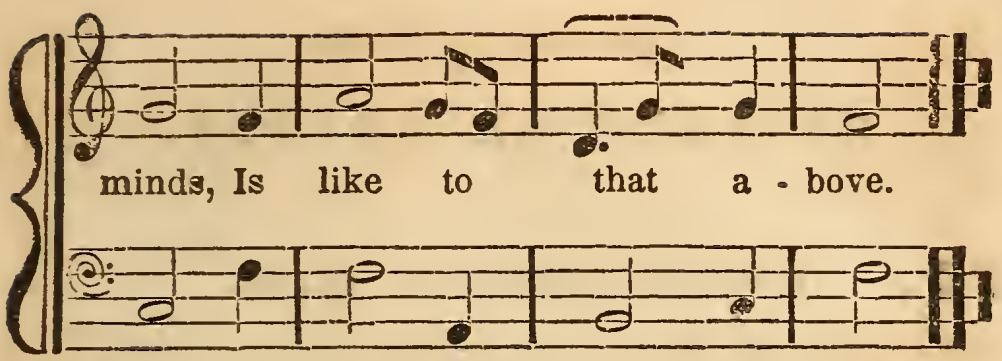


38. OLNEY. S. M.

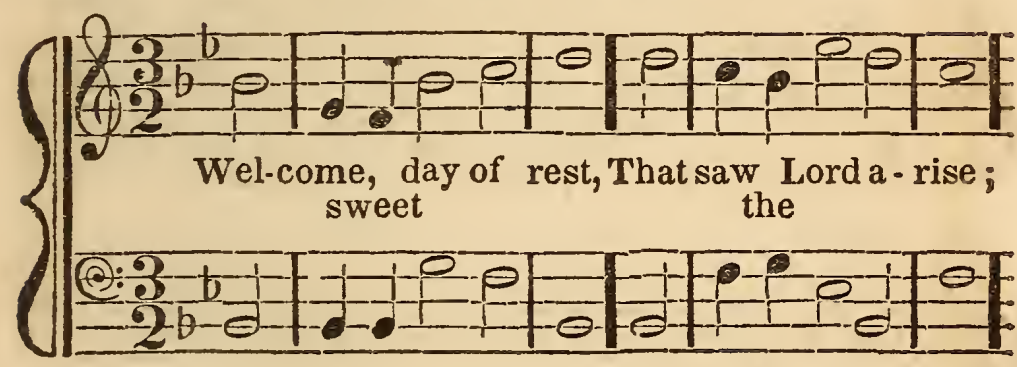


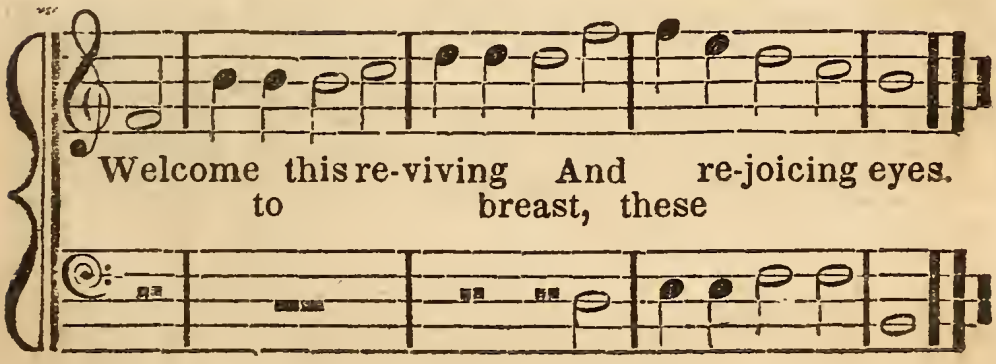
39. GOLDEN HILL. S. M.




minds, Is like to that a - bove.

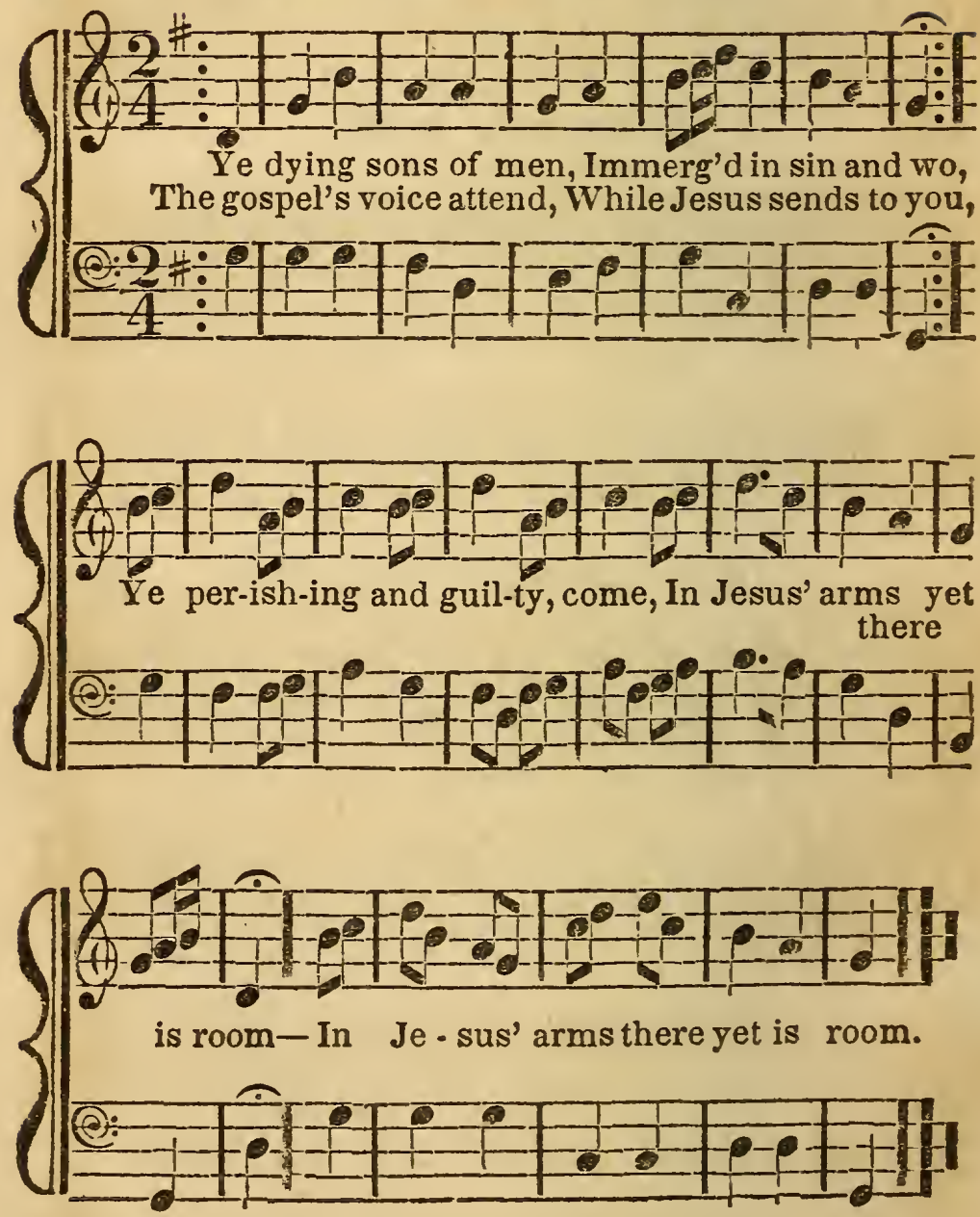
40. LISBON. S. M.


Wel-come, day of rest, That saw Lord a - rise;
sweet the

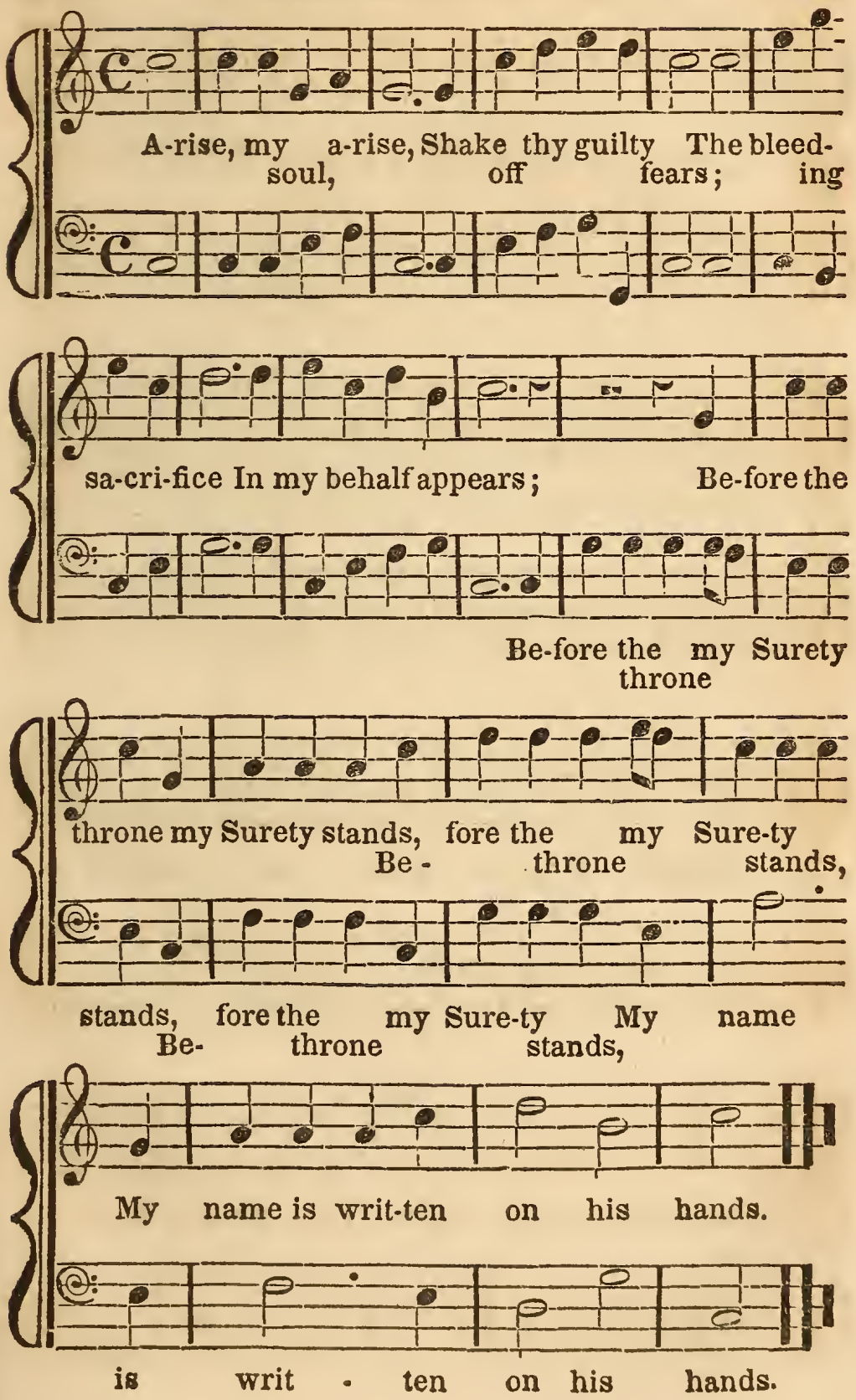

Welcome this re-viving And re-joicing eyes.
to breast, these

HALLELUJAH METRES.

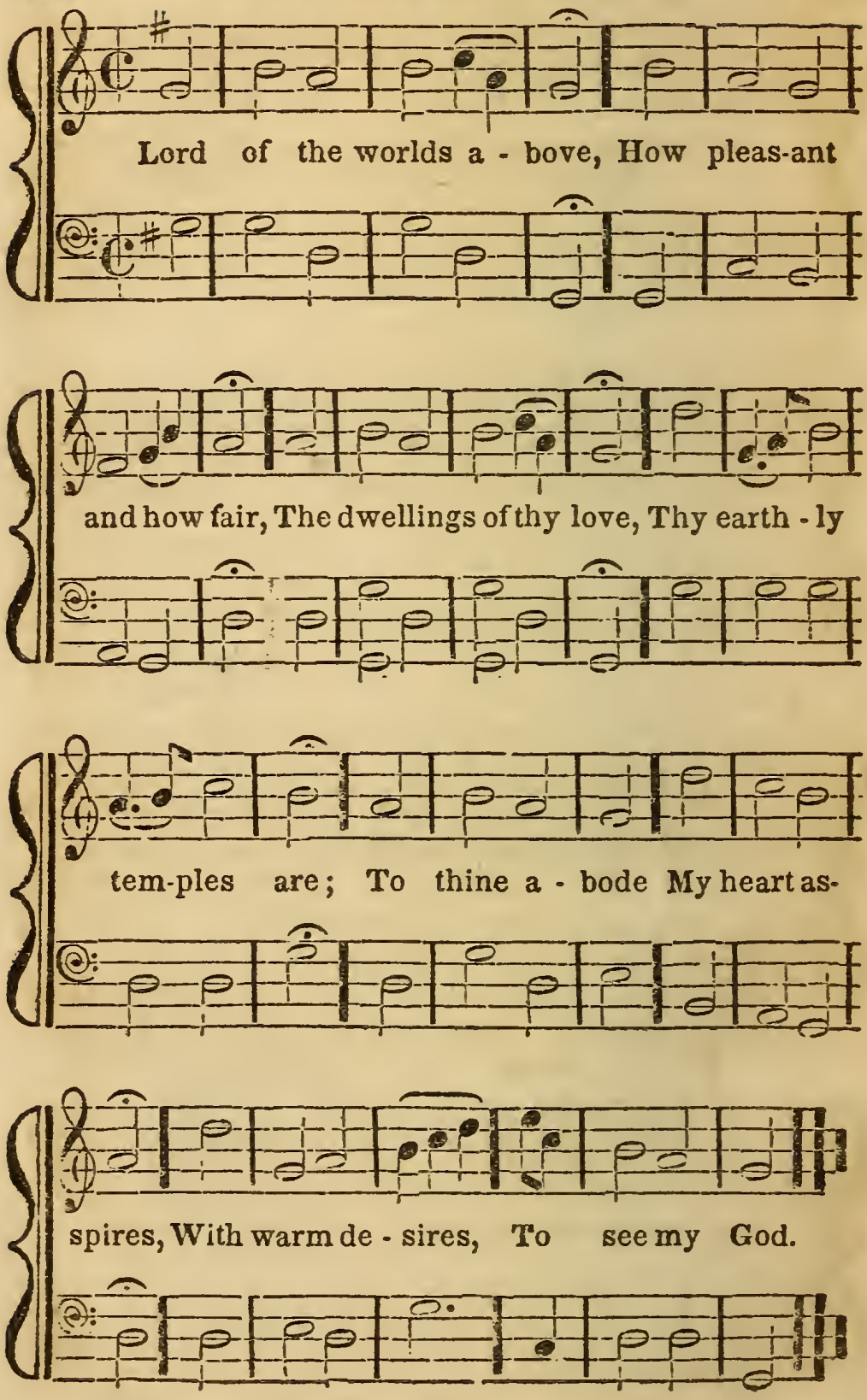
41. CARMARTHEN. H.M.



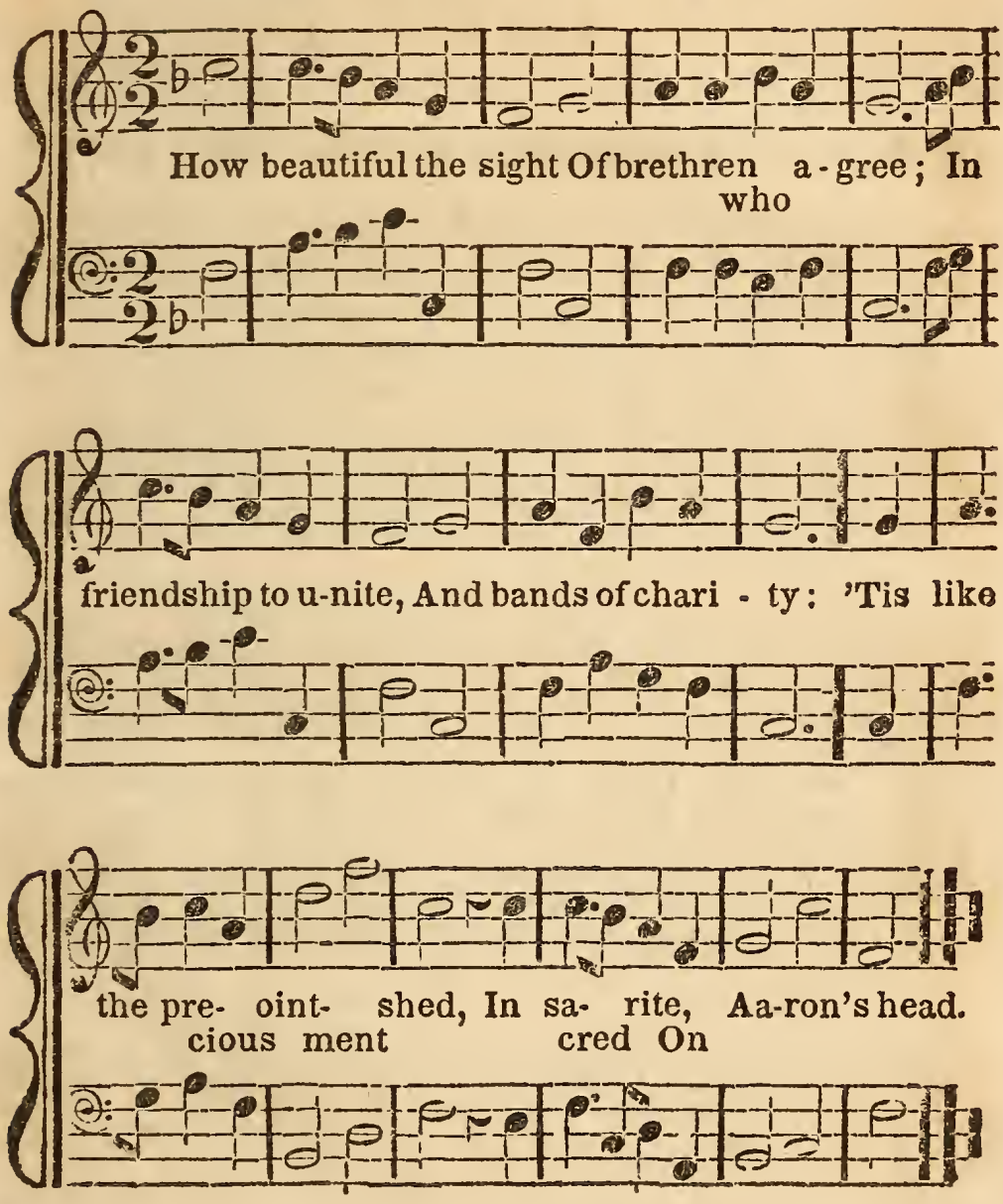
42. LENOX. H. M.


A-rise, my soul, a-rise, Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleed-ing
sa-cri-fice In my behalf appears; Be-fore the
Be-fore the throne my Surety
throne my Surety stands, fore the Be- my Sure-ty throne stands,
stands, fore the Be- my Sure-ty throne My name stands,
My name is writ-ten on his hands.
is writ - ten on his hands.

43. BETHESDA. H. M.

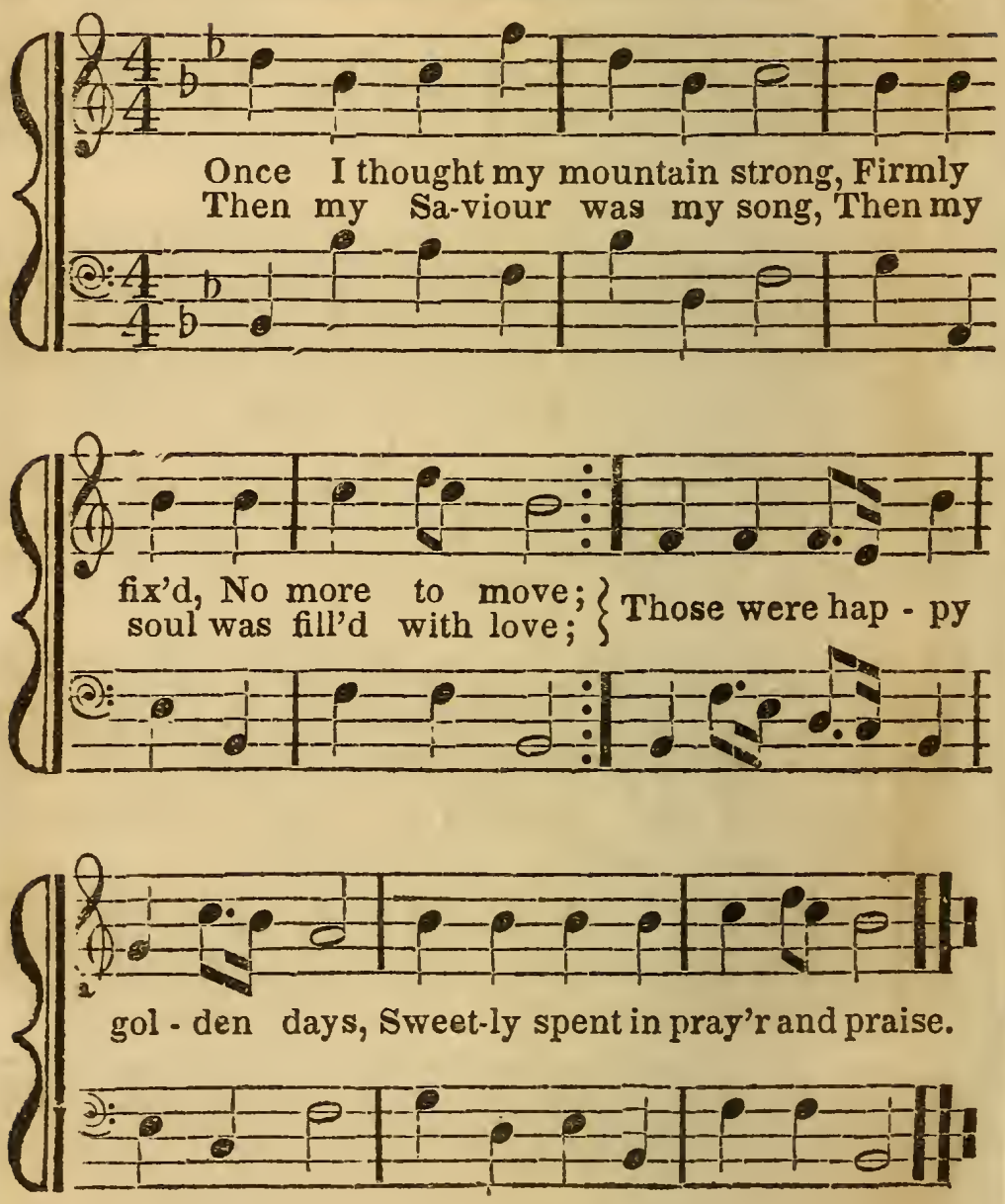


44. BROWNVILLE. H. M.

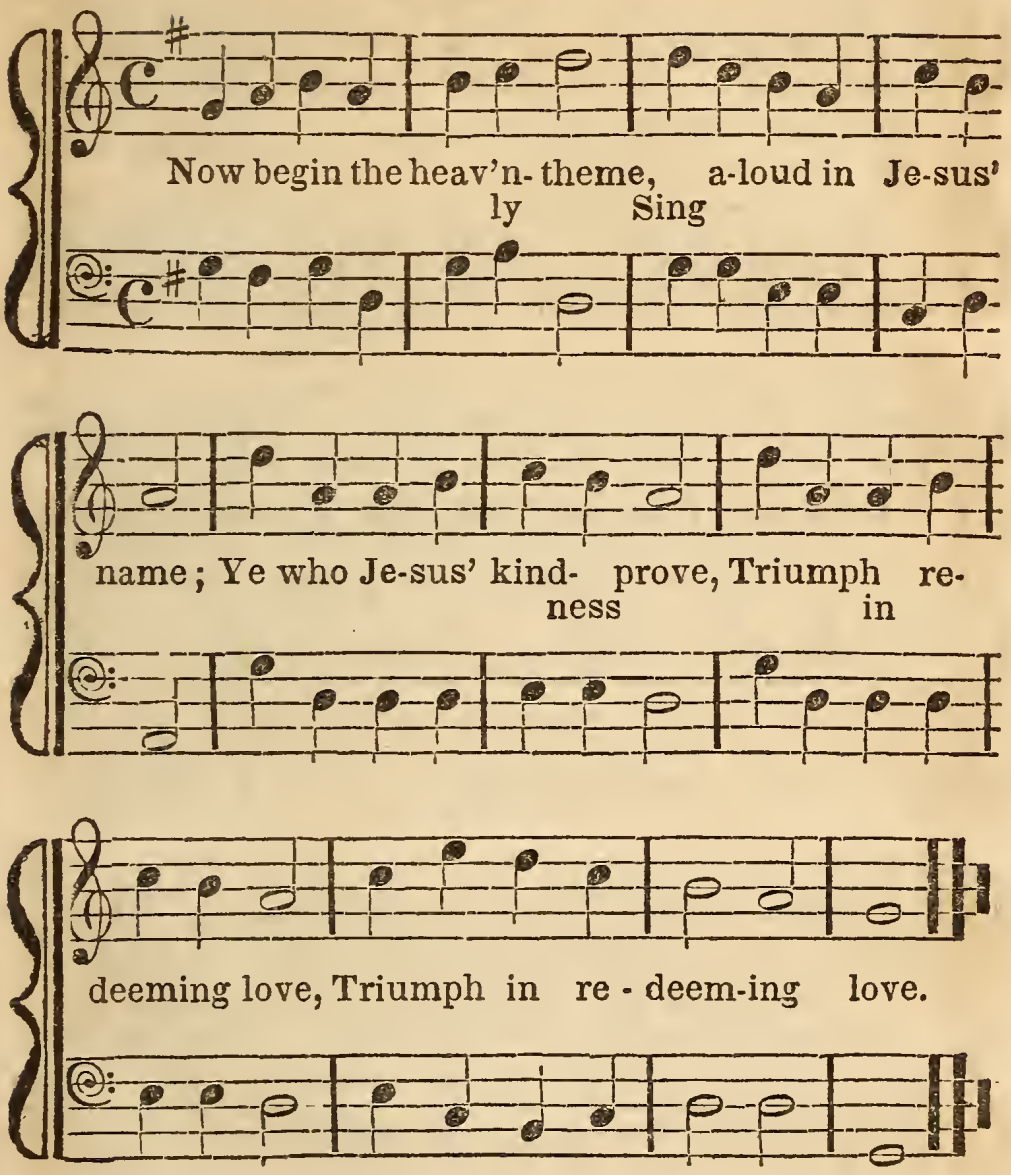


SEVENS.

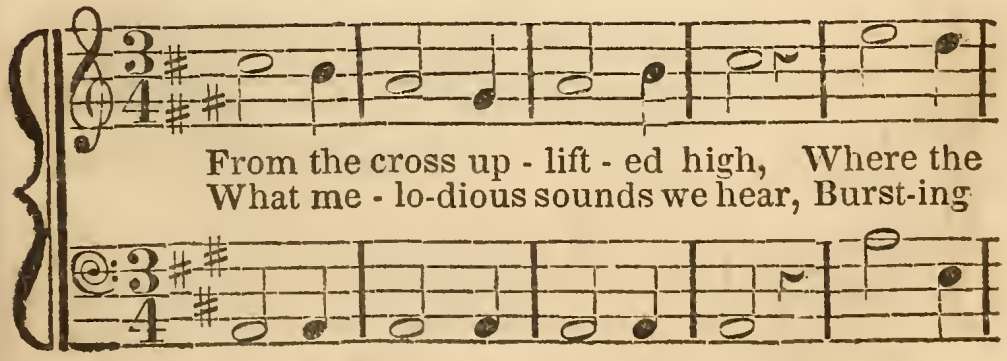
45. NUREMBURGH. 7s. 6 LINES.

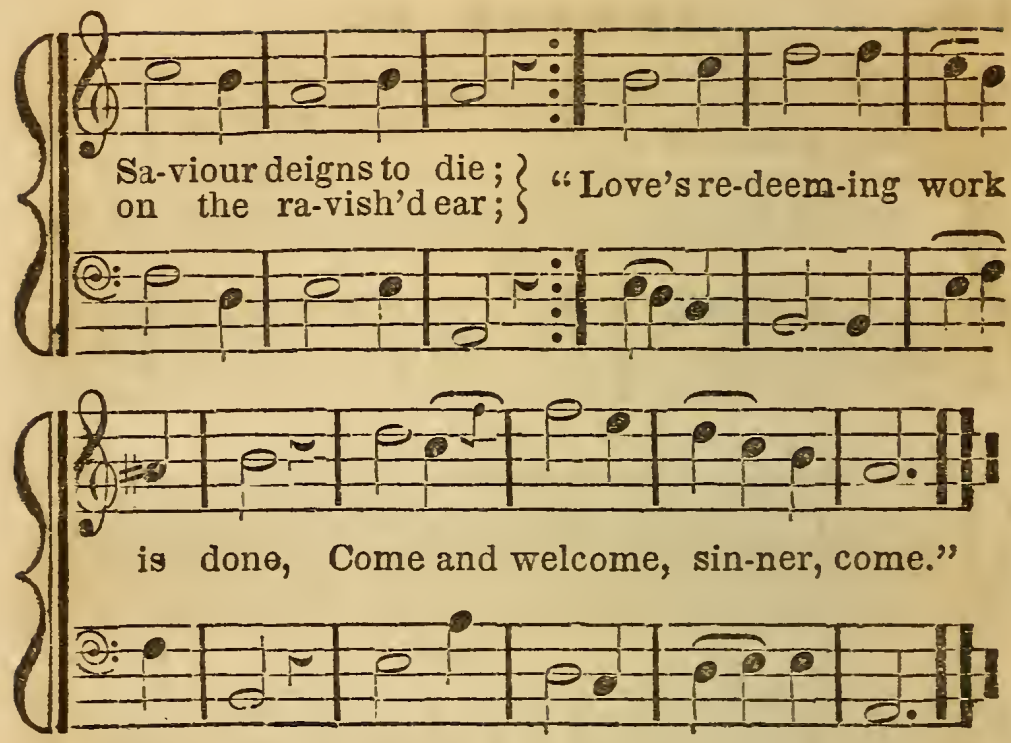


46. NEWTON. 7s.

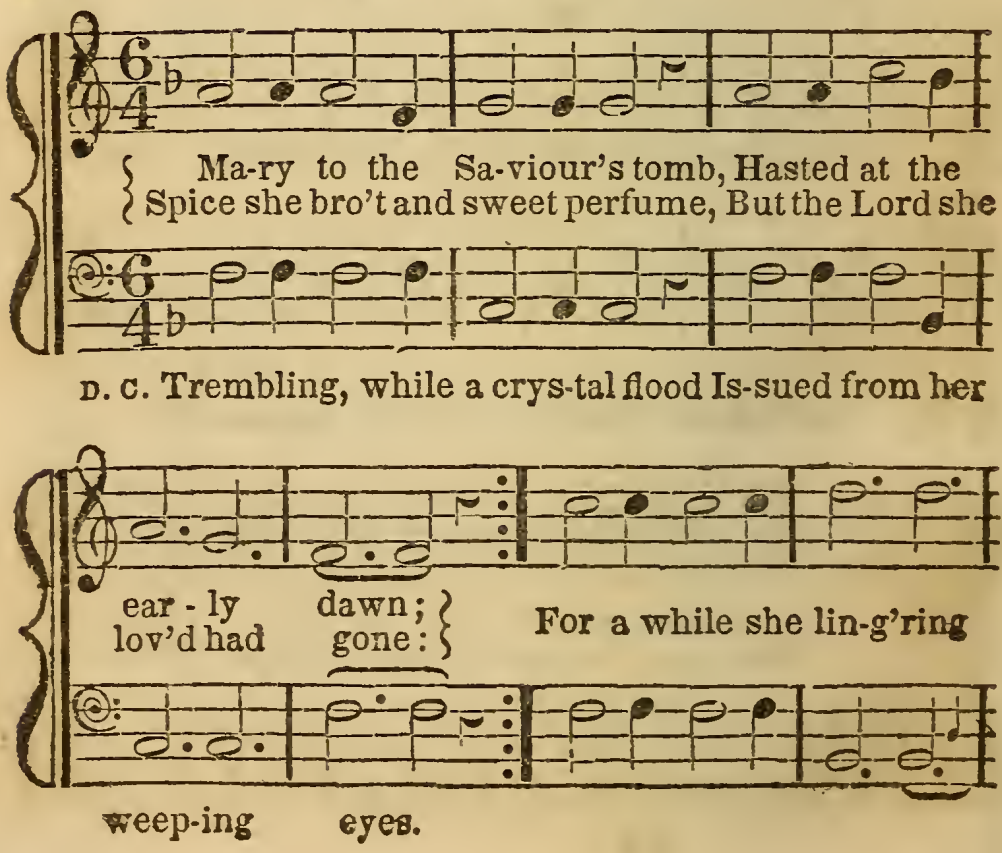


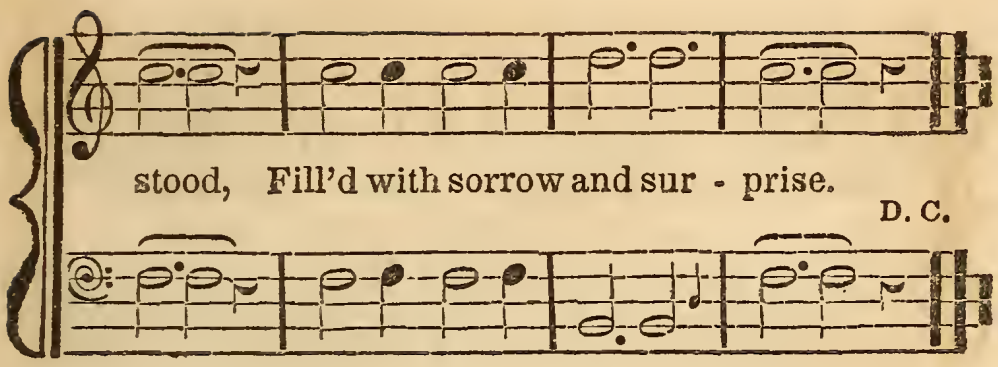
47. FROM THE CROSS, &c. 7s.



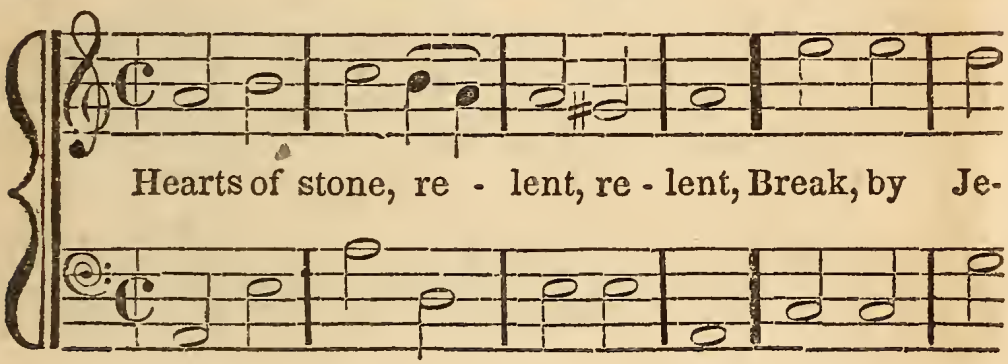


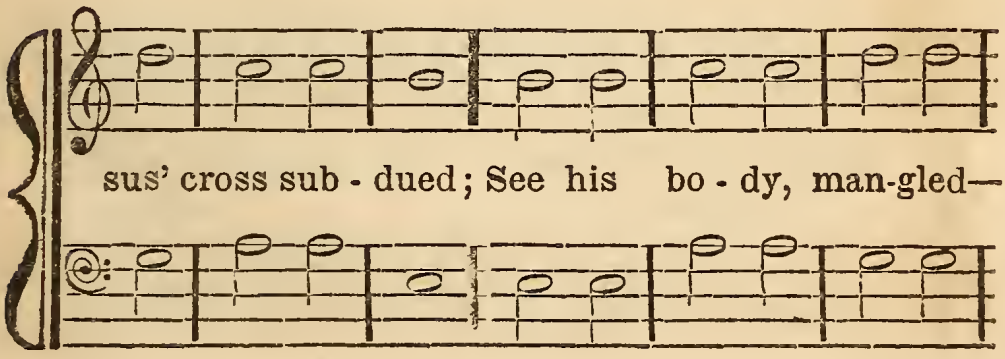
48. MARTYN. 7s. DOUBLE.

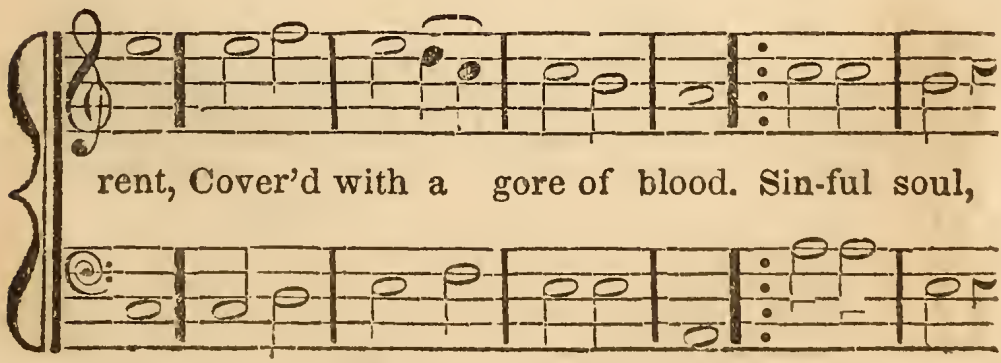


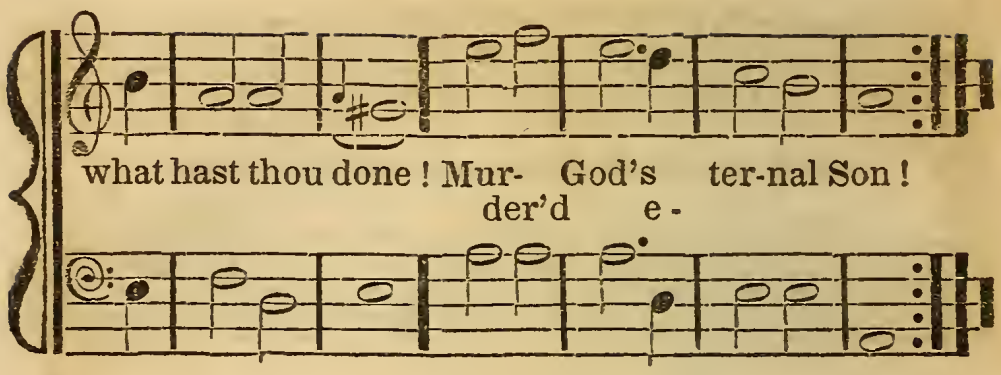


49. STONE. 7s. 6 Lines.

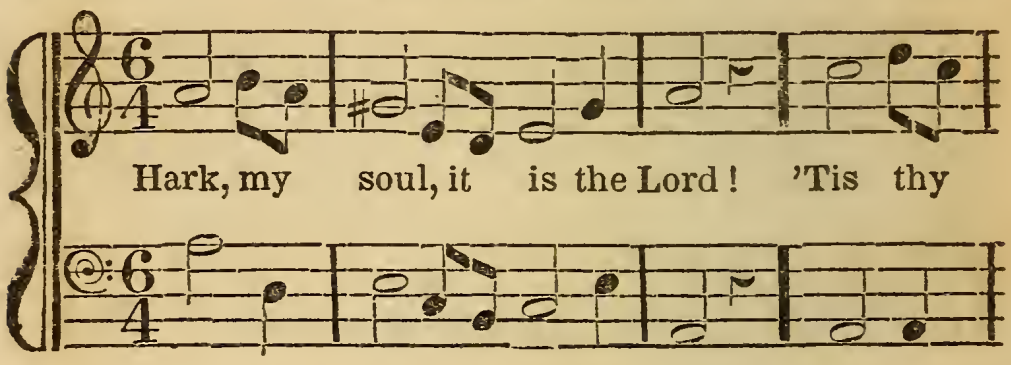


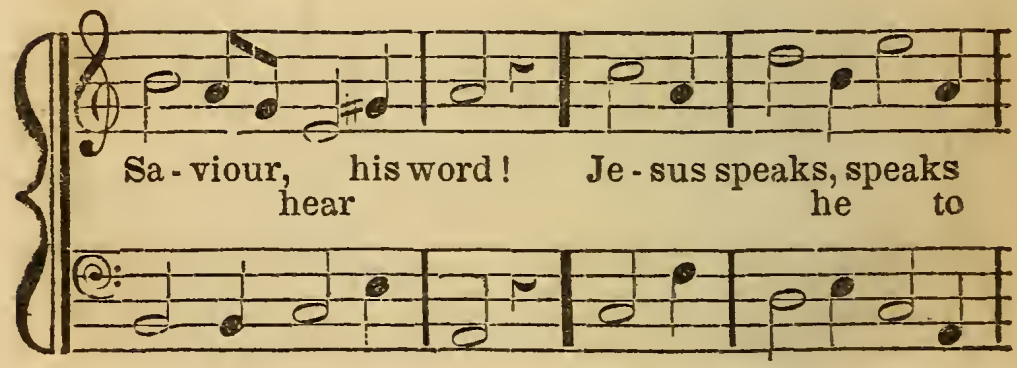


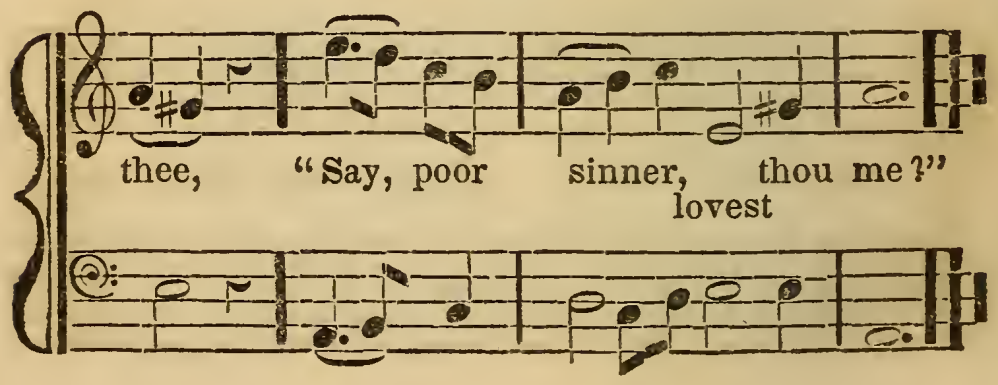



what hast thou done ! Mur- God's ter-nal Son !
der'd e -

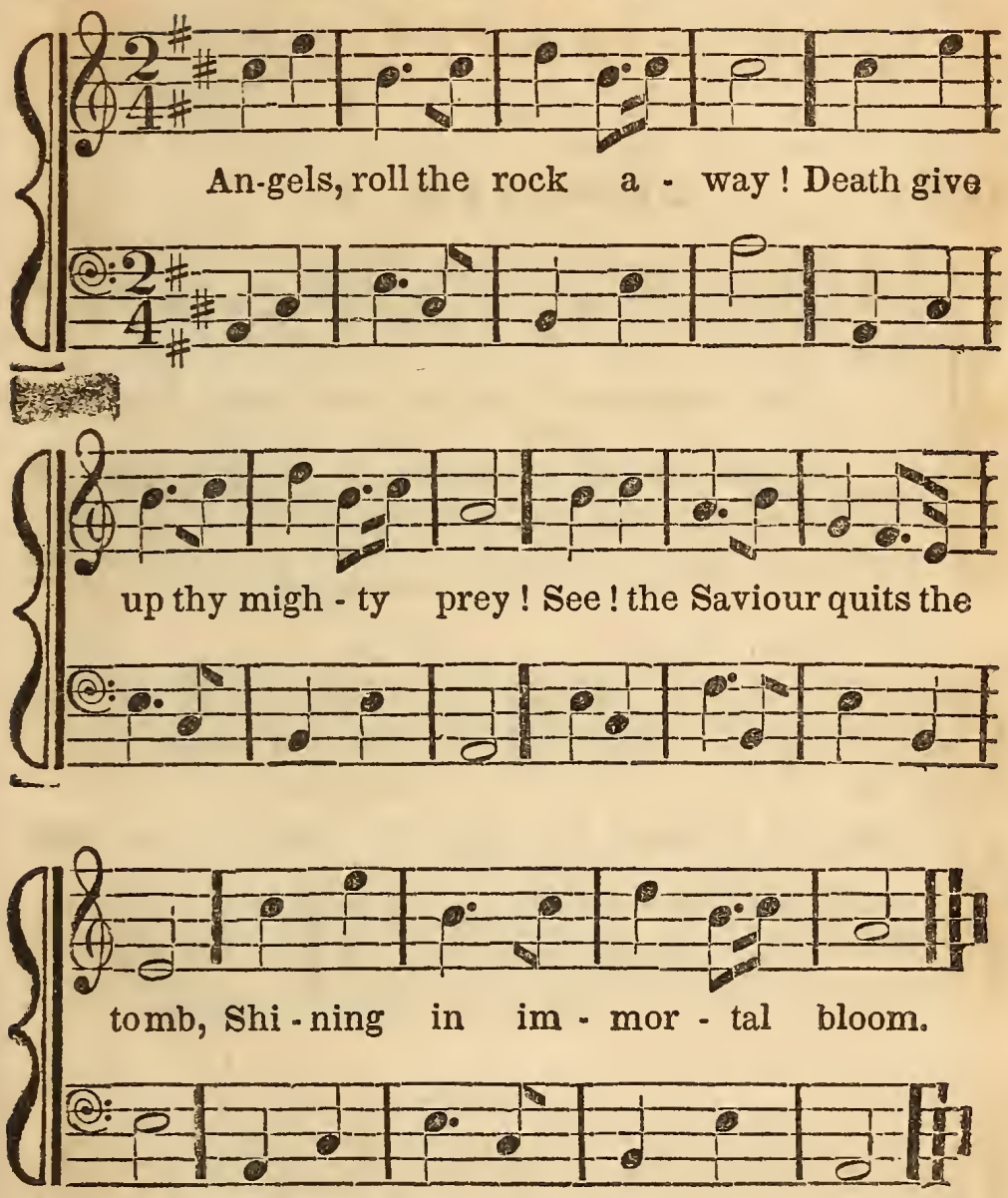
50. OWASCO. 7s.


Hark, my soul, it is the Lord ! 'Tis thy


Sa - viour, his word ! Je - sus speaks, speaks
hear he to

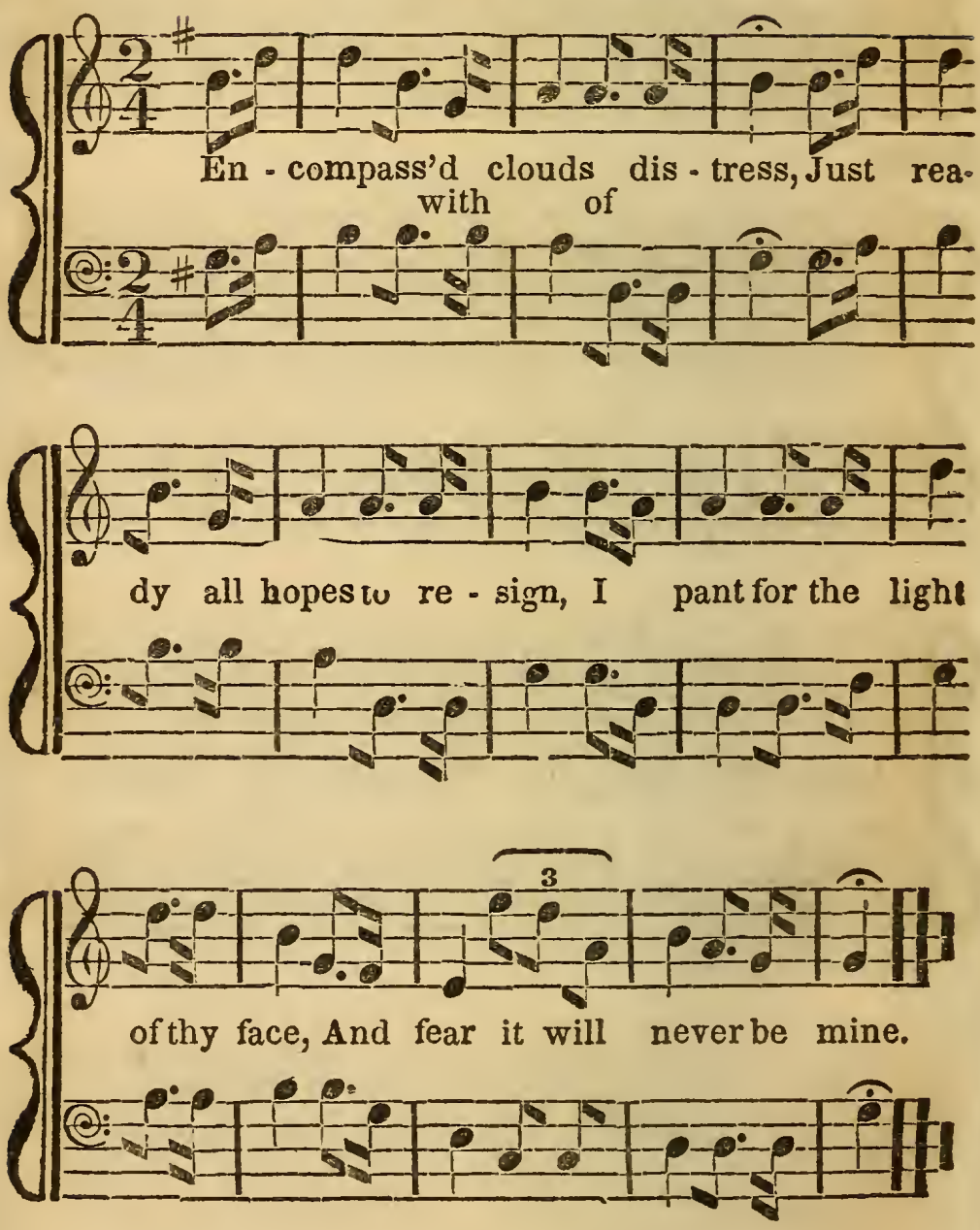

thee, "Say, poor sinner, thou me ?"
lovest

51. GERMAN HYMN. 7s.

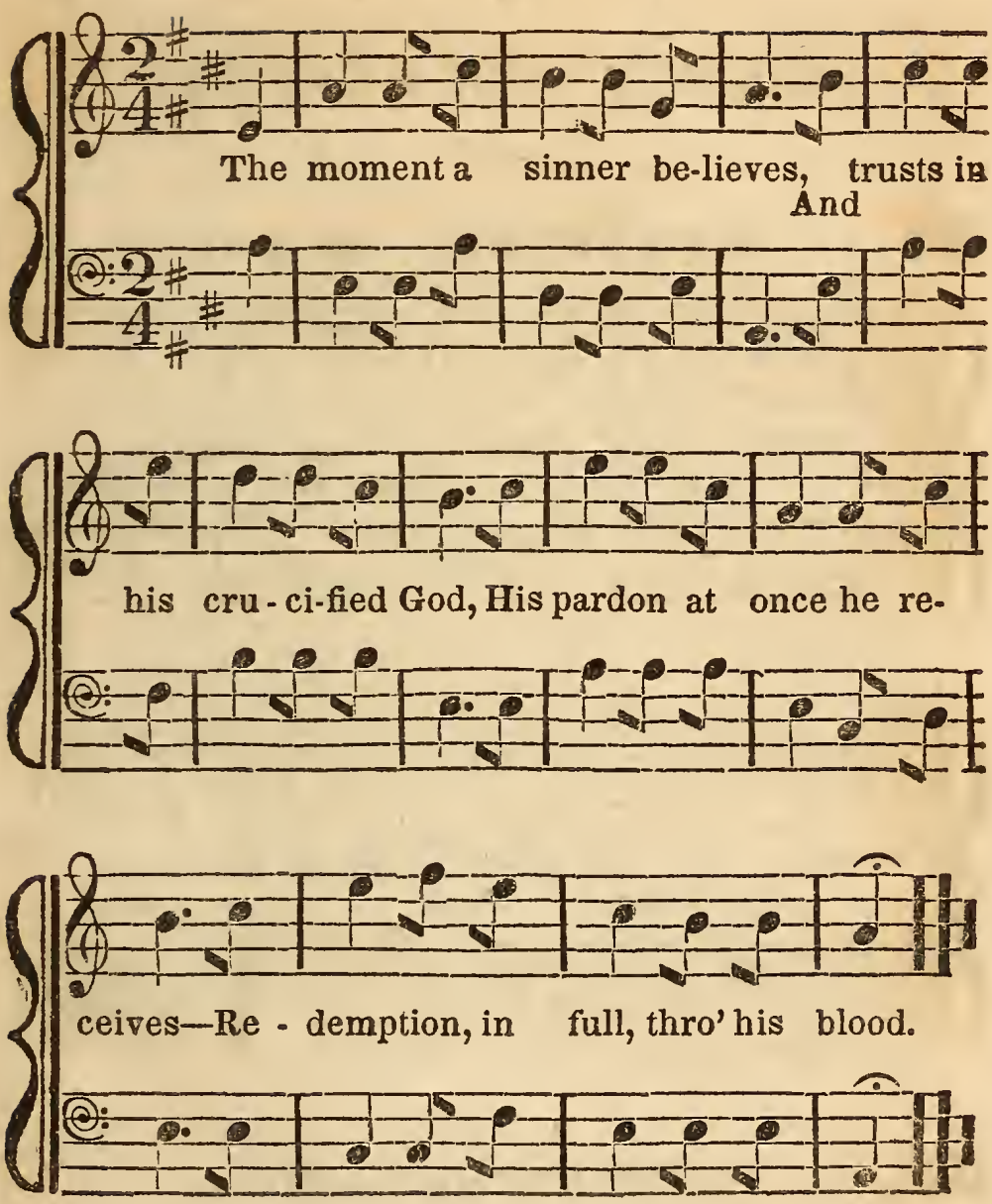


EIGHTS.

52. JEPTHAH. 8s.

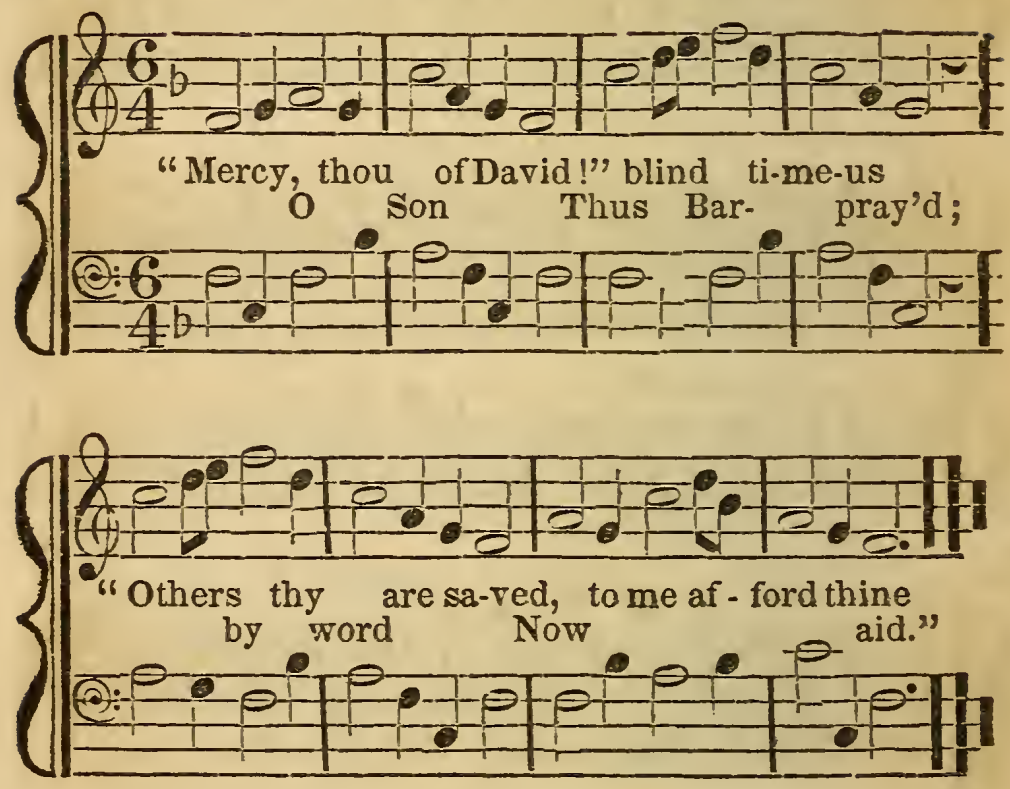


53. AUBURN. 8s.

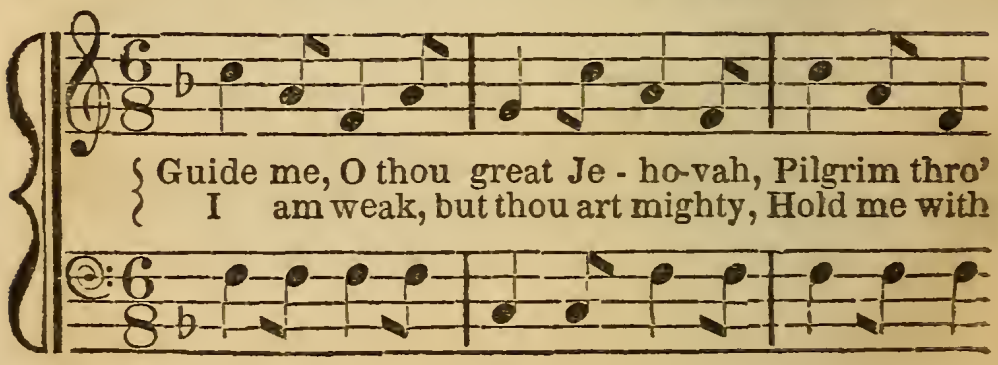

The moment a sinner be-lieves, trusts in
And
his cru - ci-fied God, His pardon at once he re-
ceives—Re - demption, in full, thro' his blood.

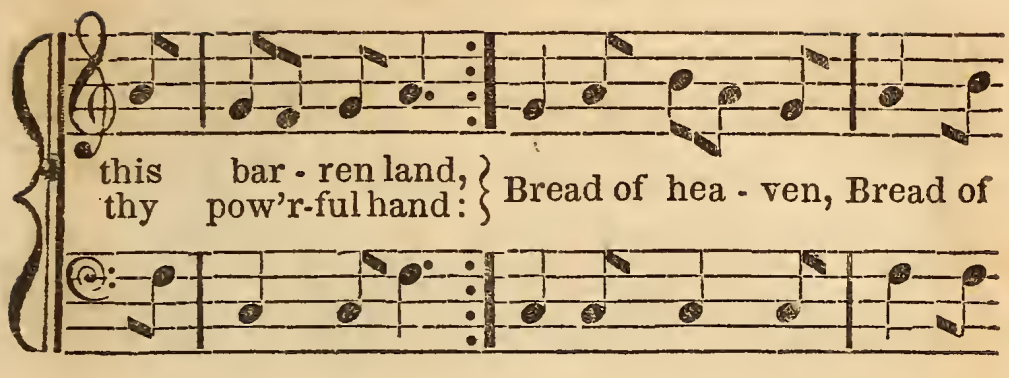
EIGHTS AND SEVENS.

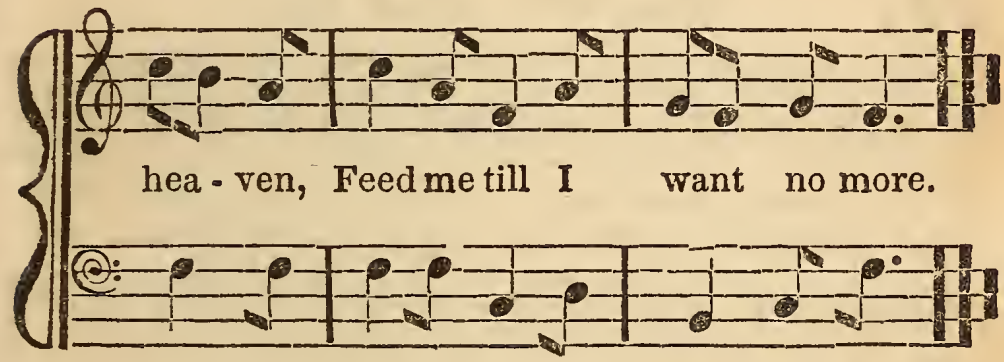
54. BARTIMEUS. 8s. & 7s.



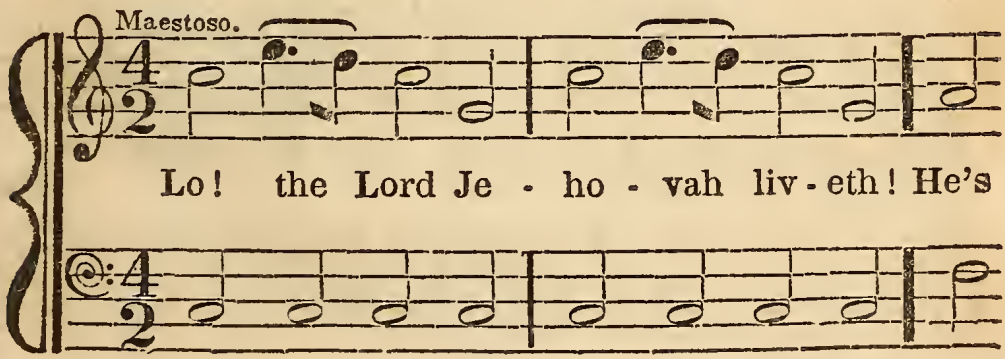
55. GUIDANCE. 8s. & 7s.

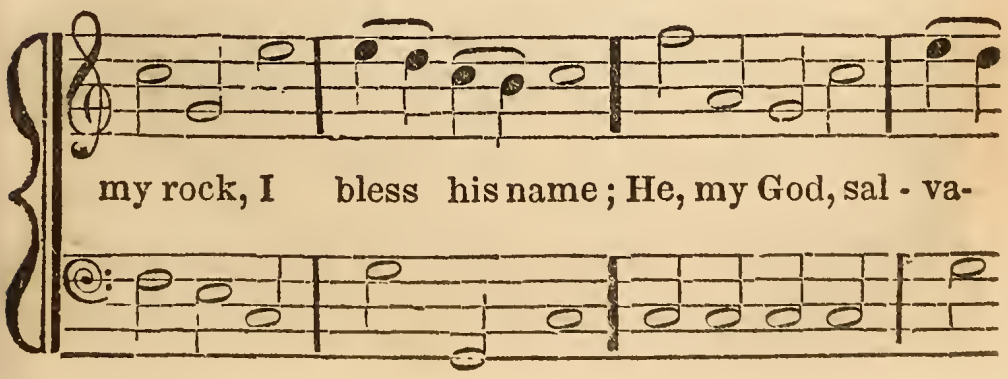


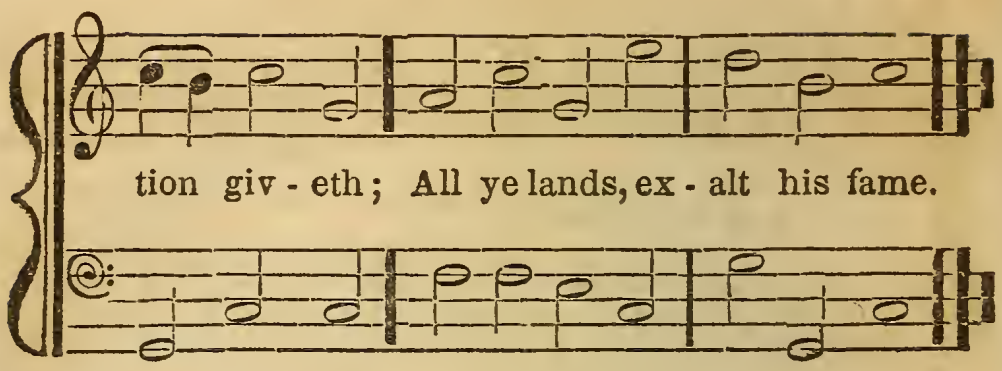




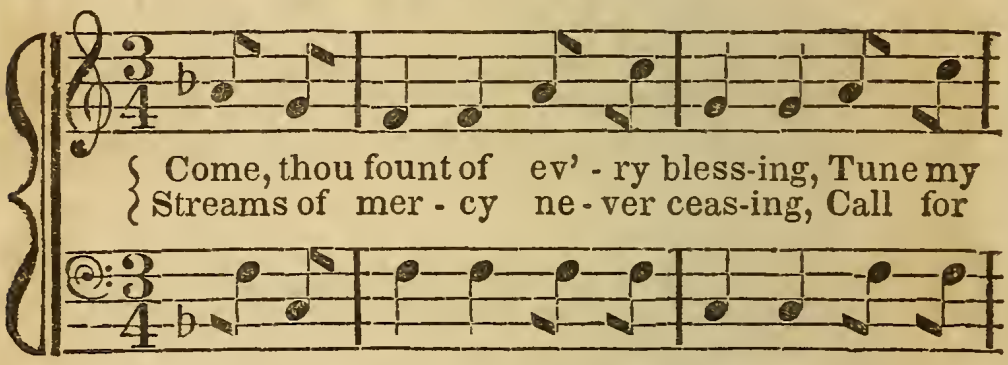
56. WILMOT. 8s. & 7s.

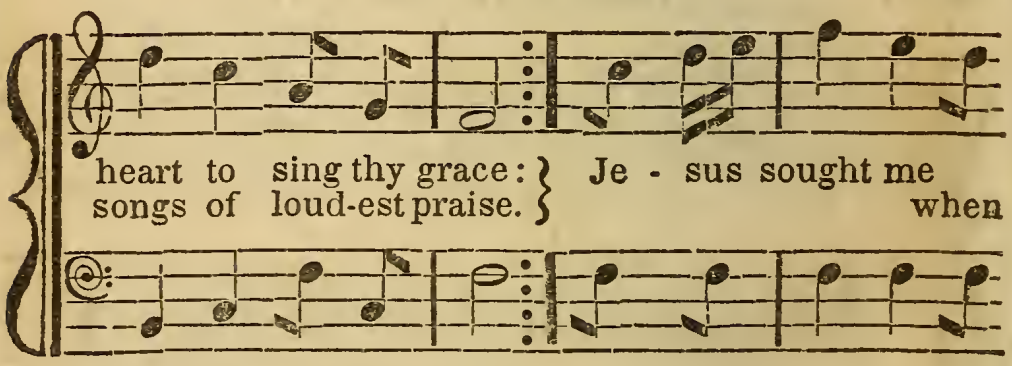


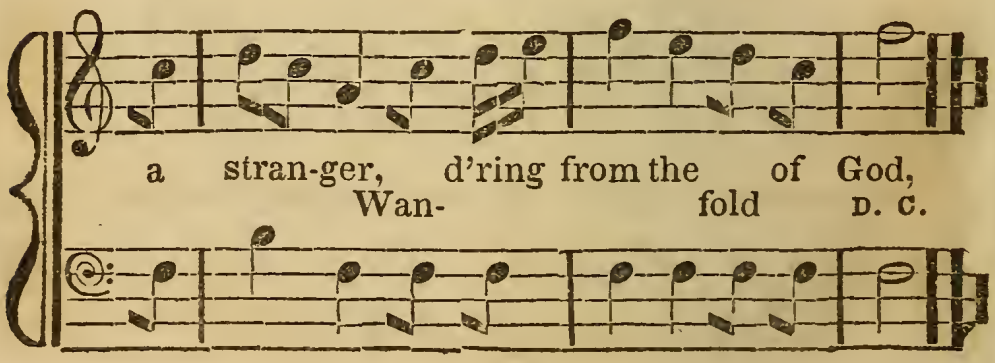




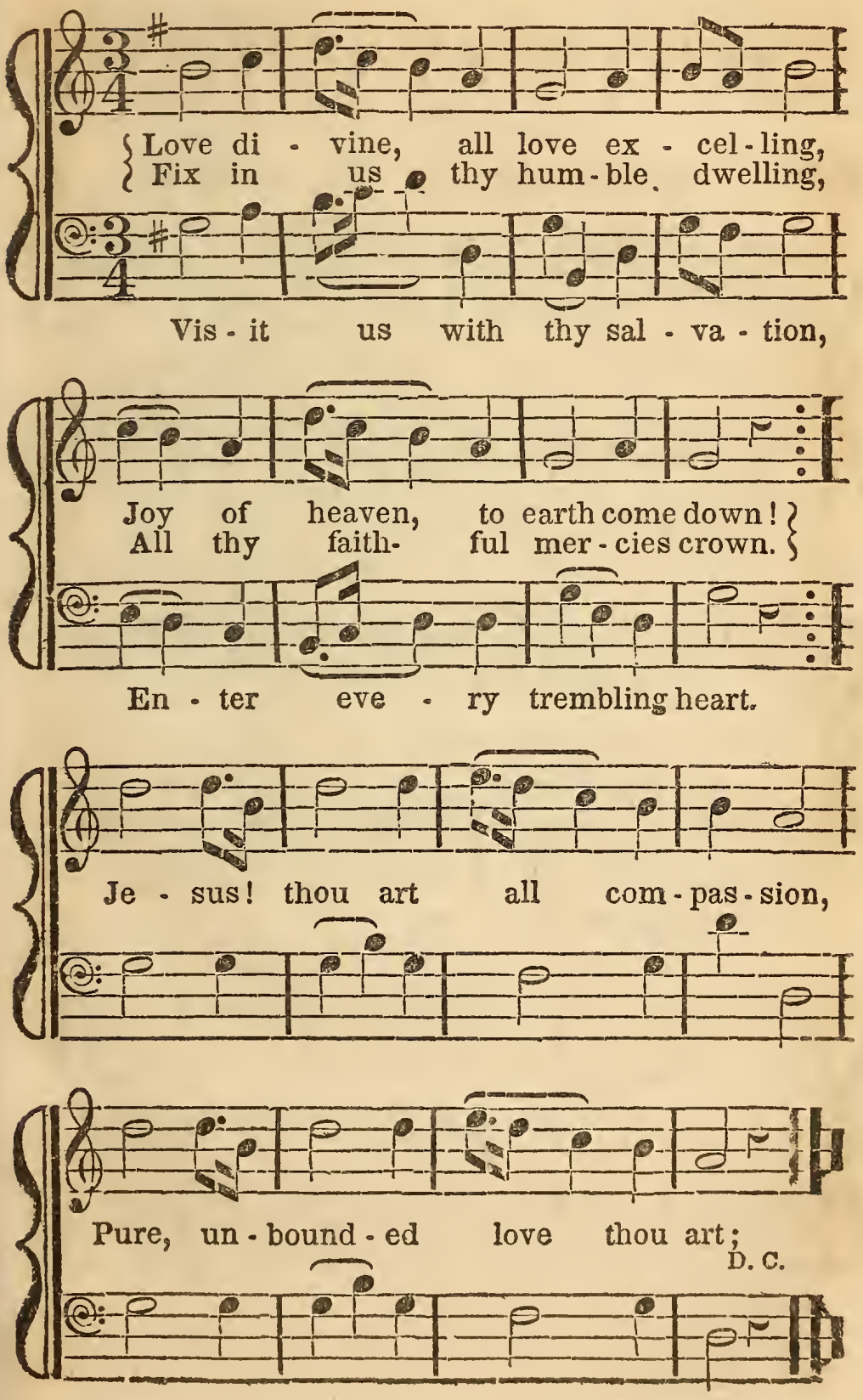
57. FOUNT. 8s. & 7s.





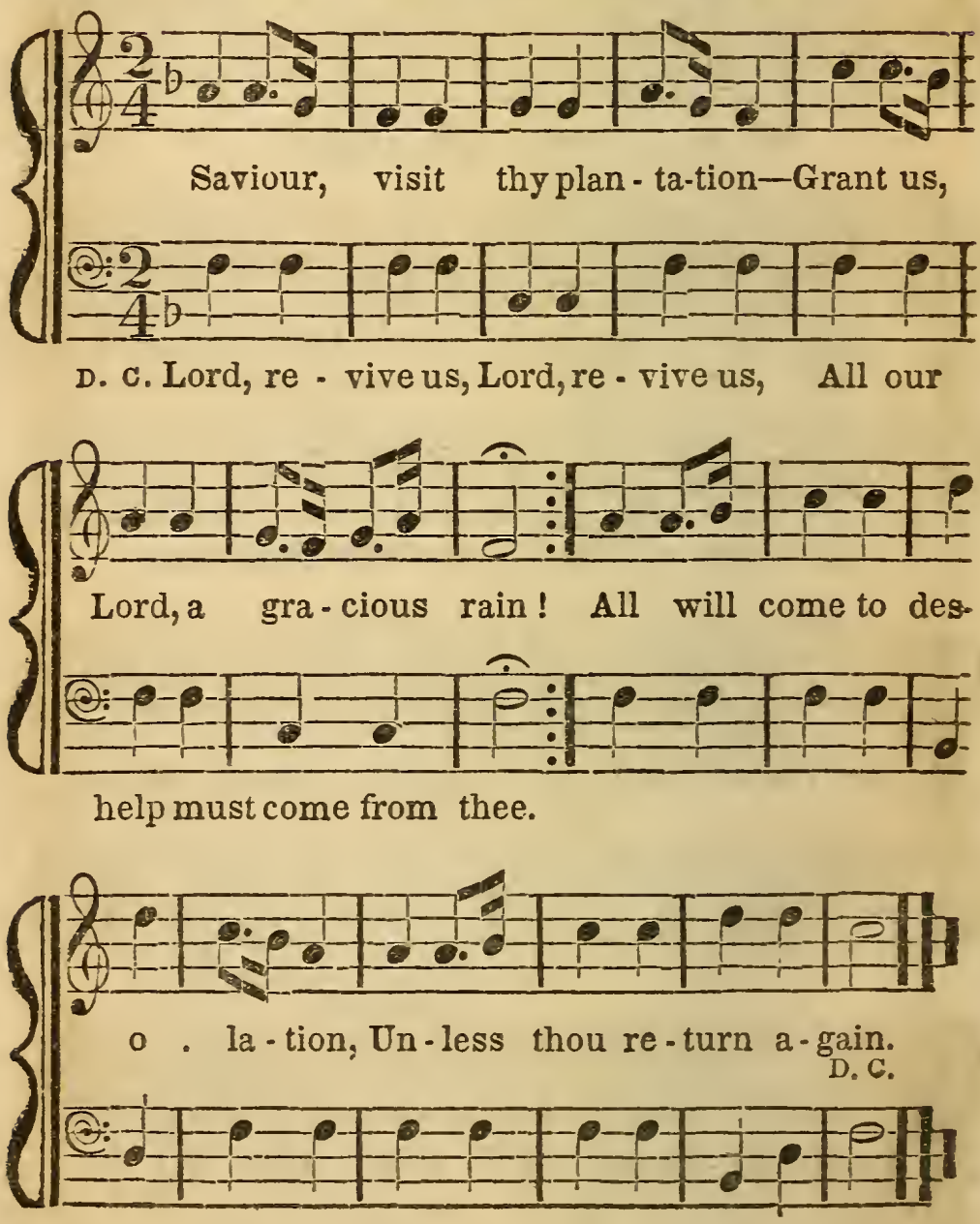


58. LOVE DIVINE. 8s. & 7s. Double.

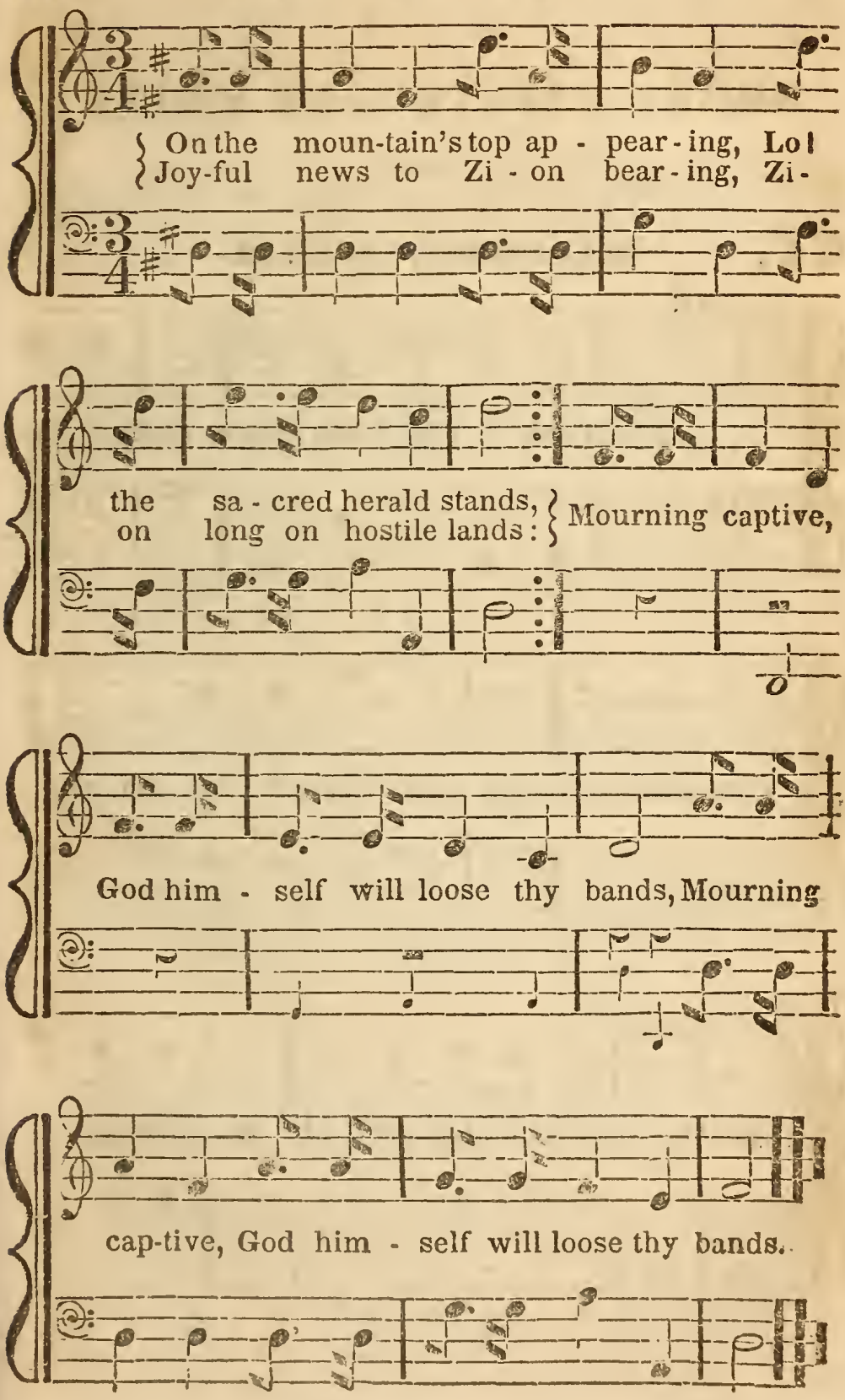


EIGHTS, SEVENS AND FOURS.

59. GREENVILLE. 8s., 7s. & 4s.



60. ZION. 8s., 7s. & 4s.



SHORT PARTICULAR METRE.

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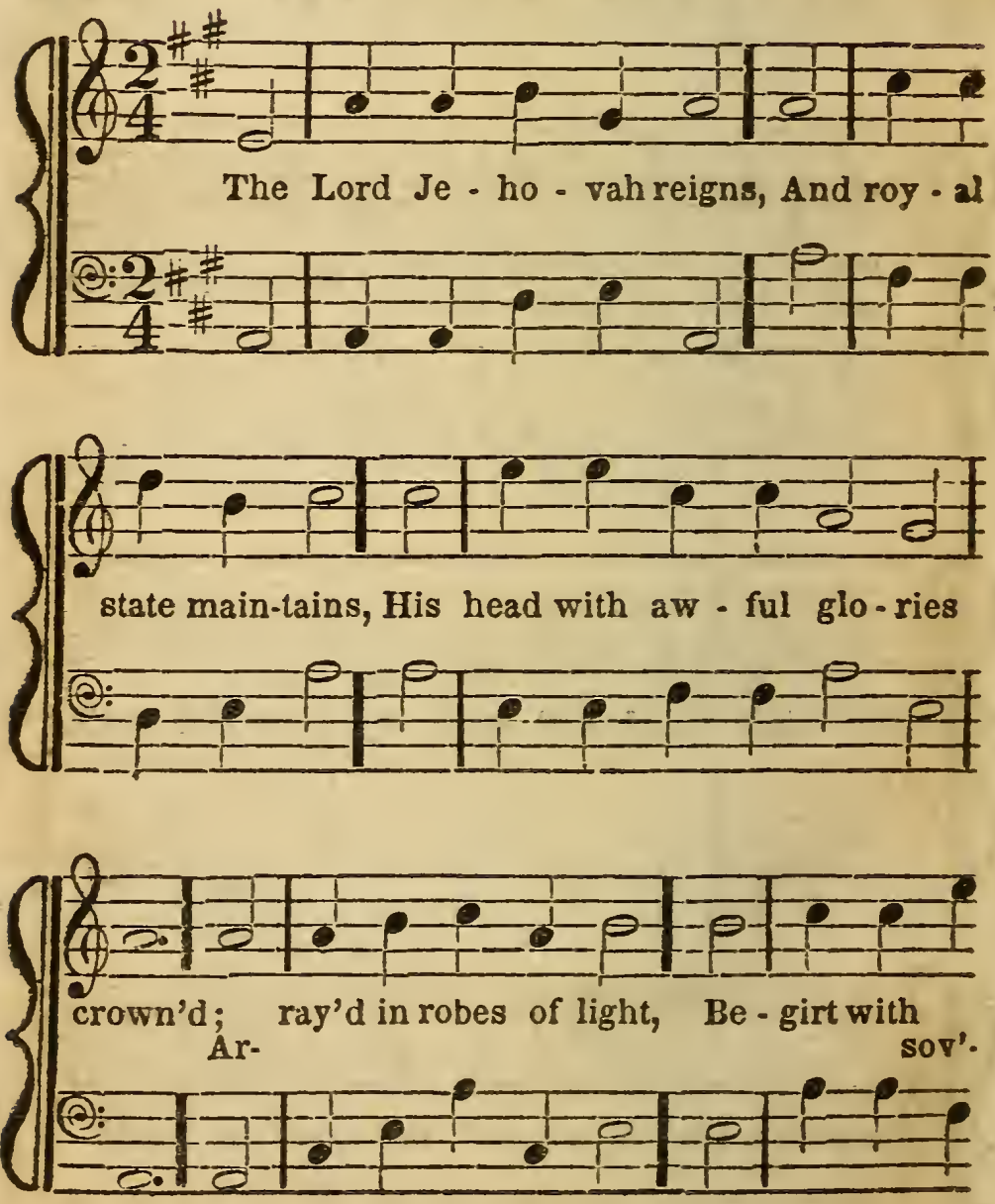
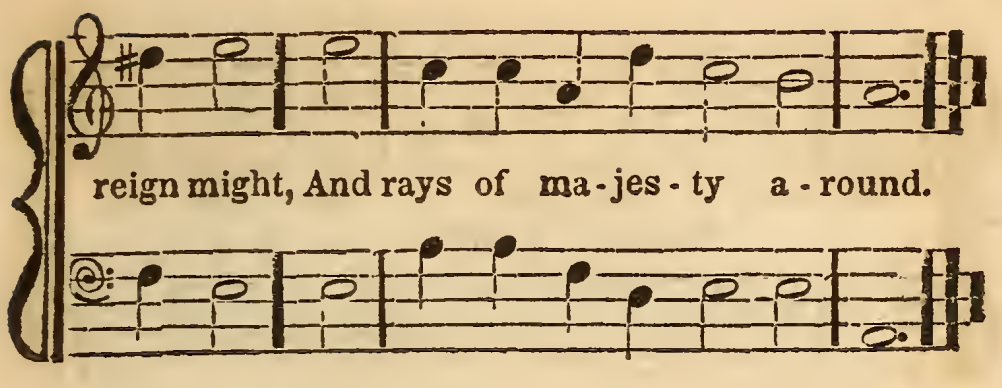
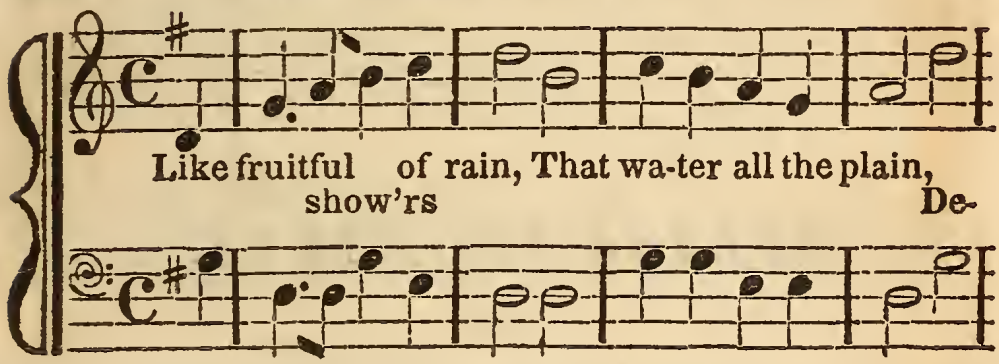
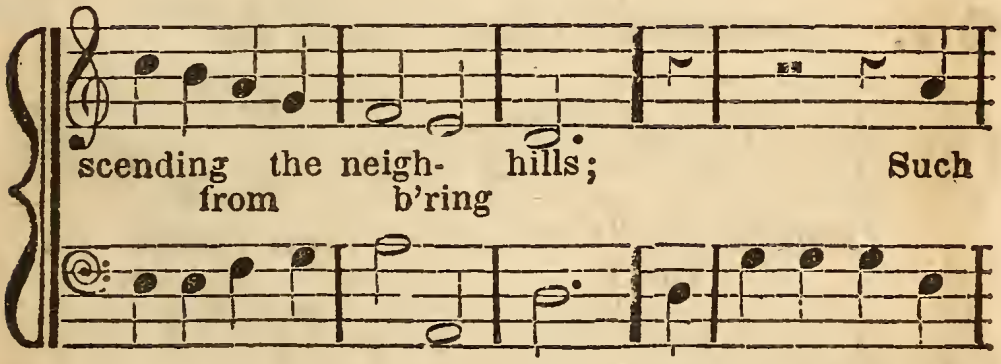
61. DALSTON. S. P. M.

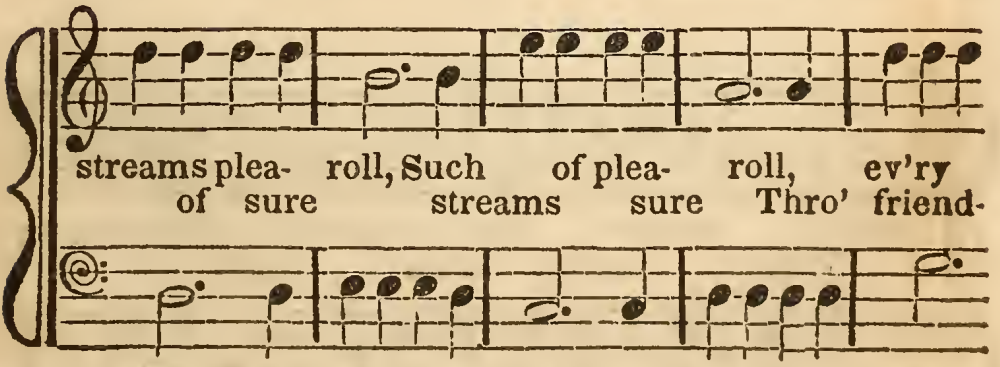


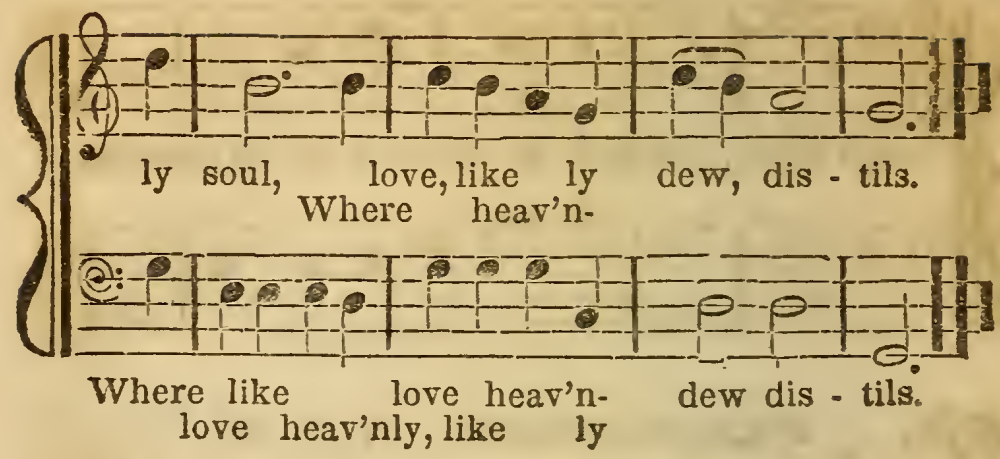


62. FRIENDSHIP. S. P. M.









SEVENS AND SIXES.

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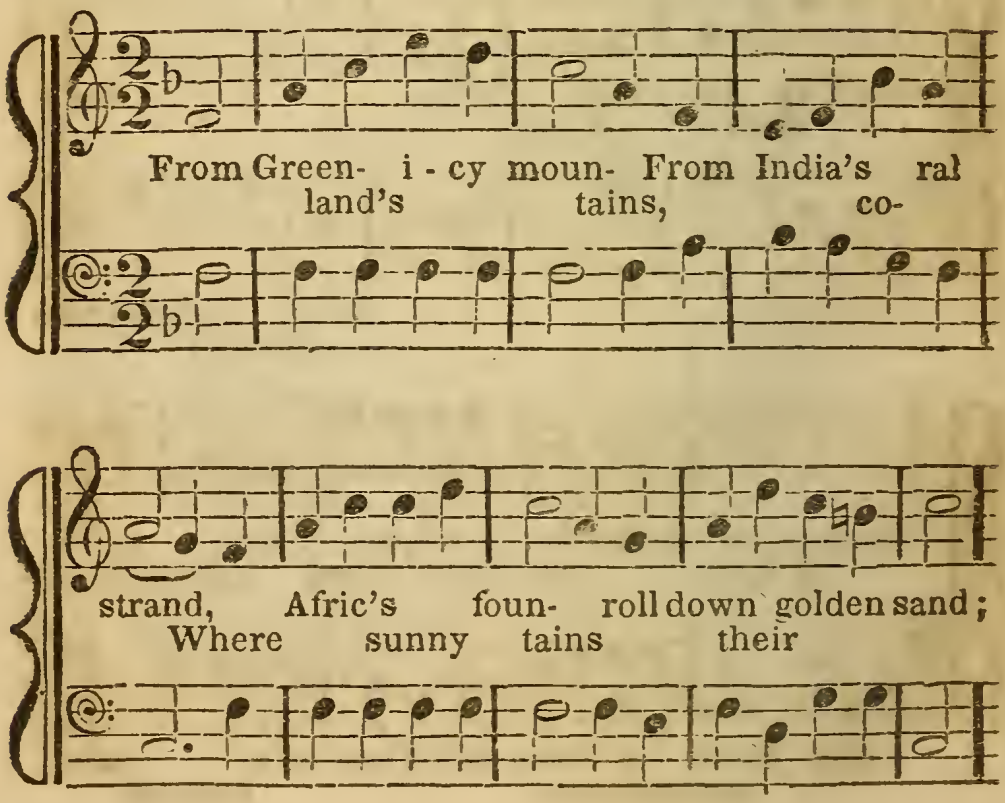
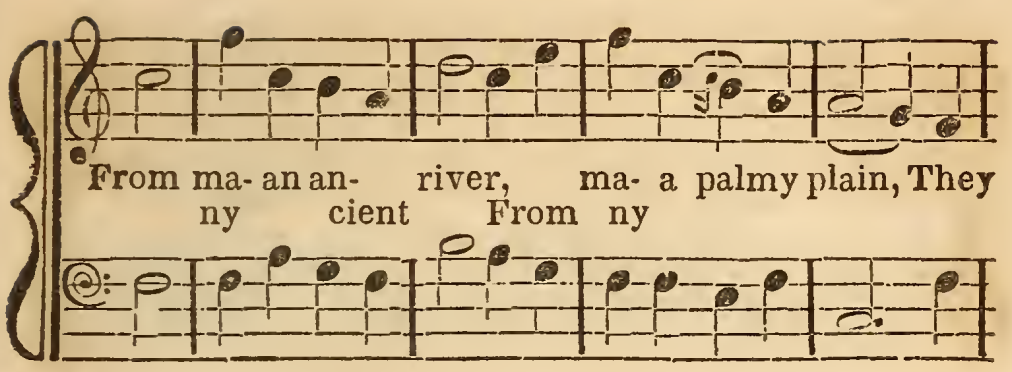
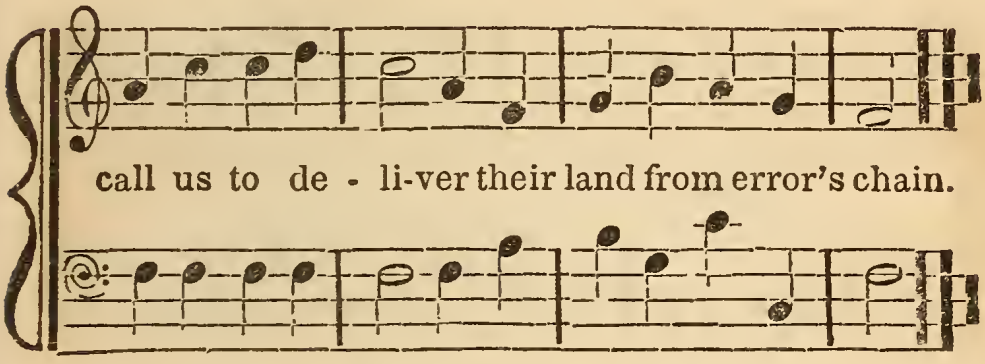
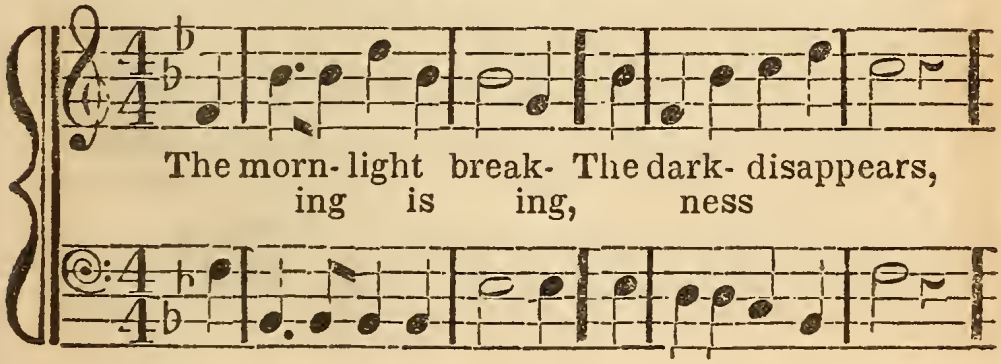
63. MISSIONARY. 7s. & 6s.

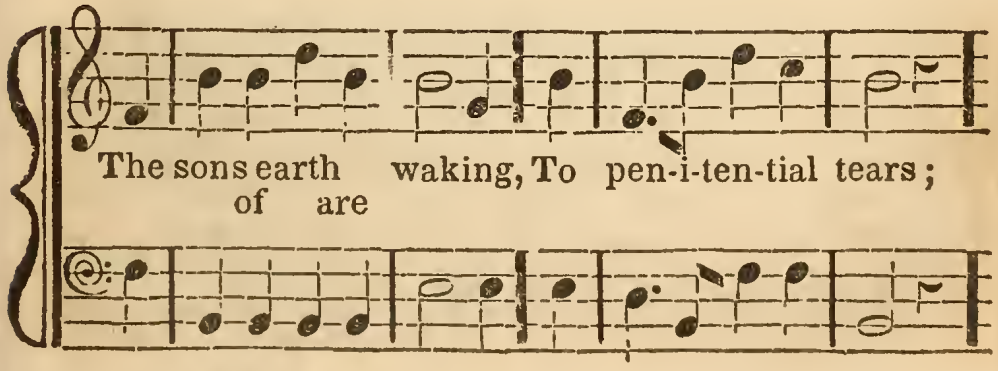


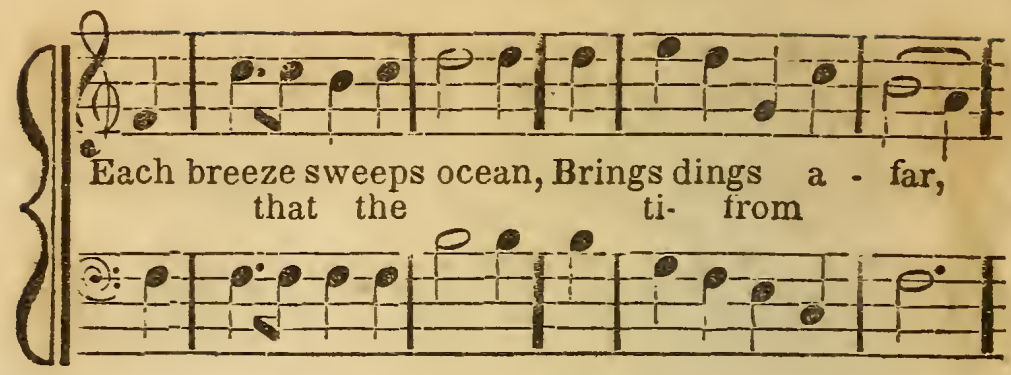


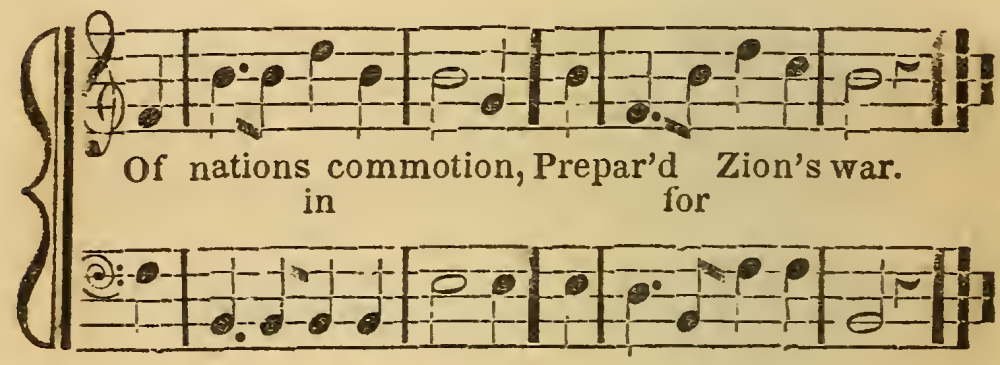


64. MILLENNIAL DAWN. 7s. & 6s.

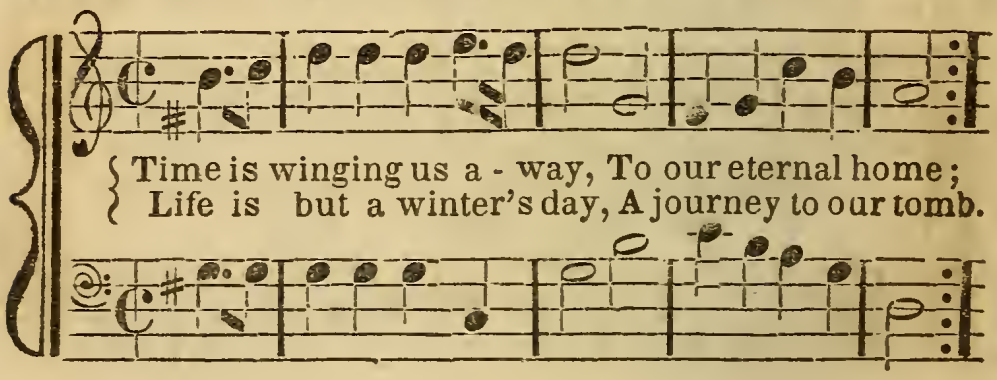


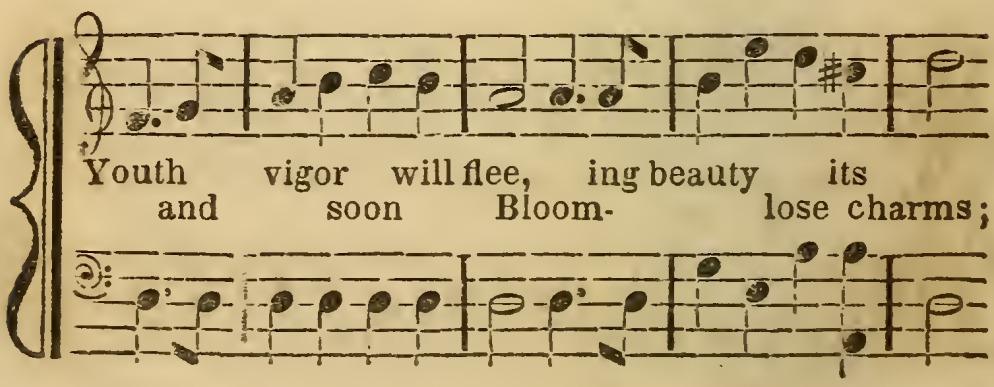


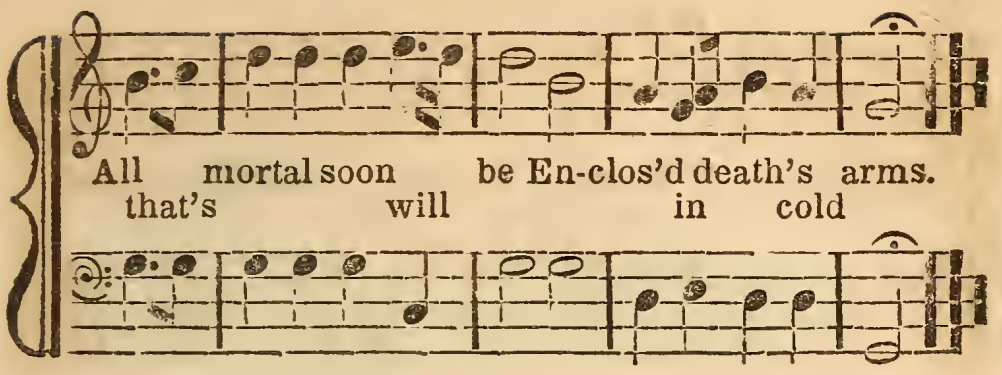




65. GENEVA. 7s. & 6s. PECULIAR.







SIXES AND FOURS.

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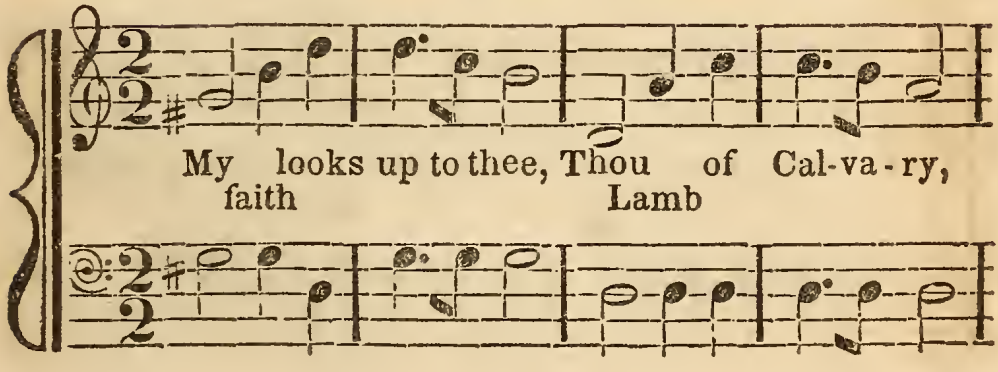
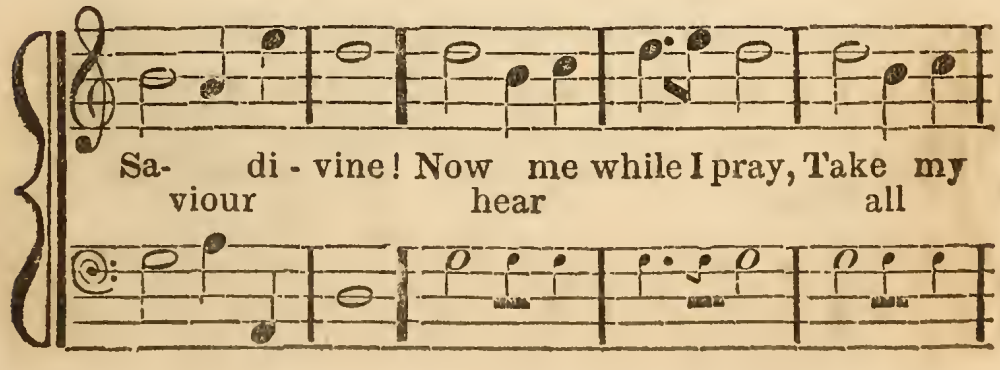
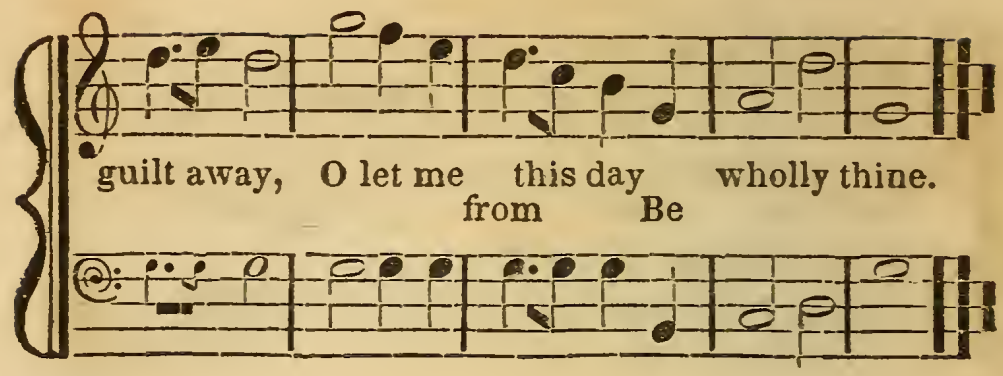
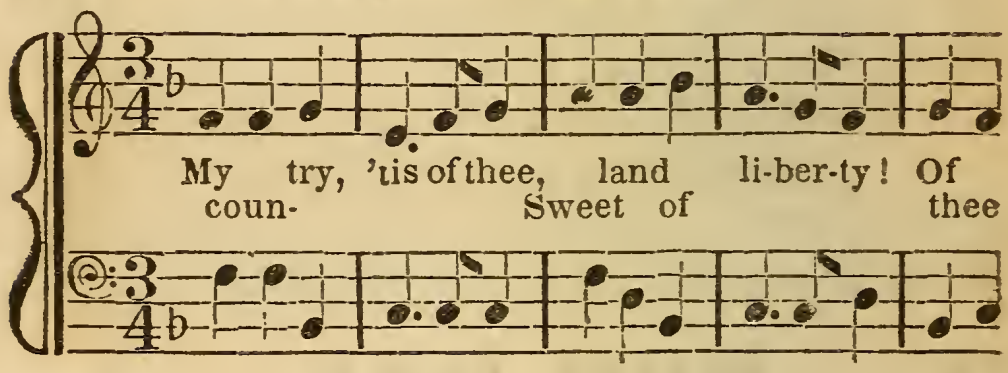
66. OLIVET. 6s. & 4s.

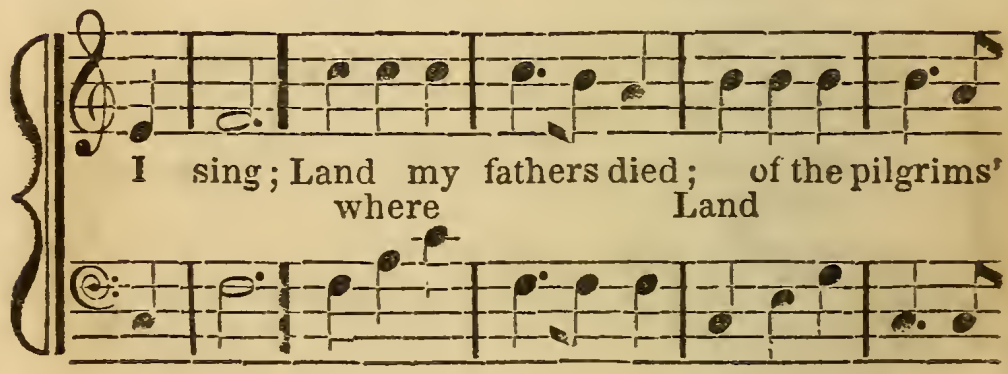


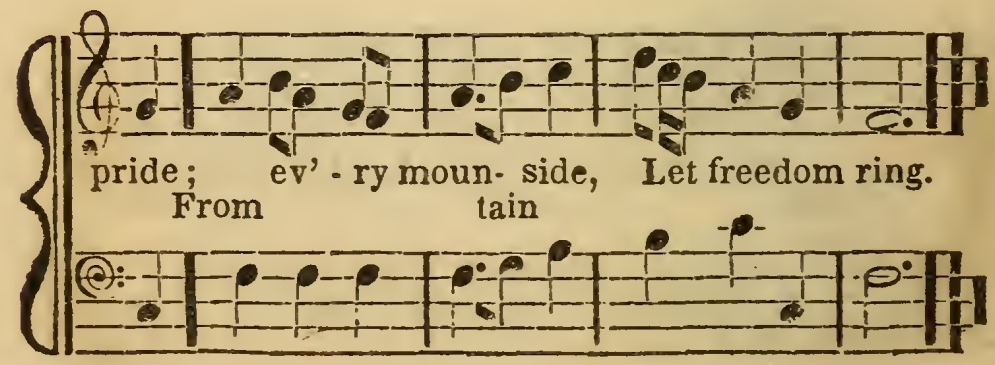




67. AMERICA. 6s. & 4s.







68. TO-DAY. 6s. & 4s. PECULIAR.

To - day the Saviour calls! Ye wand'rers come;

O, ye be-nighted souls, Why longer roam?

69. CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW.

Child of sin and sor - row, Fill'd with dis-
Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to-

D. C. Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o-

may, Heav'n thee come. yet there's room.
day; bids While D. C.

bey.

ELEVENS.

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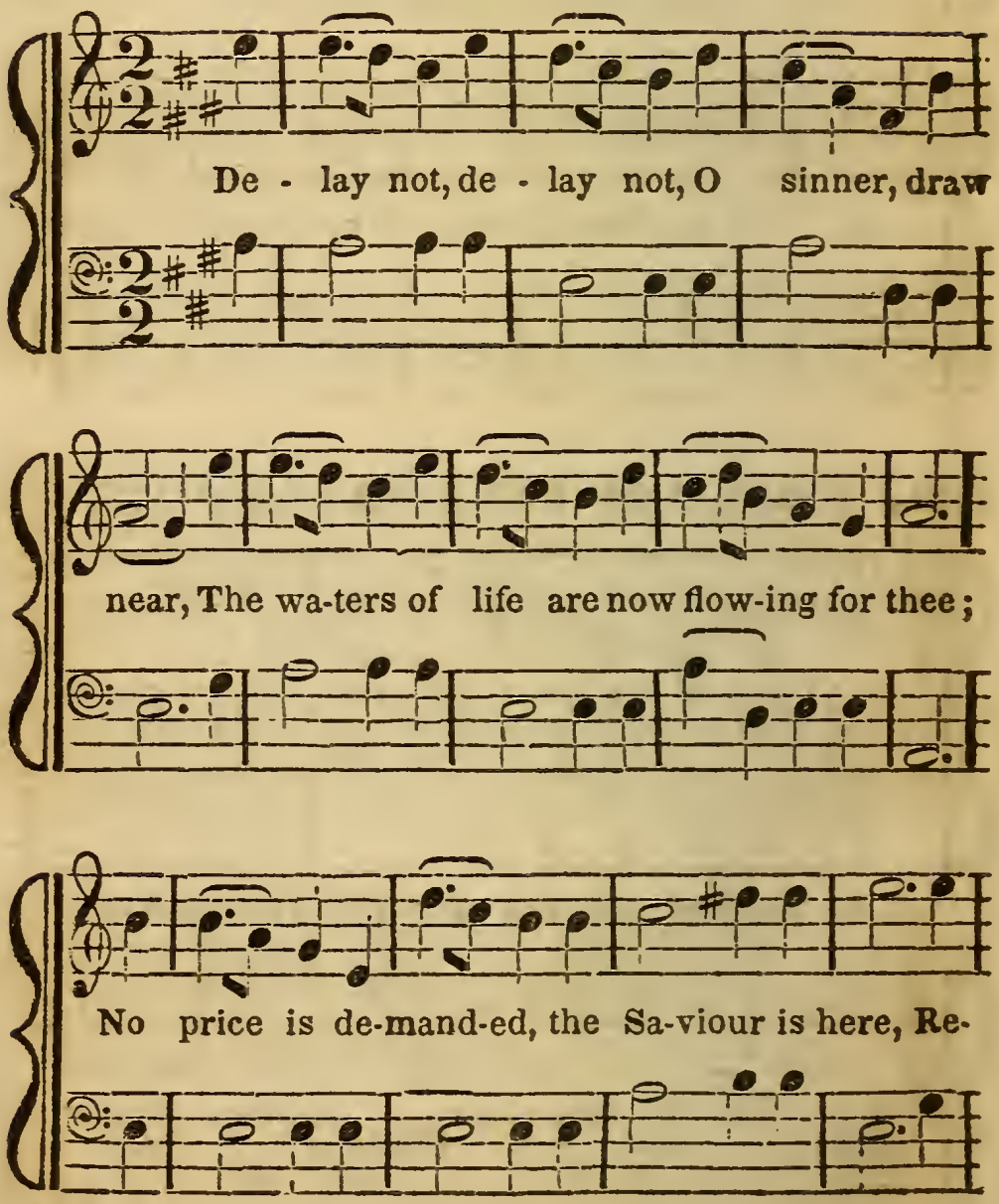
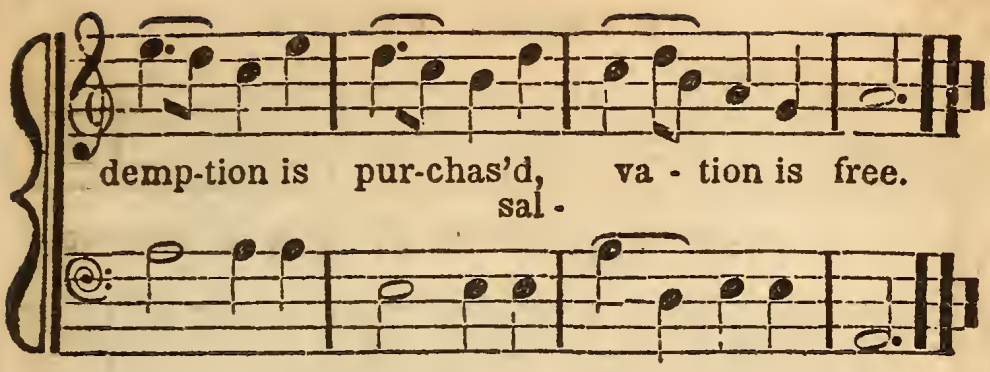
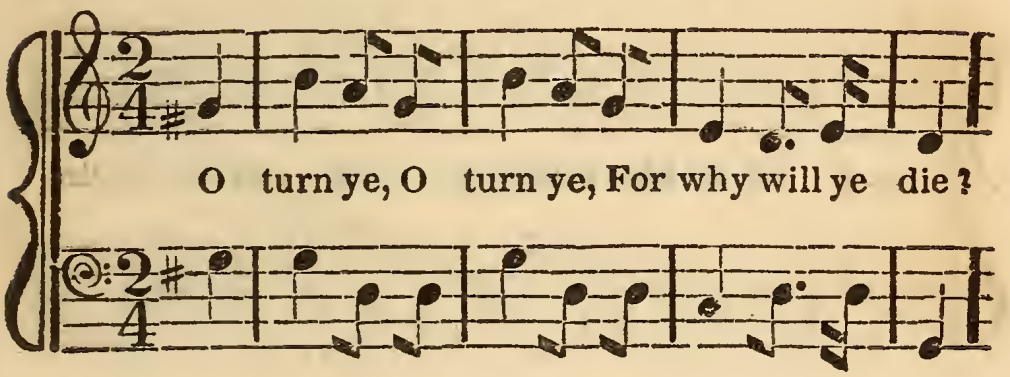
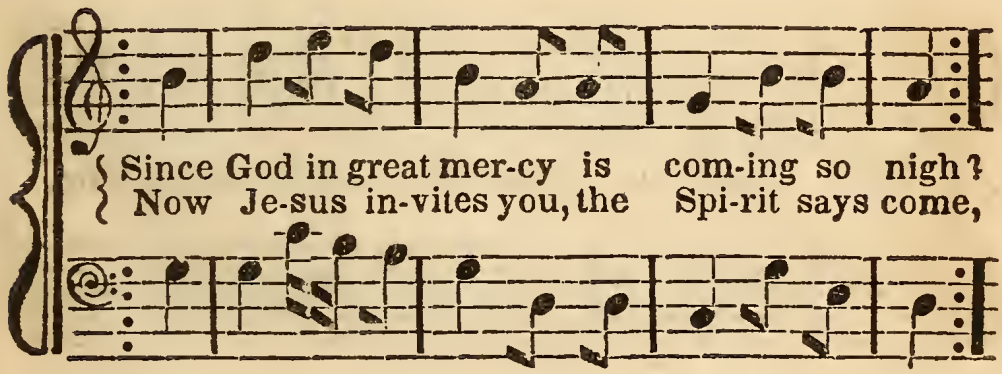
70. GOSHEN. 11s.

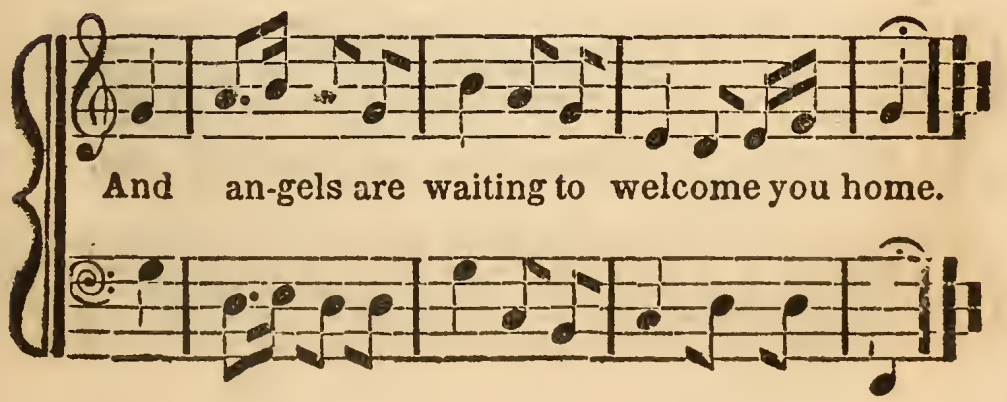




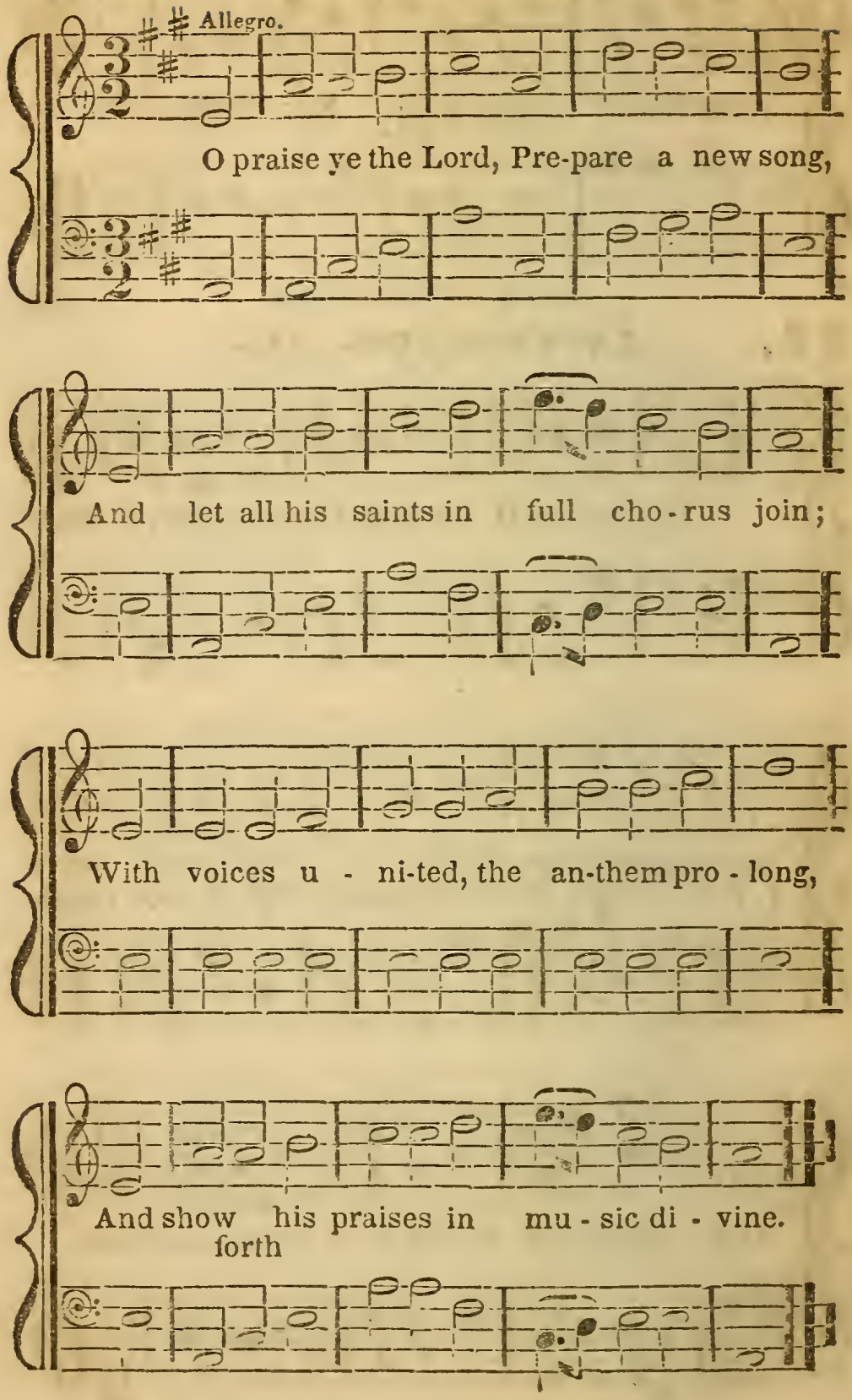
71. INVITATION. 11s.







72. LYONS. 11s


Allegro.
O praise ye the Lord, Pre-pare a new song,
And let all his saints in full cho-rus join;
With voices u - ni-ted, the an-them pro - long,
And show his praises in mu - sic di - vine.
forth

73. NEW BATH. 11s. PECULIAR.

Why sleep we, my brethren? let us a - rise;
Come,

O, why we slumber in sight of the prize?
should

Sal - va-tion is near-er, our days are far spent,

O let us be ac-tive—a-wake! re - pent.
and

FIVES AND ELEVENS.

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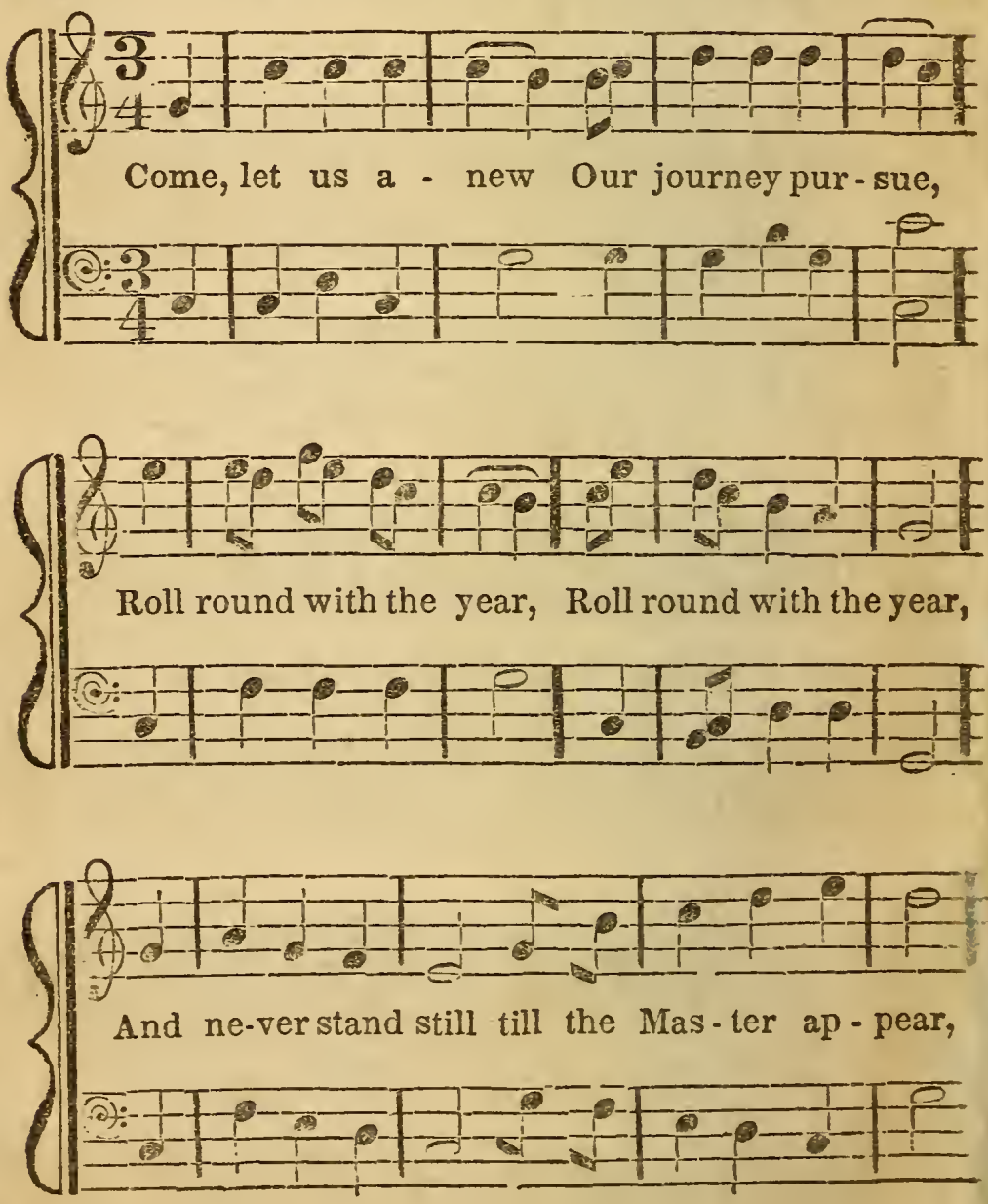
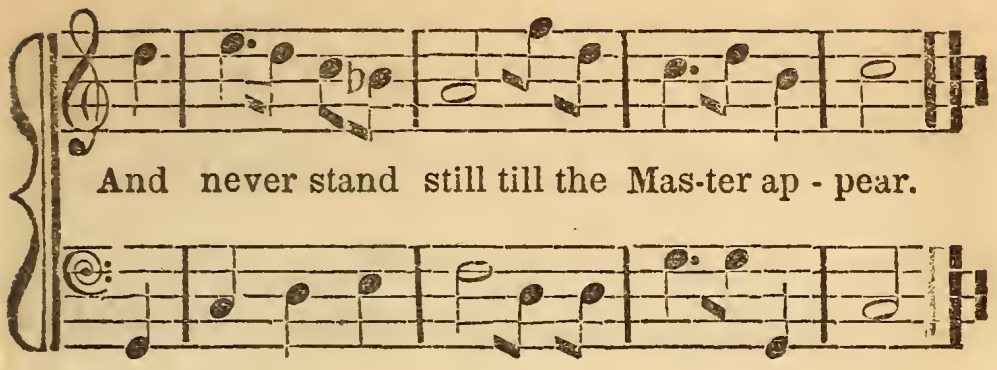
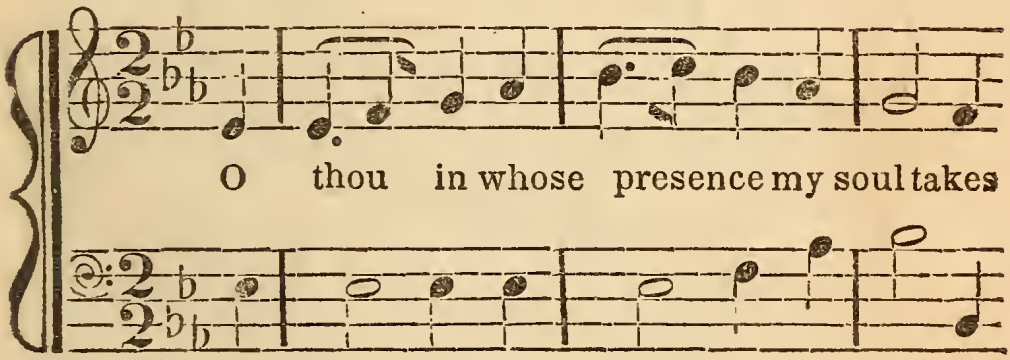
74. COME LET US ANEW. 5s. & 11s.

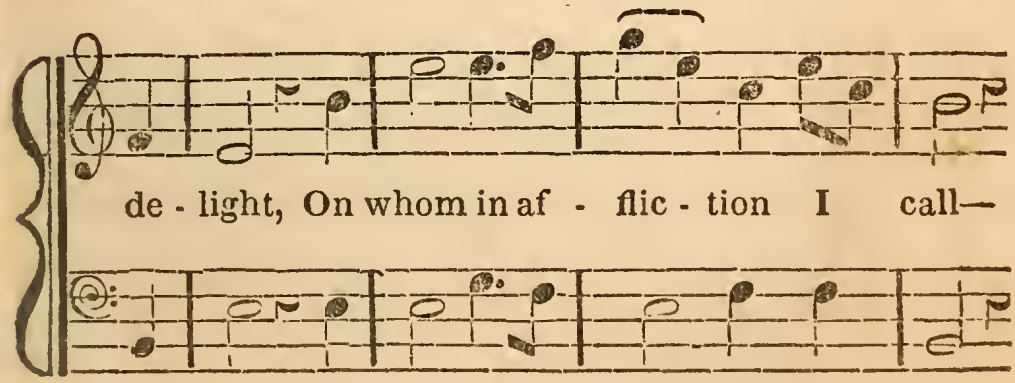


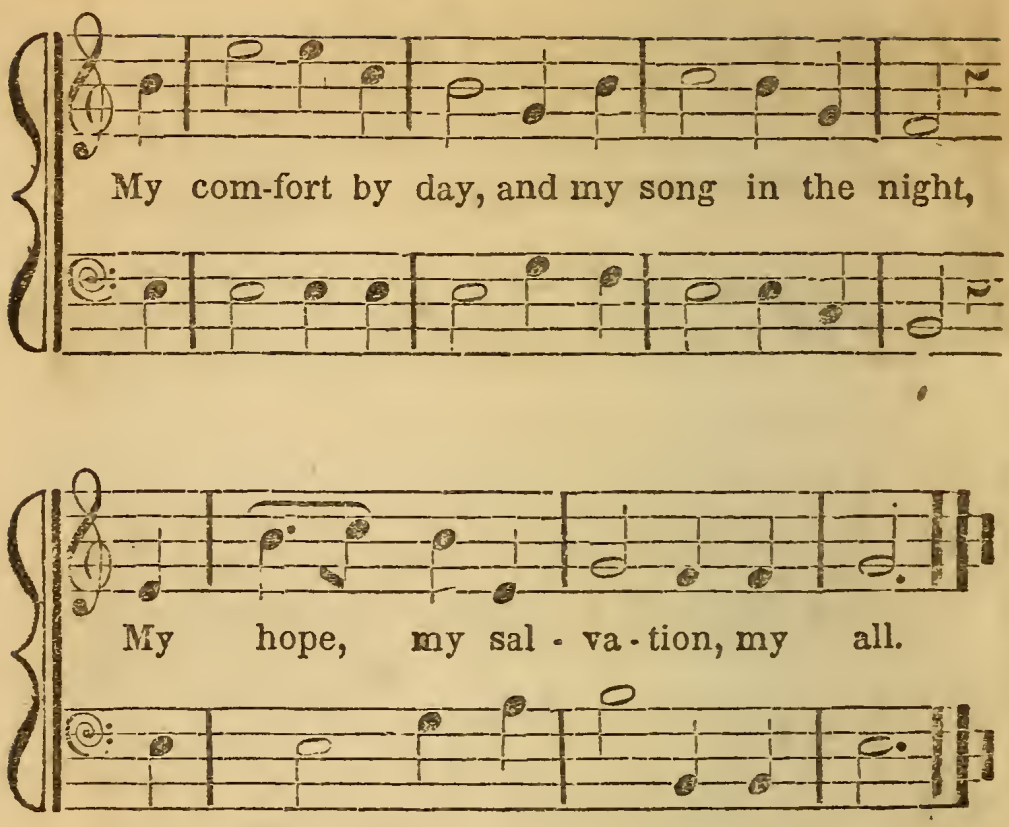


ELEVENS AND EIGHTS.

75. DELIGHT. 11s. & 8s.







SIXES.

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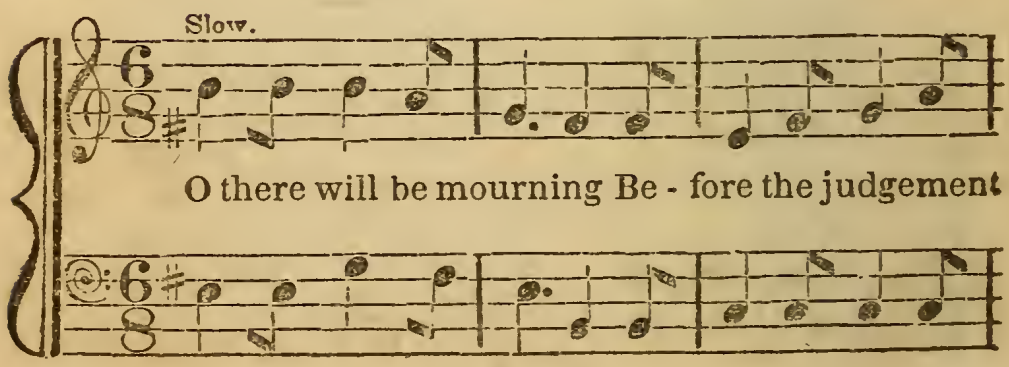
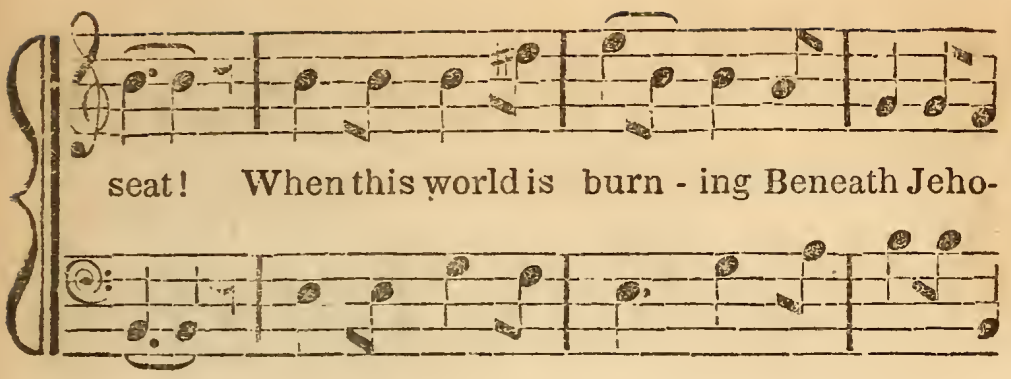
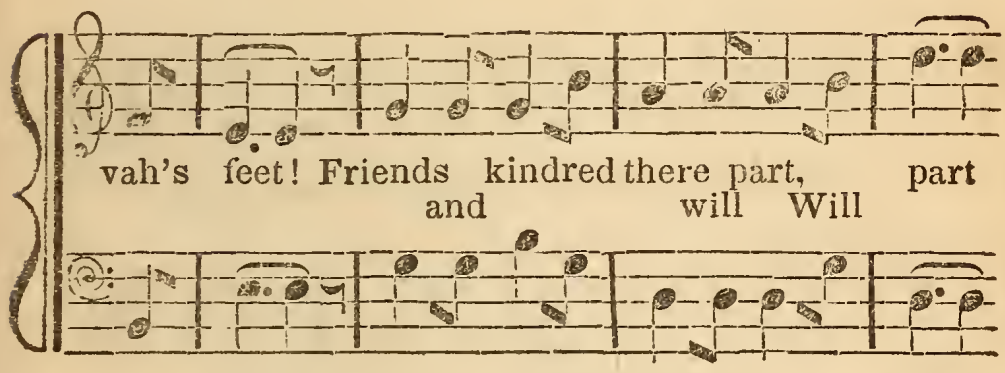
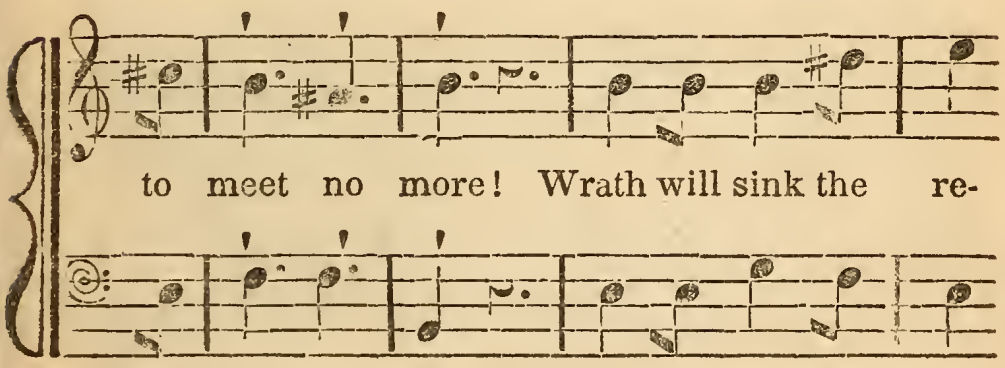
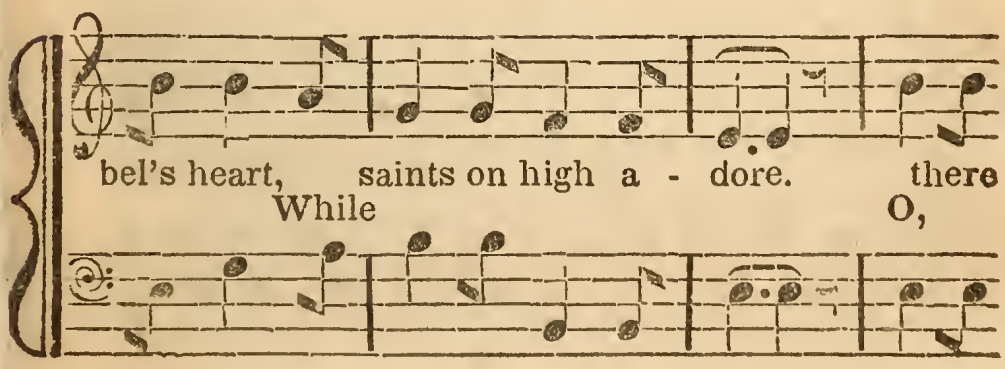
76. JUDGEMENT. 6s. PECULIAR.

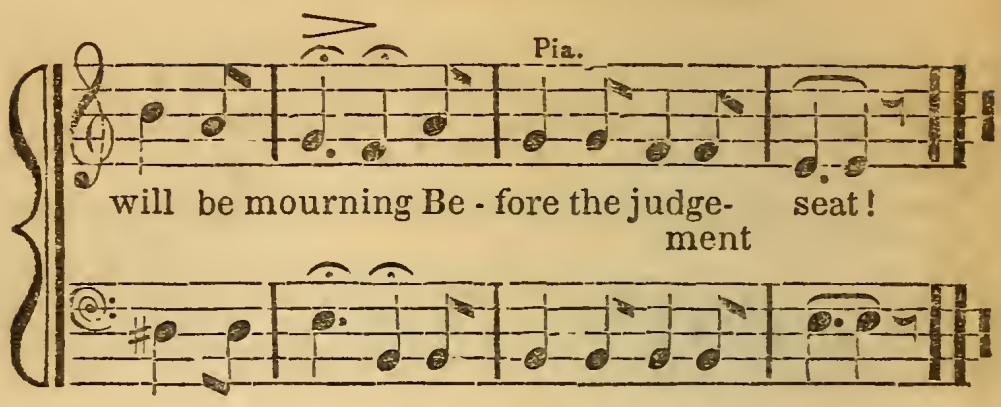



seat! When this world is burn - ing Beneath Jeho-


vah's feet! Friends kindred there part, part
and will Will


to meet no more! Wrath will sink the re-


bel's heart, saints on high a - dore. there
While O,



TWELVES AND EIGHTS.

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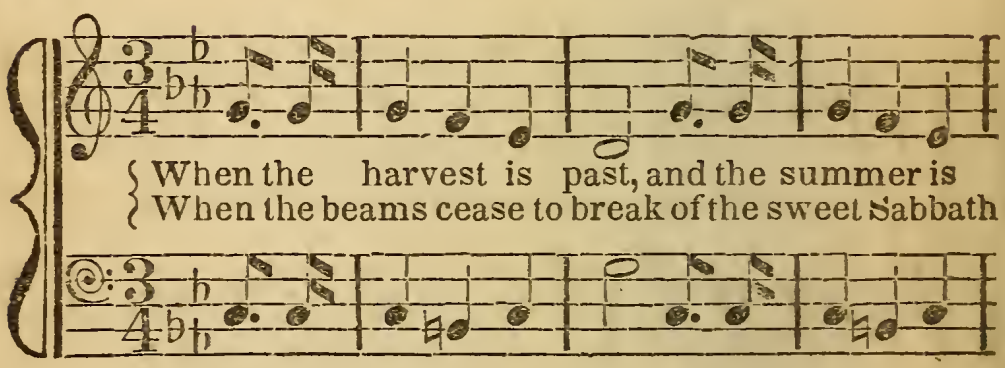
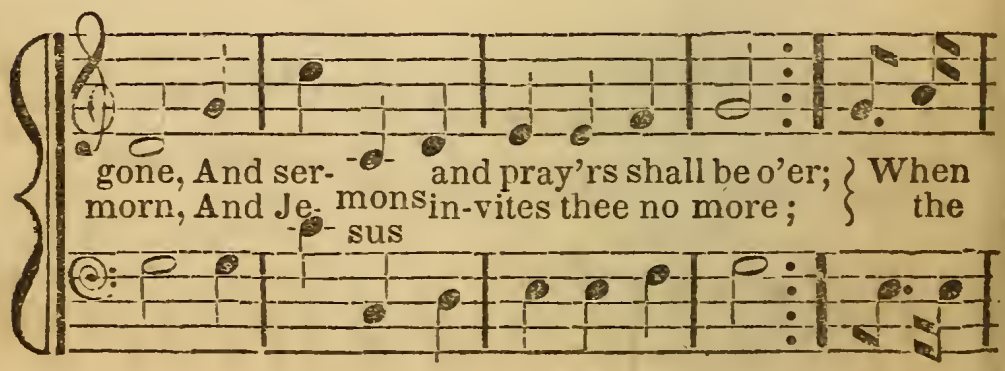
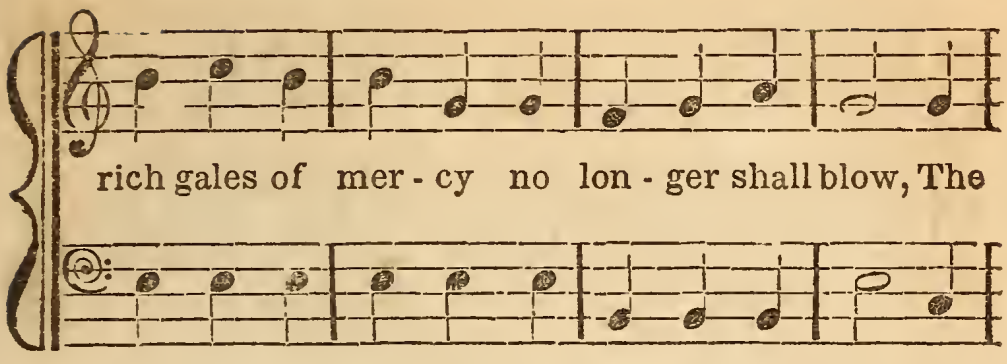
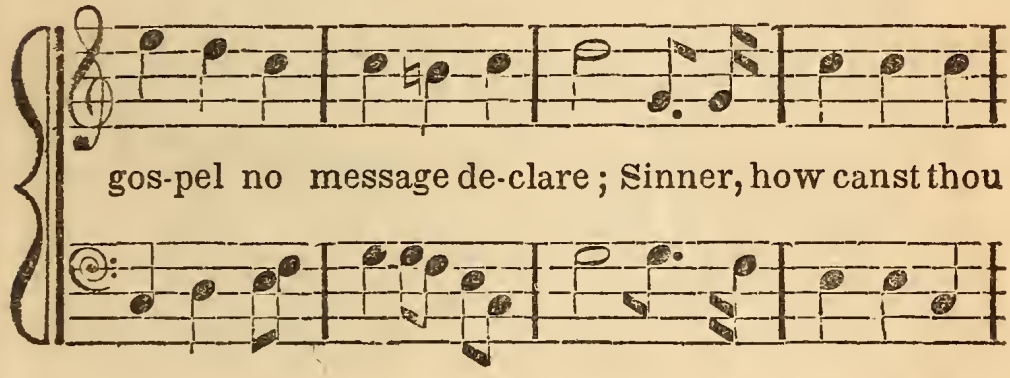
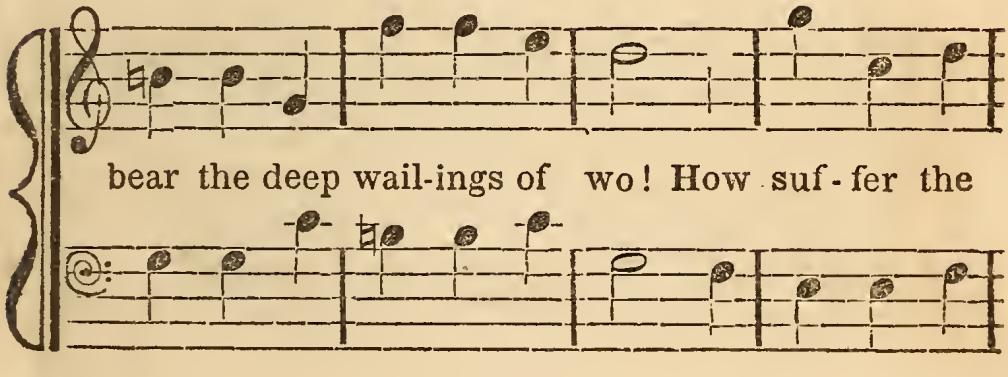
77. HARVEST. 12s. & 8s.

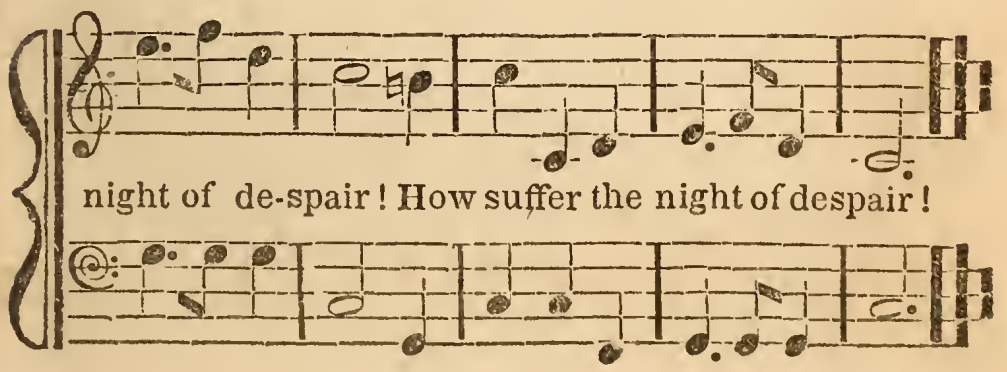





rich gales of mer - cy no lon - ger shall blow, The


gos-pel no message de-clare; Sinner, how canst thou


bear the deep wail-ings of wo! How suf - fer the


night of de-spair! How suffer the night of despair!

COMMON PARTICULAR METRE.

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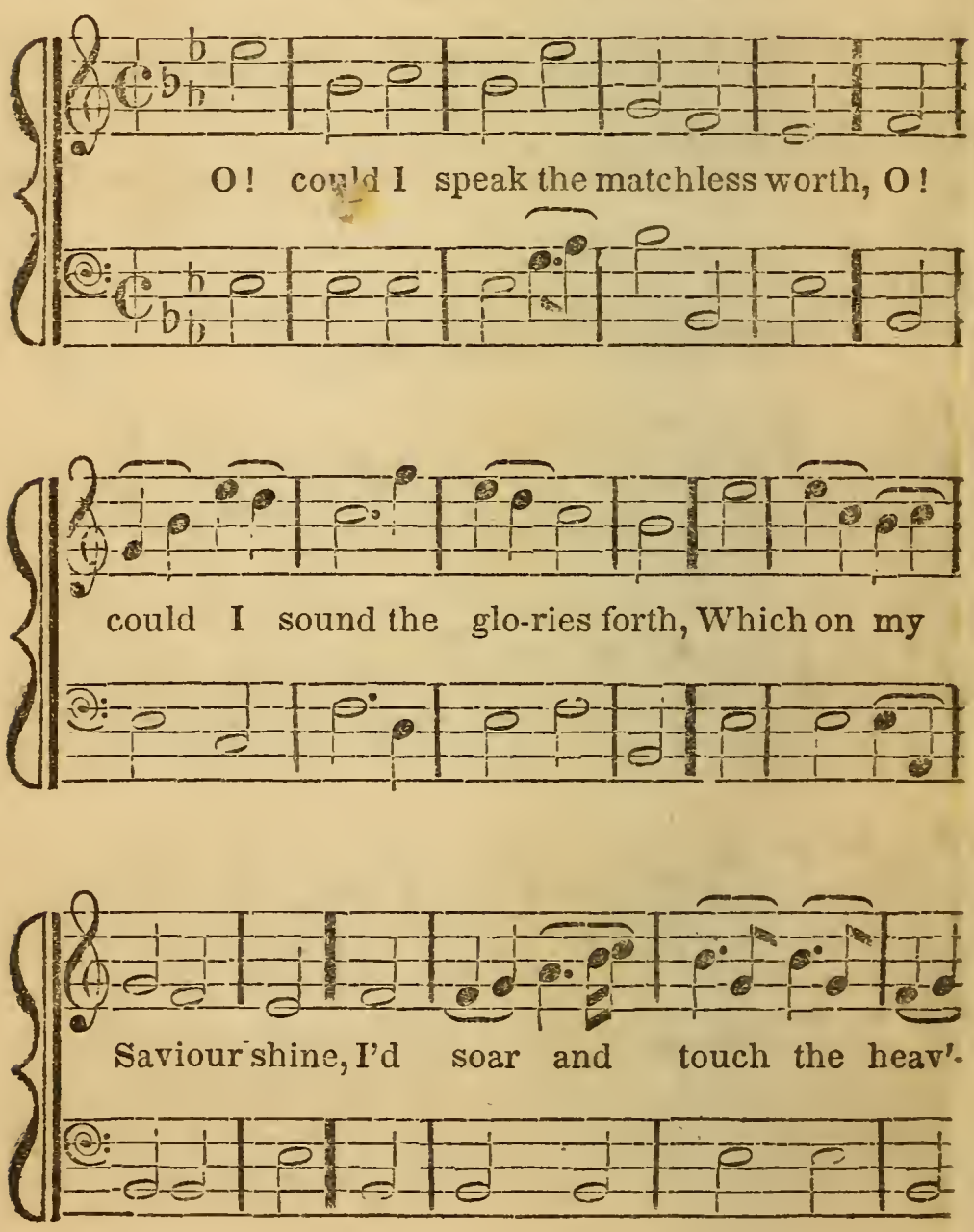
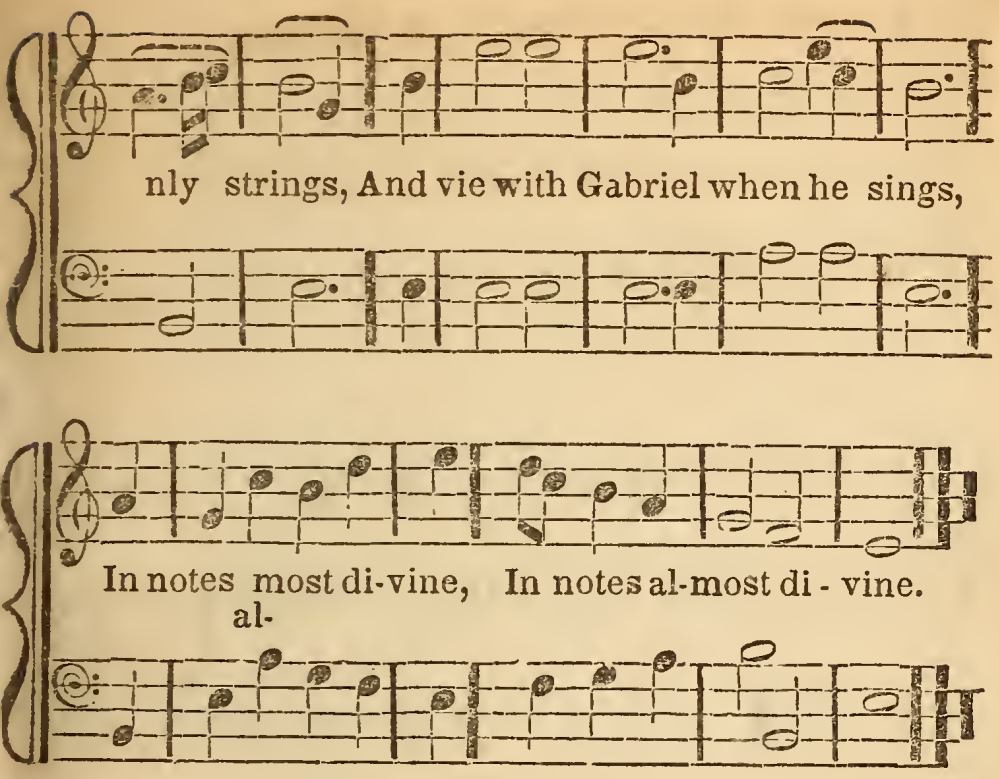
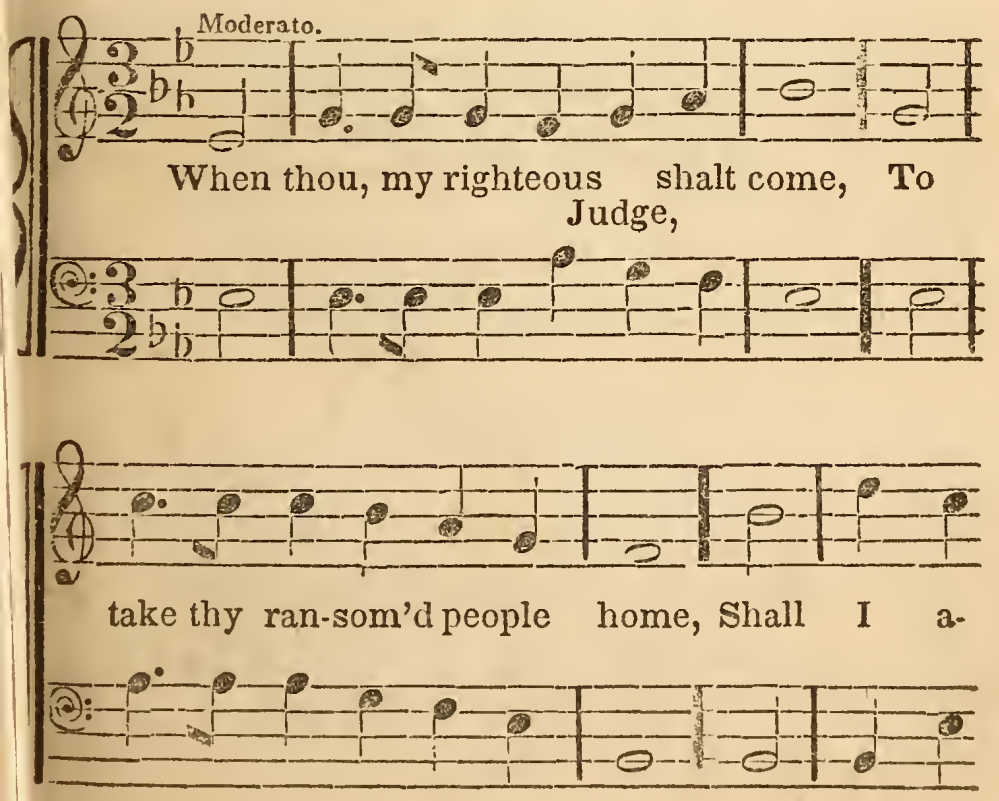
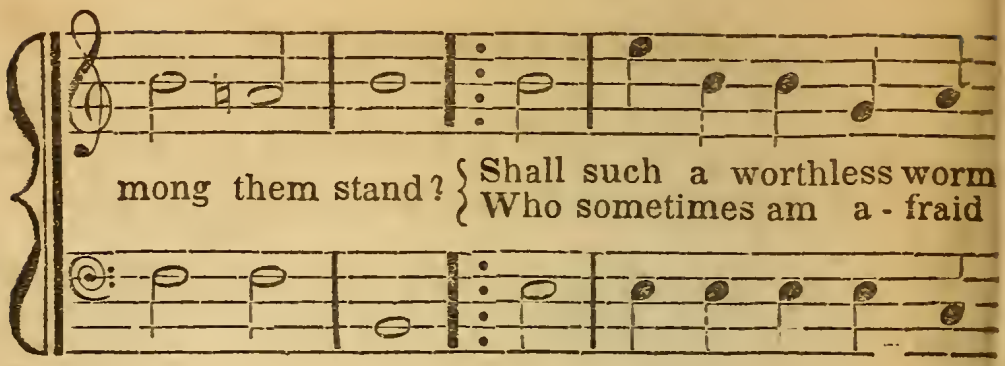
78. SHERBURNE. C. P. M.

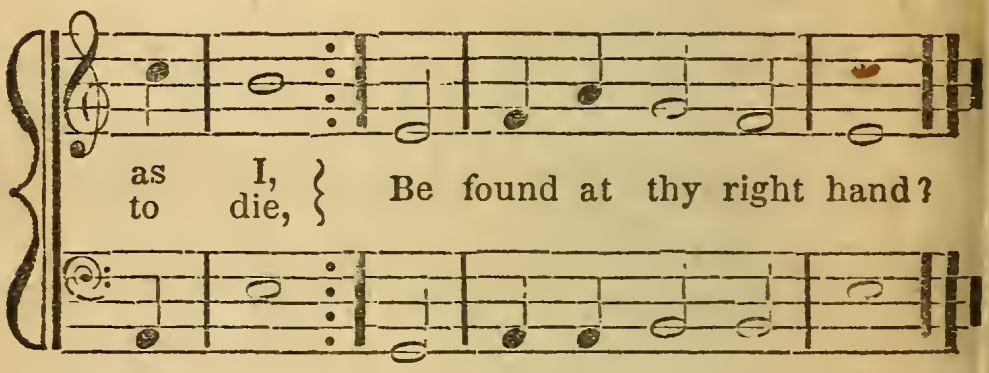




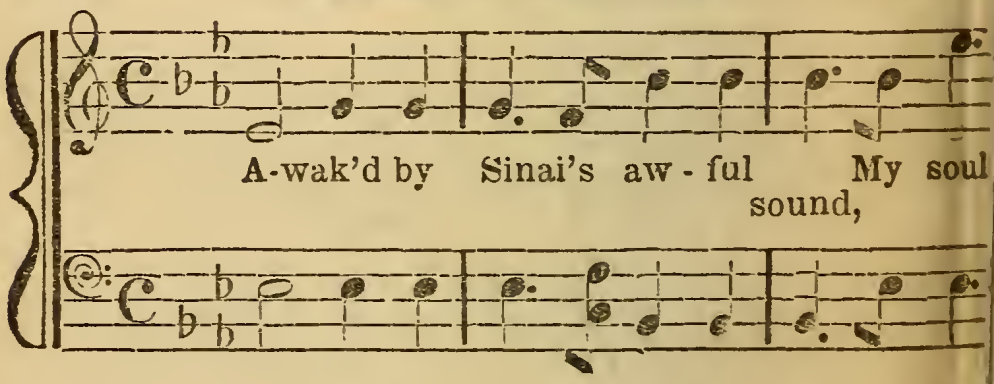
79. MERIBAH. C. P. M.

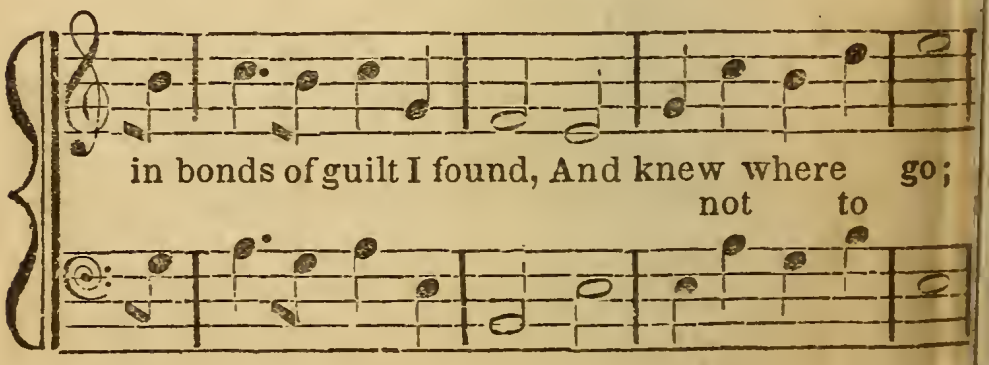


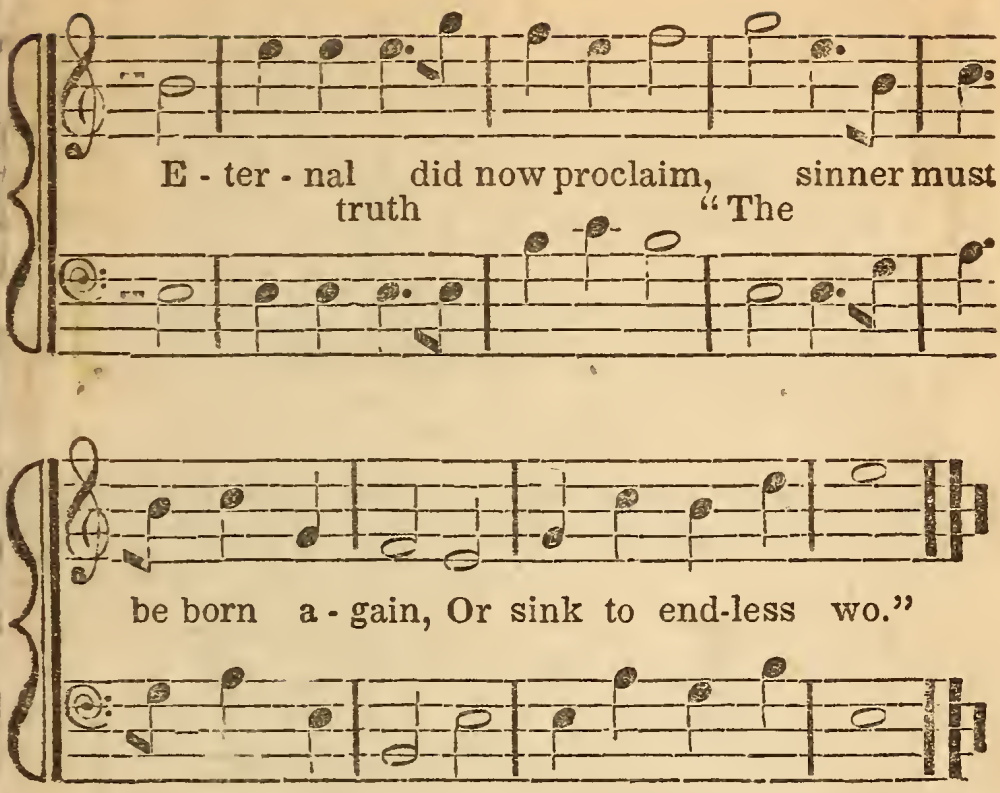




80. GANGES. C. P. M.

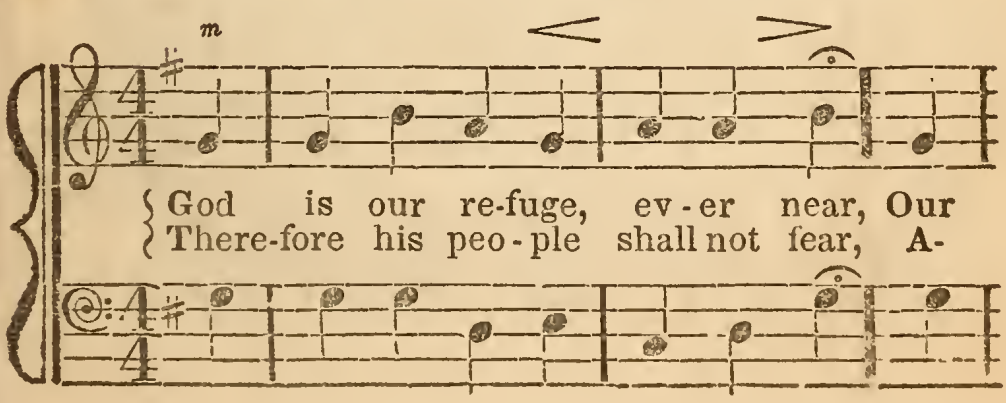


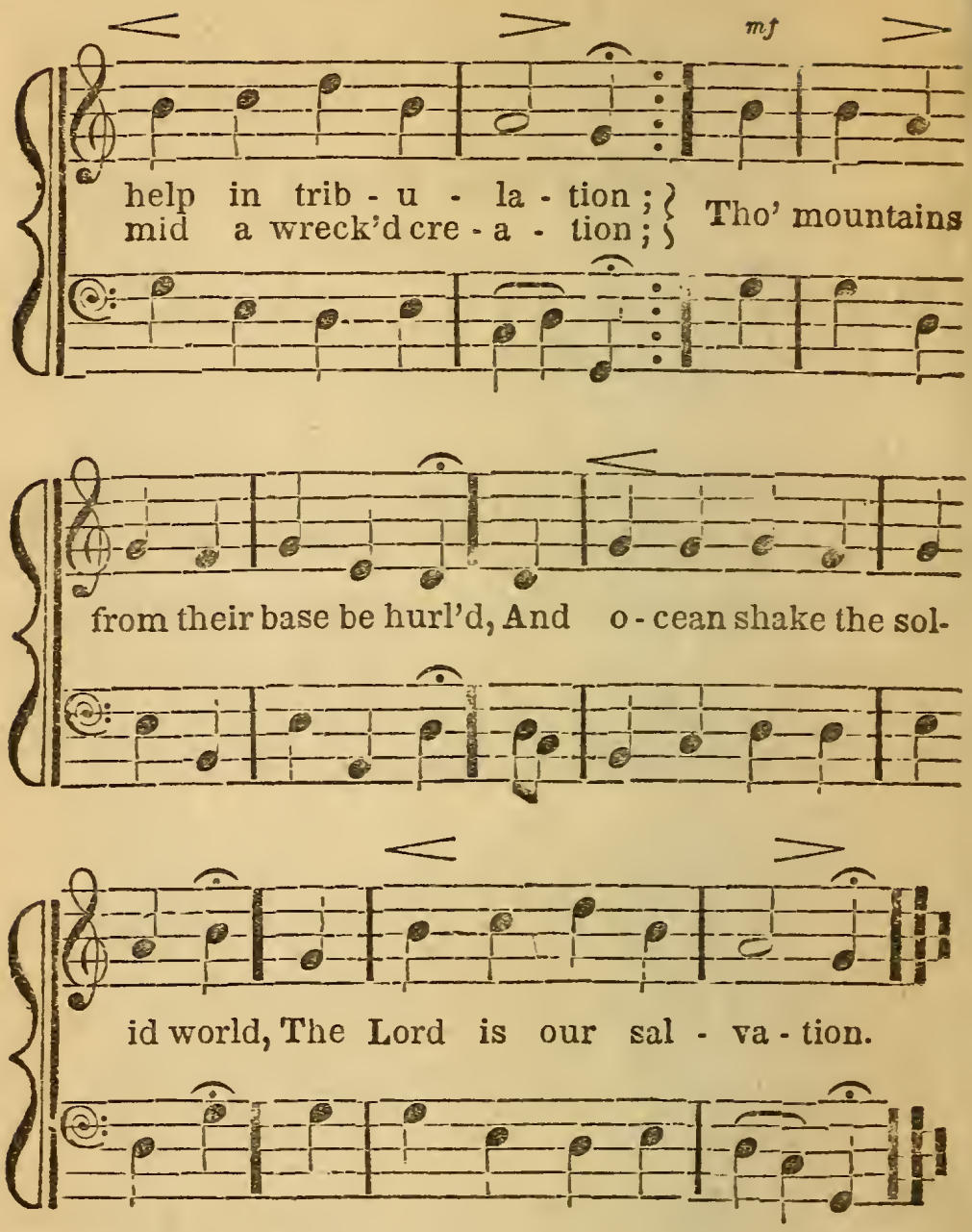




EIGHTS AND SEVENS.

81. MONMOUTH. 8s & 7s. Peculiar.




mf
help in trib - u - la - tion ;
mid a wreck'd cre - a - tion ;
Tho' mountains
from their base be hurl'd, And o - cean shake the sol-
id world, The Lord is our sal - va - tion.

APPENDIX.

A SUMMARY VIEW OF THE MOST PROMINENT EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF THE BIBLE.

A variety of Themes suitable for Subjects of Discussion and Conversation at Religious Conferences and Meetings for Prayer.

1. The opposition of the Bible to every kind of sin shows that it could not have been written by dishonest men, and honest men would never attribute it to the Spirit of God if it were not written by him. Heb. i. 1; 2 Tim. iii. 16; Isa. iii. 10, 11; Math. xxv. 46.

2. The oldest writers of the Bible have given views of the character of God, perfectly consistent with themselves, infidels being Judges, while the views of every heathen writer of every age, are only a mass of obscurity and folly. Job xxiii. 3, 8, 9, 10, 13; Job. ix. 2—15, and xxvi. 6—14.

3. Many of the writers of the Bible who were in circumstances to know whether the Saviour rose from the dead, and whether miracles were wrought by him or not, have given us the greatest possible evidence of their honesty, by sealing their testimony with their blood. 1 Cor. xv. 4—8; Acts xvii. 31; Luke i. 2—4; John xxi. 24.

4. The prophecies of the Bible, when viewed in connection with their fulfilment, must remain a conclusive evidence of its inspiration. Isa. xiii. 19—22; Isa. liii. 2--11; Psal. xxii. 18; Ezek. xxvi. 2—5; Mic. v. 2, compare Mat. ii. 1.

5. The institutions of religion, such as the Sabbath, and the Lord's Supper, as they have been perpetuated to commemorate the resurrection of the Lord, Jesus Christ, must remain an imperishable evidence that he is risen, and of course, that the Bible is true. 1 Cor. xi. 26; Luke xxii. 19.

6. Another argument may be derived from the miracles wrought by the Saviour and his disciples. John v. 36, and x. 25.

7. Another evidence may be obtained from the rapid spread of the Gospel in the first century, by a few feeble disciples, in opposition to the prejudice and power and false religion of the world. Acts xix. 18—20, and xviii. 28.

8. Another argument may be seen in the important influence of the Bible on the conduct of men. 1 Tim. ii. 1--3, and iii. 7, 10; Matth. v. 13—16; Phil. i. 27, 28.

9. The Bible shows us a remedy for all our wants, and gives us a rule for all our conduct, and the consequences of obedience or disobedience; it presents us a righteousness that will atone for disobedience, and gives us the only means for a permanent change of character. 2 Tim. iii. 15—17; Micah vi. 8; Psa. cxix. 9; John iii. 5; Ezek. xviii. 31.

10. The Bible teaches us the only way in which we can see kindness and benevolence in

the trials and afflictions of life, and affords us the only rational support under the trials of life, and at the hour of death. Heb. xii. 6, 9, 11; Rom. v. 3—5.

SOME MARKS OR EVIDENCES OF A NEW HEART.

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1. No circumstances attending the *time* of our conversion, such as great terrors, clear views of danger, supernatural appearances, or extatic joys at beholding the Saviour, are *certain* marks of its genuineness.[a] [a]2 Cor. xi. 14; Luke viii. 13.

2. No uncommon zeal or punctuality in the performance of external duties will furnish a *certain* evidence of a new heart.[b] [b]Acts xxii. 3; Matth. xxiii. 23, 27.

3. No unusual confidence[c] or want[d] of it are *certain* marks of a new heart. [c]John viii. 33; Matth. xxvi. 33; [d]Luke xii. 29.

4. One convincing evidence of genuine conversion is a consious *change* in our feelings towards all moral beings and moral objects, such as the law and character of God, the character of Christ and the gospel.[e] [e]2 Cor. v. 17; Rom. vii. 12, 22.

5. Another evidence of this change is the possession of a new disposition.[f] [f]Rom. viii. 5; Gal. vi. 15.

6. Another mark of regeneration is to have meekness and humility in all our conduct.[g] [g]Matth. v. 5; Isa. lvii. 15.

7. Another evidence is a spirit of forgiveness.[h] [h]Matth. xviii, 35; Mark xi. 26.

8. Another evidence is an inextinguishable desire to be more holy and more like God.[i] [i]Psa. xvii. 15; Psa. li. 7, 10.

9. Another evidence is a permanent pleasure in the duties of religion.[j] [j]Job xvii. 9; Prov. iv. 18.

10. Another evidence is a love to the children of God[k] and a deep interest in the spread of the gospel.[l] [k]1 John iii. 14; [l]Matth. ix. 36—38; Matth. vi. 10.

CREED OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The following is a very brief but comprehensive set of Articles, embracing, substantially, the Creed of the Presbyterian Church.

Art. 1. We believe that there is but one living and true God,[a] infinitely perfect, the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of all things;[b] subsisting incomprehensibly, in three persons; Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the same in substance, and equal in all divine attributes.[c] [a]Deut. vi. 4; 1 Cor. viii. 4, 6; Col. i. 16; Dan. iv. 34, 35; [c]1 John v. 7; Matth. xxviii. 19; Heb. i. 2, 3, 6, 8; Acts v. 3, 4.

2. That the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the inspired word[d] of God, and the only perfect rule of faith and practice.[e] [d]Heb. i. 1, 2; 2 Tim. iii. 16; [e]Isa. viii. 20; Psa. cxix. 128.

3. That God directeth all events after the counsel of his own will,[f] yet, in consistency with the free agency of men, and the use of means.[g] [f]Eph. i. 11; Isa. iv. 6—10; [g]Acts ii. 23; Luke xxii. 22.

4. That our first parents were created perfectly holy,[h] from which state they fell by disobedience, and in consequence, all their posterity are, by nature, entirely sinful.[i] [h]Eccl. vii. 29; Gen. i. 27. [i]Rom. v. 12, 15, 17: Gen. vi. 5; Rom. iii. 9.

5. That the Son of God became incarnate,[j] by his obedience honored the law,[k] and by his death made atonement for sin,[l] and all who believe in him obtain forgiveness and a promise of eternal life.[m] [j]John i. 14; Gal. iv. 4; [k]Matth. v. 17; Heb. x. 7; Isa. xlii. 21; [l]2 Cor. v. 15; 1 Cor. xv. 3; Heb. ix. 26, and vii. 27; [m]John iii. 17; Mark xvi. 16.

6. That the offer of life is freely made to all,[n] but as all refuse,[o] God by his Spirit and his word persuades those who were from the beginning chosen in Christ, freely to accept.[p] [n]Isa. lv. 1; Rev. xxii. 17; [o]Luke xiv, 18; John v. 40; [p]John xvi. 8, 13; James i. 18.

7. That true believers, though not at once redeemed from all sin, will be kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation.[q] [q]1 Cor. x. 13; 1 Peter i. 5.

8. That the Christian Sabbath is of perpetual obligation, [r]and that the Lord's Supper[s] and Baptism[t] are divine ordinances; the former to be administered to professing christians,[u] and the latter to their children,[v] and to them if not baptized before. [r]Ex. xx. 8; Isa. lviii. 13; [s]1 Cor. xi.

23, 26; Matth. xxvi. 26; [t]Matth. xxviii. 19.; [u]1 Cor. xi. 20; [v]Acts ii. 38, 39; Acts xix. 5; 1 Cor. i. 16.

9. That social worship, morning and evening, is the duty of every family;[w] that heads of families should religiously instruct their households,[x] and that all christians should cheerfully assist as they are able, in sustaining the gospel at home, and in giving it to the world.[y] [w]Acts x. 2, 4; Eph. vi. 18; [x]Deut. vi. 6, 7; Eph. vi. 4; [y]Matth. xxviii. 19; Matth. xix. 19; 1 Tim. v. 18; Rom. x. 15.

10. That God will raise the dead,* judge the world,† and sentence the wicked to everlasting punishment, and receive the righteous to life eternal.‡ *1 Cor. xv. 12; Acts xvii. 18; †2 Cor. v. 10. Rev. xx. 12; ‡Matth. xxv. 46; John v. 29; Dan. xii. 2.

DIRECTIONS FOR AN ACTIVE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

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1. Endeavor at all times, to have the mind impressed with the fact that life is short and uncertain, and yet that very much depends on its being faithfully improved. Psa. xc. 12; Gal. vi. 7--10.

2. Cherish the important fact that the eye of your Judge is always upon you. Ps. cxxxix. 1—12; Judges xvii. 9—11; Rev. ii. 23.

3. Never forget that there are many things that join with the remains of sin in your heart, to turn

you aside from the path of duty. Matth. x. 17, 37, and xvi. 6; Luke viii. 14; 2d Cor. iv. 34.

4. Seek the blessing of God upon your business every day before you enter upon it, and never seek the slumbers of the night till you have sought the pardon of your sins for the past. Psa. lxxxviii. 13; Psa. v. 3; Psa. lv. 17.

5. Never defer till to-morrow what should be done to-day. Eph. v. 16; Eccles. iii. 1.

6. Always be governed by convictions of duty and not by present feelings, in regard to attending meetings, religious efforts, &c. Psa. xvi. 8; Rom. xiv. 8.

7. Read enough in your Bible every day to have religious truth always before your mind. Psa. i. 2; Psa. cxix. 15, 48.

8. Be always ready to confess, or acknowledge if you have done any wrong, or have been mistaken. James v. 16; Gal. i. 13, 14.

9. Be sure, if you revenge or retaliate injuries, whatever they may be, you inflict a deep injury upon yourself. Prov. xvi. 32; Matth. v. 44.

10. Never indulge in useless trifling and levity, but cultivate, habitually, a kind and cheerful spirit. Matth. xii. 36; Titus ii. 6, 12.

11. Receive admonition with kindness, and never attempt to reprove or reclaim others but with the spirit of love. Psa. cxli. 5; Gal. vi. 1.

12. Never indulge in unfriendly remarks concerning others in their absence. Psa. xv. 3; 2 Cor. xii. 20.

13. Be ready to enlist in every benevolent enterprise of the day. 2 Cor. ix. 8; Titus iii. 1; Col. i. 10.

14. Never engage or continue in any business if you have any doubts whether it be right. 2 Cor. viii. 21 ; Phil. iv. 8.

15. Read no books but such as will feed the mind with useful knowledge, or promote piety in the heart and life. Acts xix. 19 ; Eph. v. 15, 16.

16. Be always ready to introduce religious topics when it is suitable, and to join with readiness, when they are introduced by others. Ephe. iv. 29 ; Malachi iii. 16 ; Phil. i. 27.

17. Never let sin remain unrepented of, upon your conscience, nor let it prevent you from doing your duty. Ephe. iv. 26 ; John iii. 20.

18. Spend your Sabbaths by commencing early with the Lord, and with yourself ; reading your Bible much, hearing the gospel when you can, and praying much for a blessing on what you read and hear. Isa. lviii. 13, 14 ; Ephe. vi. 18.

MOTIVES TO AN ACTIVE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

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1. Your time for serving God or your fellow men will soon end. Psa. xc. 12 ; 1 Peter iv. 7 ; Matth. xxiv. 44.

2. The peace and joy of mind which active piety will yield, nothing but your experience can tell. Psa. cxix. 165 ; 1 Cor. xv, 58 ; Psa. xxv. 14.

3. The best way to promote piety in your own heart, is by doing good to others. Eccles. xi. 1 ; Acts xx. 35.

4. The best way to overcome coldness and temptation is to improve what faith and light we have, and pray for more. Hosea vi. 3; John vii. 17; Matth. vii. 24.

5. Inactivity and lifeless forms will strengthen prejudice and unbelief in others; embarrass such as would win them to Christ, and make the gospel of Jesus only a savor of death unto death to their souls. Matth. xxiii. 13. Rom. xiv. 13.

6. The more you are filled with the Spirit of God, the greater will be your power with men. Gal. vi. 1; 1 Peter iv. 1.

7. Your obligations to your Redeemer and your fellow men justly claim every power you possess, and every moment of your time. 2 Cor. v. 14, 15. Rom. 1. 14, 15.

8. If you are faithful, the rest of the redeemed, the entire victory over every sin, and the high enjoyments of the upper world, are drawing near every hour. Rom. xiii. 11, 12; Heb. iv. 9; 2 Tim. iv. 8.

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